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POLAND

THE KNIGHT AMONG NATIONS

NICHOLAS COPERNICUS THE FATHER OF MODERN ASTRONOMY.

(This view of the Polish astronomer, (who was the first to propound the theory that the earth moves around the sun) surrounded by the scientists and other worthies of his time, is reproduced from a rare old steel engraving made in 1843, at the celebration of the three-hundredth anniversary of his death.)

POLAND

THE KNIGHT AMONG NATIONS

By

LOUIS E. VAN NORMAN

With an Introduction by
Helena Modjeska

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TO MY WIFE

who taught me all the noble qualities of the Poles and made me very hopeful of their national destiny

INTRODUCTORY

ONE fine characteristic I have especially noted in the American people. As a general rule, they are not led to an opinion by the verdict of any other nation. Of recent years, particularly, their popular verdicts have been based upon their own independent judgment, and some of these verdicts have afterwards been accepted by the whole world. They were the first to "discover" Sienkiewicz. They did not accept him on the claims of French, or German, or English criticism. By their own native perception they knew he was great, and now the whole world has accepted their judgment.

Therefore, I think it is particularly appropriate that it should be an American who now, for the first time, presents the true Poland, the country of Sienkiewicz, to the American people.

I must confess that I am usually frightened when I begin to read anything foreigners write about Poland and us Poles. So much has appeared that was untrue and distorted and ridiculous. But these "impressions" are so sympathetically written, so discerning, and, at the same time, so generally impartial and just, that

I am glad to recommend the volume to the dear land of my adoption as the best I know of about modern Poland by an outsider. It is so clear, so interesting, so pleasantly written, that one does not want to put it down before reading the entire book. I was especially pleased with the chapter on "Polish Music and the Slav Temperament." It is so fair and discriminating. Most of the names mentioned in this chapter are well known to me, are personal friends, and I can recognise the faithful portrayal of these artists, who, like myself, were contemporaneous with the first stages of development in the great art movement in Poland. Several of them, including Mr. Sienkiewicz himself, were with my husband and myself in our little colony in California.

Americans know very little of the real Poland. Most of them have read "Thaddeus of Warsaw," but this Thaddeus was not the real Kosciuszko. He was not even a real Pole—only a creature of the author's imagination. Since Sienkiewicz wrote his Trilogy, Americans have known more. They have much still to learn, for with all her faults, there is much in Poland, with her history, her literature, her art, and her unfortunate people, which Americans ought to know. I am glad this excellent book has been written.

HELENA MODJESKA.

A FOREWORD

AN "impression" comes so perilously near being a judgment that the author of this volume feels called upon to offer a few words of explanation.

In the following pages no attempt is made to write a history of Poland, or to present a comprehensive study of the Polish national psychology. To sound the depths of racial character would require many years of actual life near the heart of the people, and elaborate historical research. Nor has the writer ventured to prophesy the political future of the Poles. Nor, finally, has he attempted to describe the condition of Russian Polish cities during the reign of terror of the past two years. The following chapters, many of which have already appeared as magazine articles in this country and in England, are no more than the first-hand impressions of an American journalist who has been permitted to spend a year in the former Polish Commonwealth, visiting almost all the important historic points. Being the first American ever to visit all sections of old Poland for the express purpose of writing about it, he was accorded exceptional facilities for observation and study. The result is a collection of honest impressions of a remarkable people, presented as an humble con-

tribution to race psychology. To make the picture more complete, it has seemed worth while to summon back from the past some of the more potent personalities of Polish history.

Here is the home of a downtrodden people, in which there is being enacted a century-long drama worthy of a Homer or a Tacitus. Forty-four years ago, in the middle of our Civil War, the Poles had their last uprising against Russian rule. Ten years of "reconstruction" for our South seemed an age. Mutinies, riots, and revolutionary outbreaks, all suppressed in blood and fire, show the world that, after nearly half a century, Poland is not yet fully "reconstructed." Politically, there is no Poland, but a distinct, individual, resistant people, who are no more conquered and absorbed by the partitioning powers than the Hungarians are assimilated by Austria. The Poles remain a persistent national type, and the "Polish question" is an ever-present "ghost that troubles at every European Council."

And yet, up to the time when the Trilogy of historical works by Henryk Sienkiewicz appeared, Poland was, of all civilised geographical entities, the least known to Americans. It is in the belief that the country of Kosciuszko and Pulaski, of Copernicus and Sobieski, of Chopin and Paderewski, deserves better of the land of Washington that this book is written.

There are so many striking contrasts—and startling similarities—between Poland and these

United States of America, that a study of Polish history and conditions ought to be of peculiar interest to us. We Americans are citizens of a young, powerful, active country, which is the bulwark of freedom and the refuge of oppressed peoples. Poland—if one may still speak of her as a nation—is very old. For a century and more she has been in chains, with no chance for activity, save in her spasms of revolution. Yet how much alike are the two peoples. Both are brave to a fault. Both live in a country which is a confederation. The union, in 1569, of Poland, Lithuania, and Ruthenia, was the first voluntary confederation of independent powers in Europe. Both peoples incline to elective governments; both, while religious themselves, have ever been tolerant to all other creeds. Both love liberty better than life. And finally, the greatest soldier heroes of both—Washington and Kosciuszko—fought side by side for American independence. But there is a vital present significance also to Americans in the psychology of the Pole. Almost three millions of this highly developed Slav race are now settled in this country, rapidly becoming bone and sinew of American national life. A study of the temperament and genius of this sturdy stock will help us in understanding more than one factor in our own pressing problems.

Of modern books on Poland, available to the general reader, there are very few. Those inter-

ested in following up some of the facts and allusions in this book should, first of all, read the immortal Trilogy of Sienkiewicz, as well as "Children of the Soil," "Hania," "Knights of the Cross," and "On the Field of Glory," by the same author. Georg Brandes' "Poland, a Study of the Land, People, and Literature," will also prove of value. W. R. Morfill's "Story of Poland" is a good brief reference history, while Herman Rosenthal's article on "Poland" in the Jewish Encyclopædia is an excellent résumé of the Polish Jews' part in history.

The list of those who have aided the author in the preparation of this book is so large that it includes practically everyone he met in Poland, and many others in this country. It is impossible to render adequate thanks to all, but the author wishes to express grateful acknowledgment, particularly to the patriotic Poles who have read the manuscript and have made many valuable suggestions. He also desires to acknowledge courteous permission to reproduce articles from *The Bookman, The Outlook, The Chautauquan, The Cosmopolitan, Brush and Pencil, The Booklover's,* and other magazines.

The author's opinions, of course, are his own, and Madame Modjeska's sympathetic introduction does not indicate, necessarily, her agreement, in detail, with these opinions.

LOUIS E. VAN NORMAN.

WYCKOFF, NEW JERSEY, *August 1, 1907.*

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POLAND

THE KNIGHT AMONG NATIONS

I

POLAND'S RÔLE IN HISTORY

IN an age which is, beyond all else, materialistic, what can better entitle a people to distinction and homage than the facts that it worships the ideal, that its heroes are personifications of aspiration, and that its very faults are, in large measure, directly traceable to "visionary patriotism" and "artistic preoccupation"?

It is the glory of the Polish people to hold aloft the torch of idealism in a materialistic age. While many a western nation is going to war over commerce; while the ears of the chancelleries are tuned to the tones of the stock-ticker, and the ambitions of the day run to the men who can amass the most gigantic fortunes, the Poles lavish all their national affections on a living word-master. In the national Sienkiewicz jubilee a couple of years ago they did for a mere creator of literature what the rest of the world is wont to reserve for "Napoleons of finance";

for men who have defeated others with great slaughter, and for colossuses who have moulded empires out of the patrimony of other peoples.

For four centuries Poland was the bulwark of Europe against the floods of barbarism from the East. That mysterious, fecund East, from which countless human hives have swarmed out over Europe, gave out these swarms in myriad, pitiless numbers, at frequent intervals from the 13th to the 17th century. Impelled by some unexplainable ethnic force, the barbarian tribes moved ever westward, until, on the banks of the Dwina, the Dniester, and the Vistula, they met the swords of the Poles. But for Polish valour, Western civilisation would have been blighted; Christianity itself, perhaps, engulfed. Poland was the sentinel who kept watch on the eastern gate of Europe, while Latin civilisation, in the person of France, flowered and taught the world. "While my own dear France was the missionary of civilisation," said Victor Hugo, "Poland was its knight."

The eastern frontier of the Commonwealth was, by its low, level, natural formation, particularly open to attack. Poland was essentially a land of plains, which, for centuries, were swept and desolated by vast, contending armies. Time and again the Mongols completely overran the Commonwealth. Twice these fierce nomads rolled in great waves over the entire country, and

were checked only on the banks of the Vistula, beneath the very walls of Cracow.

For this defence of Europe against the barbarism of the non-Christian East, Poland asked no contributions of troops, or money. She asked no thanks. The treatment she has actually received from Europe is one of the crimes of the ages.

Poland upheld the Christian faith when most of the rest of Europe was sunk in petty wars and struggles for greed. She received the poor Jew when all the rest of the Christian world would have none of him. Her bosom was a refuge for the Hussites and emigrants of the Thirty Years' War. She has always accepted this as her rôle —to be the champion of the West against the East; of culture against barbarism. With a religion and civilisation based on those of Rome, and a language strongly modified by Latin influences, she has been the outpost of Occidentalism against even the great mass of the Slav race itself, which is cast in a Byzantine mould.

It must be admitted that this attitude was more the result of an impulsive generosity than the development of a conscious, logical will. It was a great virtue, but a virtue, alas, singularly favoured by the recklessness and love of glory characteristic of the national spirit. This was admitted in an eloquent memorial published by the Poles of this country at the time of the con-

vocation of the first Hague Peace Conference. This document, however, rightly gloried in the "improvident generosity" of Poland. It said:

"History proves that the Polish people were not believers in force or the use of destructive weapons to vindicate their rights. To the last moment of their political existence they looked with contempt upon all destructive weapons. They prized individual courage much higher. They attacked the enemy with sword in hand, abhorring those who hid in trenches under the protection of batteries. When the other nations of Europe relied mainly upon powerful artilleries for the success of their troops, Poland, too proud, and placing too high the honour of the military calling, looked with disdain upon those who were willing to kill and dared not expose themselves. In view of the greed of the neighbouring powers, this characteristic trait of our nation did not redound to our advantage. Nevertheless it existed, and was one of the brightest features of our history."

Poland is, or rather was, a large and powerful nation with a territory greater than that of modern Germany, and for nearly a century her voice was authoritative in the councils of the continent. Take down the map of Europe. Draw a line from Riga, on the Baltic Sea, to Dresden in Saxony. Draw another line from Dresden to the mouth of the Dniester River, on

the Black Sea; another from the mouth of the Dniester to Smolensk, Russia, and a fourth from Smolensk back to Riga. You have enclosed the Commonwealth of Poland at its greatest extent—the country of Sienkiewicz. Before the partitions Posen, West Prussia, Galicia, Lithuania, Volhynia, Podolia, and Kiev were Polish. In still earlier times, Bessarabia, Moldavia, Silesia, and Livonia belonged to the Polish crown. Even as late as 1772 Danzig (Gdańsk) was a Polish seaport, and Kamieniec (near the modern Kishinev) the Polish defence against the Turks, while to the north and west Poland's frontier extended almost to the walls of Riga and to within the shadow of the Kremlin at Moscow. To-day Poland is a portion of three great European states, Russia, Austria, and Germany. She has long ceased to have a separate political existence, but her sons remain a distinct, individual and resistant people.

No doubt the ultimate aim of Polish activity everywhere is the re-establishment of Poland as a national and political entity. The dream of every Polish patriot is to see a Poland arise, on the ashes of the past, stretching from the Baltic to the Black Sea—a country 750 miles in length and almost as much in width, comprising 400,000 square miles, and with a population of sixty millions. This would embrace the

modern Polish provinces of Prussia, up to within a short distance of Berlin, with half the Prussian shore of the Baltic, Galicia in Austria, and the whole of that portion of Russia which at one time, some of it three hundred years ago, formed a part of Poland at her greatest extent.

Like all Slav peoples, the Poles are extreme in temperament. They are apt to be emotional, over sentimental, perhaps. With them, there is no mean in emotion, intellect, or society. They love or hate. They are brilliant or slow. They are nobles or peasants. Ancient Poland had no middle class, no bourgeoisie,—except the Jews—a class so necessary for the perpetuity of a nation. It was in consequence of this inequality in the national character, and as a result of certain fatal diplomatic mistakes, and a false political method, that Poland was reduced to a state of internal anarchy in the 18th century. She then easily fell a prey to the three neighbouring monarchies. Poland was an elective kingdom, with almost all the civil rights in the hands of some two hundred thousand nobles. The mass of the peasantry, numbering eight or ten millions, was excluded from all political rights. With no middle class to fall back upon, with more than one foreigner on the throne, and with no sort of unity among themselves, what could these two hundred thousand nobles do against the armies of their enemies?

For centuries Poland was known as a republic. In reality, the Polish state was a constitutional monarchy, in an age when the rest of Europe never even dreamed of constitutions. There was great liberty in Poland, but liberty jealously guarded by one single social class, the nobility, for itself. Peasant and burgher were thrown absolutely upon the mercy of the noble. The strength and character of the army depended on the vote of the Diet, which always kept down the number of the national forces. At the same time each magnate had his own retinue, often more numerous than the national army. Many such magnates opposed the King with force of arms, and even conspired with foreign powers to further their own selfish ambitions. This not only weakened the power of the state against outside aggression: it also produced a condition of internal anarchy which almost invited the spoiler from without.

Every noble was virtually a king, under a constitution surviving from feudalism. Each had the right of *liberum veto,* that is, the right to forbid, by his single vote, any measure in the Diet. Each noble was a law unto himself, and the country suffered. Sobieski, who had saved Vienna for the Austrians, could not keep Kiev and Little Russia for the Poles. "Poland has no right to proclaim herself innocent of all her calamities; she has herself contributed to

them; she went to sleep upon a volcano; she was guilty of a marvellous inertia, of a frivolous improvidence, of an incomprehensible torpidity."

The Poles tried to reform these abuses by the famous constitution of May 3, 1791. This historic document admitted the citizens of the towns to the representative body of the people, ameliorated somewhat the condition of the peasantry, decided the question of succession by heredity, and provided for the creation of a standing army of regular troops. Although all this came too late, and could not prevent the fall of the Kingdom, it was the first thoroughly national movement in the history of Poland. It did not come about by an oppressed class violently overturning society to obtain its rights. It was the voluntary renunciation, from patriotic motives, of exclusive privileges by a powerful class of nobles. But it was then too late, despite the heroism of Kosciuszko. One partition had already been consummated. The two others followed rapidly, the last King went as a salaried functionary to St. Petersburg, and Poland was no more as an independent state.

While the partition of Poland cannot be justified by any possible standard of ethics, the political downfall of the Polish Commonwealth must be charged also against the Polish character. Since Sienkiewicz himself admits this, an outsider may be pardoned for repeating it.

The Polish author makes one of his characters, a typical Pole, say:

"We Slavs have too much of that restless Aryan spirit, in consequence of which neither our mind nor our heart has ever been perfect, has ever been balanced. . . . And what strange, peculiar natures! The German students, for instance, drink, and this is not, in any shape or form, detrimental to their work, nor does it prevent them from becoming sober, practical men. But let a Slav acquire the habit, and he will drink himself into an early grave. A German will be a pessimist; will write volumes on the subject whether life is or is not mere despair, and will continue to drink beer, bring up children, hoard money, water flowers, and sleep under thick covers. Under similar circumstances, the Slav will hang himself, or throw himself to the dogs, leading a wild life of dissipation and license, and perish and choke in the mire into which he voluntarily sank. Indeed, ours are strange natures—sincere, sensitive, sympathetic, and, at the same time, fraudulent and actor-like."

Unity is not a Polish virtue. Neither is subordination for the common weal. Every one must lead. There have always been plenty of princes, marshals, and generals in Poland; of obedient privates, very few. The term "a Polish gentleman," in the words of a clever novel

writer, implies "so much of tact, versatility, volatility, nobility, and futility."

Turn the shield and one becomes positively exasperated at the Poles for permitting one fault, the lack of one quality, to nullify almost completely the rest of their magnificent heritage. A record of gallantry and chivalry in war so splendid and untarnished that the world knows not its equal; an idealism and a subtle grasp of the fundamentals of the human heart, with all its actions and desire, that has made them such wonderful artists in tone and colour; a keen, brilliant, intellectual versatility; a boundless hospitality and courtesy; beautiful, fascinating family and social life; a sympathetic, poetic responsiveness that makes them irresistible; all these the Poles have to-day and in like measure as in the days of the Sienkiewicz heroes, when, before Zbaraz, the gallant Podbipienta yielded up his soul "as an offering to the Queen of Heaven," and as when Kmicic performed his prodigies of valour to win Olenka.

The impatience of necessary restraint and fatal lack of cohesion between classes that has marked the suicidal policy of so many Polish campaigns in the past, has, to a certain extent, however, been conquered to-day. The patience and self-restraint of the Poles during the Russian social and political crises has been really remarkable. Race consciousness, religion, and

strenuous modern competition are mighty impelling and controlling forces. When fostered and assisted by such an organisation as the Catholic church, there is scarcely a limit to what racial impulse will do for a people. To the Poles it is bringing not only cohesion and even the spirit of self-sacrifice for the common good, but an indomitable earnestness in perfecting themselves for the struggle of modern life. It has enabled them to preserve, and even intensify, their native strength and charm and at the same time to add a touch of Anglo-Saxon practicality. In industry, in agriculture, in the arts and sciences, in education, in wealth and numbers the Poles are progressing. It is impossible to kill a people that has a will to live. The commercial spirit has touched them, and they have adapted themselves to it as one more weapon wherewith to preserve their sense of racial unity and improve their condition and prospects. A strong middle class is developing among them. Up to about twenty-five years ago the small middle class to be met with in Polish towns and cities was composed almost wholly of Germans and Jews. To-day the young and well-educated generation of Poles have largely replaced them. Polish merchants, bankers, shopkeepers, mechanics, artisans, physicians, lawyers, and engineers are now in the majority. In the words of a famous Polish historian: "In

1800 we prayed to be allowed to live. In 1900 we know that we shall live."

The chief reason alleged for the dismemberment of Poland by the three adjoining empires was that the ruling classes in those empires feared to have so near them the influence of a national unit so democratic as Poland. Now conditions are changed. The times point to a considerable democratising of Russia, Germany, and Austria. The democratic influences, however, that the despotisms sought to avoid by the dismemberment of Poland have, after all, permeated their peoples from French, British, and American as well as Polish sources. The old object for partitioning Poland is no more. In fact, dismembered Poland presents much more of a problem than independent Poland possibly could, on account of its revolutionary propaganda. Not merely in the present Russian revolution, but in the entire European revolutionary movement has Poland a leading part to play. Her rôle with regard not only to Russia, Germany, and Austria, but also with regard to all Europe, is no more a thing of the past. The proletariat of all Russia has become the champion of the revolutionary struggle of Europe, and Poland has become the natural intermediary between the East and the West.

There is a beautiful legend current among the mountain peasants of the Carpathians. One

of the Polish poets has put it into verse and it has been played on the stage. Many, many years ago—so runs the legend—the King (meaning the King of the Poles), seeing that the all-mother (Poland) was grievously ill, consulted with the doctors, but all to no purpose. A certain prophetess, however, declared that three brothers, to each of whom she gave a portion of a flute, must travel together over seven mountains and seven rivers, until they came to a certain peak in the Carpathians. Then they must put the pieces together and blow. In response, King Boleslaw, surnamed the Brave, and his armoured knights would wake from their sleep; would once more come forth to conquer, and the land would be restored to its ancient splendour. But the brothers could not agree upon the one to blow the flute. Each thought himself entitled to that honour. So the cure was not effected; and so the knights sleep on.

The legend is symbolic of Polish character and history, and the playwright so represents it on the stage. The three brothers are Aristocracy, Bourgeoisie, and Peasantry. When these three come together in perfect accord,—when the national character rings as pure melody as the music of Poland's artists,—then, from the fastnesses of the Carpathians will arise King Boleslaw, and his knights, and Poland will once more be an independent nation.

II

POLISH AUTONOMY—UNDER AUSTRIA

THE "Polish Question" is the political and economic problem presented by the opposition of two apparently irreconcilable facts. Three of the great powers of Europe believe it necessary for their national existence as world states to keep in subjection, without national rights, twenty-five millions of a highly sensitive, highly cultured, patriotic race, which refuses to be assimilated and which is increasing more rapidly than the dominant nations. The problem concerns all Europe. It is of vital importance to Russia, Germany, and Austria.

How does injustice to the Poles affect the national aims and complicate the national problems of Russia, of Germany, of Austria?

If Polish nationality is ever again triumphant, the triumph will come, not through the efforts of the Poles, but out of the necessity and peril of their oppressors. The Poles have learned by the bitterest and most terrible of experiences that, unaided, they are not strong enough to regain their lost independence, and that they cannot hope for foreign intervention. The ascend-

ancy of materialism and political "expediency" is too complete to-day for any nation or nations to assume the rôle of liberator of Poland. But Russia, Prussia, and Austria, it is easily conceivable, may be forced, by pressure of problems more vital to their own nationalities, to loosen their grip on their prey.

The Poles are grateful to Austria, not for what she has done, but for what she has refrained from doing. Galicia (Austrian Poland) is to-day the only portion of the old Commonwealth in which Poles can breathe freely, think and speak in their own tongue, and develop themselves. It is true that Austria was one of the partitioning powers. But Poles will not forget that Austria, under Maria Theresa, was the only one of the three which hesitated before yielding to the political pressure which resulted in the dismemberment.

Compared with the position of their brethren in Russia and Prussia, the lot of the Austrian Poles to-day is certainly an easy one. Their status is entirely different from that under which both the "Kingdom" and Posen are made to "lie quiet." The Galician Poles are not oppressed at all. They have autonomy, they are not molested in the use of their language, they publish their newspapers without let or hindrance, they have their representatives in the national Reichsrath, and one of them (Count

Badeni) has even been Premier of the entire Empire, while another (Count Goluchowski) was for a decade imperial foreign minister. Warsaw shopkeepers are compelled to hire at least one Russian clerk, but Austria does not pursue a like policy in Galicia. Nor does she interfere with Polish schools, or refuse to forward letters bearing Polish titles, as is done in Posen by Prussia. There are no overt acts in Galicia by the Austrian government toward making life hard for the Poles (at any rate, if there are, it takes a long sojourn in the country to notice them). Russia and Prussia do not officially recognise the existence of the Poles. There are, in Russia, inhabitants of the governments of the Vistula who were formerly Polish. There are German subjects in the East Mark of Prussia who happen to prefer to speak the Polish language. Austria, however, does not thus wilfully shut her eyes to the painfully evident truth. She frankly admits that the Poles are not Austrians, not Germans, but Poles, wholly, irreclaimably, often resentfully, Poles. She permits them to sell openly all kinds of books, for and against the Austrian government, or any other existing or conceivable form of government. The court at Vienna does not claim that Kosciuszko was an Austrian, as Prussia claims Copernicus. She admits that he was a Pole of the Poles. She does not forbid monu-

ments being erected to him, nor tear down those already erected. The Viennese idea is of the economical order. The Austrians use the Kosciuszko memorial in Cracow as a military garrison. On the whole, however, the Poles have a good deal of sympathy politically for the Hapsburg Empire, and a real affection for the person of the aged Austrian Kaiser.

Commercially, Austrian Poland has little for which to thank Vienna. Galicia, a province containing 30,000 square miles (it is about the size of the State of South Carolina), with a population of eight millions, and a provincial government of her own, is yet very backward economically. Galicia is miserably poor, thanks to the exhaustion of generations of war which the present system of taxation does not improve. There is another cause for her poverty, in the natural antipathy of the race of landed proprietors to trade and industry. This prejudice is, however, fast dying out. Nature has endowed Galicia with a rich, fertile soil and a fair share of mineral wealth. The country is pleasantly diversified, from the level plain region about Cracow and Lemberg even to the summits of the Carpathians. All kinds of grain and vegetables grow magnificently. As the country dips and then rises again to the foothills of the Carpathians, traces of iron and copper appear, and westward, in the region of Schodnica, are to be

found the richest naphtha wells in the world. The province also has generous supplies of salt. The famous old salt mines of Wieliczka, a few miles from Cracow, have been worked for nearly 800 years, and still yield abundantly. But salt is a government monopoly in Austria, and the Galicians have to pay, in consequence, about six times as much for it as we do in America.

Business is not good in Galicia. Everything is taxed to the breaking point. New enterprises must pay such enormous assessments for the privilege of beginning that their future for a dozen years is often mortgaged before they begin. As for the taxes on many of the estates, it is as much as the poor proprietor can do to satisfy the government and at the same time provide himself with the necessaries of life. At one time the Poles were the most extravagant and ostentatious people in Europe. Now they are even frugal, simple, and saving. Perhaps they will some day thank Austria for teaching them the lesson of frugality, just as they are beginning to recognise the benefits of the rigorous but orderly régime of Prussia.

The Prussian Pole has benefited to a certain extent by the progressive commercial policy of the German government, and so also, though to a less extent, has the Russian Pole from Russia. But the Pole in Austria has not had this stimulus, and he is still a good deal wedded to

his old-fashioned ideas of the degrading nature of trade and work in general; that is, work other than on an estate. He labours hard enough on his farm to satisfy even the American notion of work, but that is because he must. All his history shows this distaste for commerce. From the early Middle Ages, so Voltaire tells us, almost all the commerce and trade of Poland was in the hands of Scotchmen, Germans, and Jews. The great natural wealth of the country and the constant and immense stream of plunder coming in from the generations of usually successful war built up an enormously rich class of landed proprietors whose pride and luxuriousness was long the envy and wonder of the rest of Europe. Naturally such a wealthy class soon learned to regard traffic and work in general with contempt and as only fit for peasants and slaves. It is more than the aristocrats can stand even to-day to barter and sell goods. Anything, even poverty and actual want, is preferable to trade, and what at first seems utterly inexplicable to an American, soon becomes perfectly intelligible when the history of Poland is studied sociologically.

Besides this deeply ingrained prejudice, it must not be forgotten that the Pole has had but little training for business and is generally no match for the Jew with his natural cunning for barter, or the German, who has had the benefit

of a commercial education and who often has the business aptitude in his blood. Much of the trade in the large cities of Galicia is in the hands of Germans or of Poles with German names, Poles in spirit it is true, but coming by their commercial proclivities from their foreign ancestry. This can be seen by walking through the principal streets in Cracow and Lemberg and noting the names on the signs. The younger generation of Poles in Galicia is indeed beginning to look at this matter in a new light and is going into business in increasing numbers. If they were only permitted liberty of initiative and freed from some of the ruinous taxation which now grinds them down, they would succeed to-day.

Yet, withal, the Galician Pole seems fairly contented. He tills his land in patience (a quality he is beginning to show to a degree which would have considerably astonished his fiery and unruly ancestor), sells some of his farm produce, and hopes. He is beginning to look almost longingly toward Russia, where, despite political oppression, a fairly liberal commercial policy makes life offer new and attractive possibilities.

The Poles form but one of the many diverse elements—although an important one—in that geographical expression which we know as Austria. What a mosaic is the Hapsburg Empire-Kingdom! The traveller through this land sees

so much diversity of tongue and religion in a ride of a few hours that he is bewildered.

Four persons shared the railway carriage with me on the train from Vienna to Cracow, a lady and three gentlemen. A stout, dignified looking man with olive complexion and black hair that almost curled, sat directly opposite. He wore ordinary dress except that his modern suit was covered by a splendid cloak drawn partly together with a gorgeous sash. A Magyar magnate, but, as political geography goes, an Austrian subject. Next him sat the lady, whose delicately chiselled Latin features and general slender brunette type were very southern, quite Italian. No, she was Istrian—and Austrian. At her side was a powerfully built man with a haughty patrician face, small uose, and a great thick neck—the type of which Napoleon said, "Put him on a horse and you have a devil." A Pole, yes, but officially an Austrian. Next to me and opposite these three sat a little slim lieutenant with an air of suave dignity about him. A real Austrian, an Austrian of the Austrians, who said "Bitte pardon" or "Bitte schön" on every possible occasion, with a soft accent such as no one but a Viennese can master. At a small station near the famous field of Austerlitz a sixth passenger entered and made our coupé "complet." He was a "jäger." The knee-breeches, mountain hat with jaunty feather

in it, and the breezy honest politeness, all plainly said Tyrol. Yes, but an Austrian. As the guard ran along banging closed the doors of the carriages, I caught a glimpse of a party being hustled into a third-class compartment. They were mostly women, and evidently peasants in holiday attire. The gaily decorated bodice, large hat, wide flaring short skirt on the muscular frame, the clumsy top boots with dainty French heels, indicated Moravian peasants,—but Austrians. The train glided out of the station and there was a snap-shot view of a big fellow in white kilts and red tunic, wearing a fez. A Turk? Very nearly. He comes from the borders of Dalmatia—and is an Austrian. If only a Czech, a Croat, a Slovak, and a Jew had been present, I might have received an idea of the heterogeneous population that owes allegiance to Kaiser Franz Joseph and calls itself Austrian.

There is no Austrian language, no Austrian literature or patriotism or nationality, nothing the congeries of races have in common except the Emperor, the army, and the Reichsrath. What will happen when the object of their personal allegiance has passed away? The empire of the Hapsburgs is the keystone of the European arch, and the continent dreads few things so much as its displacement. Eighteen million Hungarians, nine and one-half million Germans,

eight million Poles and Ruthenians, six mill Czechs, two or three million Servians, Cro: and Slovenians, about a million Italians, ; nearly a million Jews—with as many tong and religions as there are nationalities—if more—what a marvellous but artificial st ture it is!

In the matter of religion, also, the Dual M archy is a mosaic. In the first place, it is greatest Roman Catholic power in the wo By its constitution, the ruling dynasty m profess the Catholic faith. Vast property is the ecclesiastical hand, and the church enj cordial recognition from the government.] mate and priest are among the largest lan proprietors. Along the banks of the Danube greater part of the soil is owned by the chu The Archbishop of Grau, who is Primate of H gary, has an annual income of 1,000,000 flor or more than $400,000; enough to support ei such mighty individuals as the American Pr dent. About two per cent. of all the territory Hungary belongs to the church. Every yea Easter "His Apostolic Majesty," as the Empe is called, and his Empress wash the feet of p beggars.

Austria is not all Catholic, however, nor ' she always a Catholic country. John Huss ; Jerome of Prague were, in the geograph sense, Austrians; and Moravia, which is a w

almost synonymous with Protestantism, is in Austria. Transylvania, of which Hungary is suzerain, is to-day perhaps the most remarkable conglomeration of religions known to history. Jew, Armenian, Russo-Greek, Latin-Greek, Nazarene, Roman Catholic, Lutheran, Calvinist, and Uniate have dwelt there in close proximity for centuries, but seldom in Christian harmony.

For hundreds of years the many different races of the Empire have jostled and fought, and yet they have never mingled. Each has lived its own life and made its own history, jealous of its national individuality. While in Budapest I spoke to a Hungarian gentleman about the differences between the Magyars and their Emperor. But he replied decidedly, giving the keynote to the racial independence: "*Es giebt keinen Kaiser in Budapest, nur einen König von Ungarn.*"

What would happen if the Empire should fall to pieces? Europe has not forgotten the one war over the Austrian succession, and fears that the death of the present Kaiser, loved and respected as he is throughout the continent, would precipitate the great European conflict which is the nightmare of all the chancelleries. Europe feels that, in the word of a Czech statesman, "if Austria did not exist, she would have to be invented," in view of the political necessity

for a strong grip on the jarring nationalities of the "central European lumber room."

It follows as a corollary of her geographical position and her ethnological composition, that the Dual Monarchy desires nothing so much as to maintain the political status quo in central Europe. Any change in southeastern Europe is likely to disturb the internal equilibrium. Hence the anxiety with which Vienna watches developments in the Balkans and Turkey, and shudders at the possibility of Hungarian defection or Bohemian linguistic patriotism unsettling the balance of power within her borders and thus weakening the hold of the imperial capital. Put concretely, the two great spectres which haunt the dreams of the aged Austrian Kaiser are Pan-Slavism and Pan-Germanism. Russian propaganda in the Balkans and German influence in Austria proper must be watched continually, and these are the factors in Austria's foreign policy. Both of these factors are growing more impressive and significant. Muscovite intrigue precipitates Bulgaria and Servia into a customs union which threatens to destroy completely Austrian paramountcy in the Balkans. As for the influence of Germanism, the road to Constantinople long ago ceased to travel through Vienna. It now goes by way of Berlin.

There is one factor, however, in her national

life which Austria apparently slights or the importance of which she minimises, and that is her relation to the section of the ancient Polish Commonwealth, which is now a portion of the Dual Monarchy. Having a large amount of freedom and local self-government, the Austrian Poles are not the constant thorn in the flesh that their brethren are in Russia and Prussia. But as far as assimilation is concerned they are just as irreconcilable. No prescription has yet been offered, nor is any likely to be, for making a Russian, a German, or an Austrian out of a Pole.

The Poles of Galicia are more than half the population of that province, and their representatives in the Reichsrath at Vienna form the largest, best organised, and most influential group in that body. They hold the balance of power: with their eighty votes (1907) they are the determining party, and their views, in consequence, cannot be wholly disregarded by the Austrian government. On the subject of the treatment of their compatriots by Prussia they hold very strong views. They are satisfied with their own condition, and they see in it a proof that it is perfectly possible so to govern the Poles as not to keep them seething in discontent. The only way in which they can give effect to this feeling is to press upon their government the duty of making occasional representations to Germany in favor of the Polish subjects of that

empire. This they are constantly trying to and at times they succeed in placing Empe Francis Joseph in something of a quand He cannot well offend his ally by mention the matter, and he cannot afford altogether alienate the parliamentary support of the G cian Poles. Nor is this all. The Austrian g ernment, as such, is not anxious to take si in the undying conflict between Teuton a Slav, which has begun, of late years, to assu such grave proportions.

Few travellers can resist the charm of Vien Is there, in any other city in the world, s a happy combination of German solidity, w French chic, Teutonic warmth and thoroughr without a bit of Prussian arrogance, Gallic li ness and taste, but not a trace of the stacc pertness of the Frenchman, all welded int delightful whole by a cement of quiet good ta and picturesque abandon which is distinc Viennese? It is the polite art-loving cap of a courteous, artistic people.

The charming capital on the Danube, h ever, has a short memory. She has found it easy to forget that, but for a certain chivalrc art-loving, whole-souled, and warrior Pol king, she might even now be only the "h town" of a Turkish vilayet. What would Vie be to-day but for John Sobieski?

III

CRACOW: THE HEART OF POLAND

LEGEND has it that Lech, the mythical founder of the Polish people, was once attacked in his cradle by a three-headed dragon. The cradle of Lech was Cracow, and Cracow was the last resting-place of Polish independence. The free city and republic of Cracow lived till 1846, and was the last rallying point of Polish independent existence. Here the three-headed dragon, or the three partitioning nations, descended for the last attack on prostrate Poland. Cracow, therefore, is, for the best of reasons, the point from which to begin a study of Polish life as it is found to-day.

Cracow is the most characteristically Polish city of the present. The visitor will find more life and progress in Warsaw, but life of a cosmopolitan, European kind. The traveller who wishes to see a real Polish city must see and study Cracow. This city is, undoubtedly, the real centre of the Polish nation, the point toward which the affection of the Poles turns as the most dignified, precious memento of their past glory.

CRACOW: THE HEART OF POLAND

My first impressions of this quaint old Polish city were received under very characteristic and fortunate circumstances. The University of Cracow was about to celebrate the 500th anniversary of its foundation. Was it not Matthew Arnold who, in speaking of the 500th anniversary of Oxford, remarked that a university does not come of age till it has attained its demi-millennium?

The coming of age of the Polish seat of learning at Cracow gave the Poles an opportunity such as they have seldom had during the century just closed, an opportunity for showing to the world the love and mastery of picturesqueness, symbolism, hospitality, ceremony, and good cheer which is so characteristic of them as a people.

The University of Cracow is a monument to the statesmanship and liberality of the early Polish kings. In the latter half of the fourteenth century—in 1364, to be precise—Kazimierz the Great decided to commemorate his accession to the thrones of Poland and Lithuania by founding a library. This he endowed with all the magnificence and generosity of his age and line, and it soon became the centre of Polish culture. In two decades it had evolved a university, and had become the intellectual *point d'appui* of the kingdom. For a few years, owing to religious wars, the university was forced to

close its doors. In the Christmas season of 1400, however, Jagiello, founder of his house, re-endowed and reorganised the institution, and from that day to this its work has never lapsed.

The occasion of the celebration of its 500th birthday was a national event with the Poles, and the national pride came out strongly in the reception of visiting delegations from institutions all over the world. Impressive exercises, speeches, processions, and the presentation of gifts and souvenirs from sister universities, made up the celebration. The American delegation of professors commissioned the writer to lay on the tomb of Tadeusz (Thaddeus) Kosciuszko a wreath, as a token of grateful remembrance from America.

On that memorable Sunday morning in June the sun shone brightly, and the pious peasant trudged to church to the sound of the solemn bell. Far down in the cathedral crypt, in the Wawel—the Westminster Abbey of Poland—by the fitful, subdued light of lanterns the writer reverently made his way through the aisles of sarcophagi in which slumber all of Poland's great dead. There lie Jagiello, Jadwiga, Kazimierz the Great, Zygmunt the Great, Stefan Batory, John Sobieski, anl Joseph Poniatowski. By the side of the sarcophagus of the great Sobieski is a massive stone coffin in which lies all that was once mortal of Tadeusz Kosciuszko. Al-

most religously laying the bit of laurel, w
the inscription, "In the name of America,
the memory of Kosciuszko," on the pile of c
stone, I withdrew.

The Poles owe the careers and great achi
ments of many of their foremost men to
venerable Jagiellonian University. One of
graduates—"the most illustrious in half a th
sand years"—belongs to the world. Nich
Copernicus, when quite a youth, spent th
years at the University, and it seemed fitt
that the celebration should have been closed
the unveiling of a monument to the great ma
matician and cosmographer.

Cracow is a sort of "half-way house" betw
Vienna and Warsaw. Commercially, it depe
on the former; politically (speaking from a
lish standpoint), on the latter. As long as
railroad connects Warsaw, Cracow, and Po
Polish national life will not cease to be.
the military scheme of the Austrian Em
Cracow is a very important place. Within e
driving distance of the Russian frontier, t
former capital and royal residence of Pola
kings has become one of the chief Aust
strongholds. The empire of the Hapsburgs
made it one of the strongest outposts of the
ceding Teutonic power before the advance
the Slav.

A denationalised people will always cl

fondly to the past, and its monuments of former glories will constitute its chief claim to the interest of the rest of the world. With no political or military life of their own to-day, except as parts of the nations which hold them subject, the Poles point with most pride to the evidences of their former greatness. The traveller will be charmed by the hospitality and sympathetic character of the people themselves, and the student will be thrilled by the tragic interest of the drama of denationalisation which is still being enacted. Aside from her artists, musicians, and writers, the great things of Poland are chiefly those that have already had their day and their history. Cracow actually lives in the traditions of her great past. With 90,000 inhabitants and many of the artistic, social and political characteristics of modern Europe, she is essentially a city of the past. An air of delightfully picturesque somnolence hangs over her streets, even in the business quarter. Antiquity and historical recollections—these are the distinctions of Cracow. They are her boast. How old these Poles are! Speak of your material progress, and the Cracovian replies that he has real, unadulterated antiquity. When you come to Cracow they show you the Wawel, the ancient fortress-castle, where, for 600 years and more, have slumbered the greatest of Poland's great dead. Through the court-yard, where many a

tournament and joust has been held in splendc the passing centuries have seen Bohemian, Pı sian, Mongol, Swede, Tartar, Russian, and A trian ride, rough-shod, in triumph, over a prı and sensitive prostrate nation, laden with sı so rich that the mere description sounds l romance.

Cracow was the second capital of the Pol kings. About the year 560 A. D., say the l ends, in the Carpathian Mountains there li a petty chief or "leader of the province" nan Krakus. He was a strong man and well loved. On the hill Wawel he built a fortrı now known as the Wawel, overlooking the Ri Vistula. This was a great task, as he had f to kill the dragon which dwelt on the hill. T cavern in which this Polish St. George met foe is still pointed out to the visitor. At prese however, the entrance is closed with an i trap door, heavily padlocked, and no one (what reason it is not stated) is permitted view the interior. Perhaps closer inspect might tend to lessen the belief in the old legeı we moderns are so sceptical.

But to return to Krakus. We are told t his rule was wise and good, and that when died there was general mourning. His dau ter Wanda was elected "over lady." N Wanda was very beautiful, and this fact sı made trouble for her and Poland. Before lı

her beauty attracted the attention of a German prince named Rytyger, who fell in love with her and began violent suit for her hand. Wanda, however, did not return his affection and promptly refused him. The gallant lover wrote her an angry letter, threatening to invade her domain and make her his wife by force. But Wanda was not of the submissive kind. She gathered a great army and marched out and defeated the Germans with great slaughter. Then, fearing that her beauty might cause further trouble to her country, tradition tells us that she deliberately drowned herself in the Vistula. I will not vouch for the truth of this story, but I have seen the kopiec, or mound, which has been erected to her memory.

Stormy times, pagan wars, and long stretches of obscure history follow. Polish history turns to the north, to Gniezno (Gnesen), where began the dynasty of Piasts, of legendary origin, which gave so many kings to Poland. From this time until the beginning of the last century Cracow had as stormy a history as is ascribed to any European city. Four times it was in the hands of a foreign invader. For three centuries it was the capital of Poland, and the kings were crowned there until 1764. When Poland was first dismembered Cracow fell to Austria, to be appropriated later by Napoleon, and then by Alexander of Russia. The congress of Vienna

declared it "for ever a free, independent, and neutral city, under the protection of Russia, Austria, and Prussia." "For ever" was the way it read in the treaty. Thirty-one brief years, however, was the length of the republic's life. The social ferment of the middle of the past century, culminating in the "terrible '48," began in Cracow in the summer of 1846. As a pretext for extinguishing a free commonwealth, what was easier for the emissaries of absolutism than to incite the peasants to revolt against "the oppression of the aristocracy"? The insurrection spread over all Galicia. The privileged classes could remember the French Revolution, and today the aristocrats do not like to be reminded of this terrible summer, more than sixty years ago, when whole families died on their estates at the hands of peasants carrying scythes. Of course, this was not the proper way for a free commonwealth to behave, and the three powers directly concerned insisted on a "friendly meeting" at Vienna, at which they decided to incorporate the "Free State" of Cracow with the Austrian Empire.

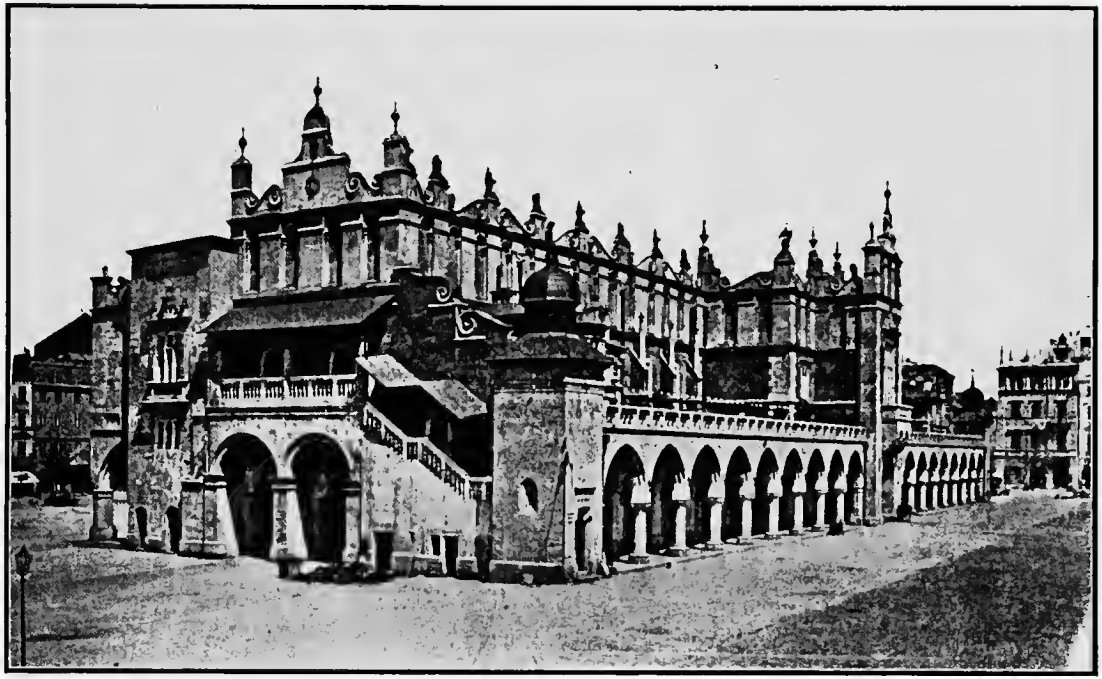
As with most European cities that date back more than a century, the radiating point, the central square of Cracow, is the market-place, or *rynek*, as the Poles call it, a picturesque old place, with the church of Panna Marya (Virgin Mary) on one side, the Cloth Hall, or Sukiennice, in the

centre, flanked by the ancient City Hall, the chapel of St. Wojciech, and the noble monument to the poet Mickiewicz. Every Tuesday and Friday, from time immemorial, the venders of produce of all sorts have gathered on the rynek.

The open market is a very pretty sight. The variety offered and the picturesqueness of the trade is very interesting. Here, the gaily dressed peasant woman brings her wares: chickens and ducks, alive and remonstrating volubly, vegetables, fruits, bread, small cakes, poziomki (wild strawberries), and knickknacks of every imaginable kind. Here, also, may be seen the gardener or factor of the landed estate, selling his fruit and vegetables to help out the revenue of the proprietor.

The favourite spot for the exhibition of these wares seems to be in front of the ancient castle of the Potockis, known as Pod Baranami, "Under the Rams' Heads." When the Emperor visits Cracow he usually stays at this castle, having first informed the family that they may leave, although occasionally, during his stay, they return to visit.

The cabmen love to congregate before the little chapel of St. Wojciech, where, tradition has it, the Czech missionaries first preached the Gospel to the then heathen Poles. From this spot the cabbies can gaze reverently at the stone tablet



THE SUKIENNICE (CLOTH HALL) OF CRACOW.

(In the Middle Ages all the trade of the city, particularly in textiles, was carried on in this building, hence its name.)

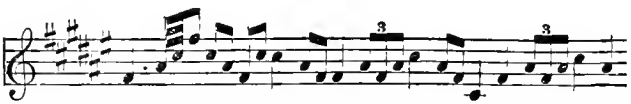
which is set in the square near by, declaring that here, on March 24, 1794, Kosciuszko took the oath as commander of the Polish army, before that memorable campaign against the Russians —the famous campaign of Raclawice.

In the very centre of the rynek is the Sukiennice, the most impressive and perhaps the most interesting building in the city. In the early Middle Ages this now ancient edifice began its career as Cloth Hall, or place of exhibition for merchandise, principally dress-stuffs, hence its name.

The Sukiennice is now used as a gallery for the exhibition of paintings, a reception hall, and a museum. A long arcade, fitted up as a market and panelled at regular intervals with the different national and local Polish coats of arms, pierces the building and gives it a very picturesque and busy air.

Outside, except on market days, the old square suns itself in dignified repose, the quiet broken only by an unusually expeditious cabman, or by the deep-toned bell from the tower of Panna Marya. Every hour the clear musical note of the hejnal comes from the church tower. I have taken down the notes of this trumpet call, which is regularly sounded from the three corners of the tower of Panna Marya, but there is no instrument which can fully reproduce its liquid melody. The "colour" of the notes seems just

between that of the cornet and that of the military bugle.



Cracow is a grey city. The buildings are quite generally of that soft, artistic grey tint which improves with age in the stone or stucco so common in old European cities. Cracow reminds one of a well-bred woman who has begun to age and to grow grey. It is not the greyness of decrepitude, but of well-seasoned middle age. Cracow has seen so much of life that she knows its varied experiences thoroughly. In her youth her sons went forth to the Crusades. In the 14th century her people numbered nearly half a million. She was full grown when the Thirty Years' War broke out. She was developed, cultured, and civilised long before the three-headed dragon appeared, and she is weary of waiting for her rather uncouth neighbours to catch up with her intellectually, socially, and in almost all the other arts of civilisation—the politer arts. She has seen so much of strenuous life that she is no longer surprised at anything. An air of well-bred ease and nonchalance sits gracefully on her. Even modern newspapers and the slowly widening circle of "families in trade" cannot conceal this air. Moreover, she has acquired all

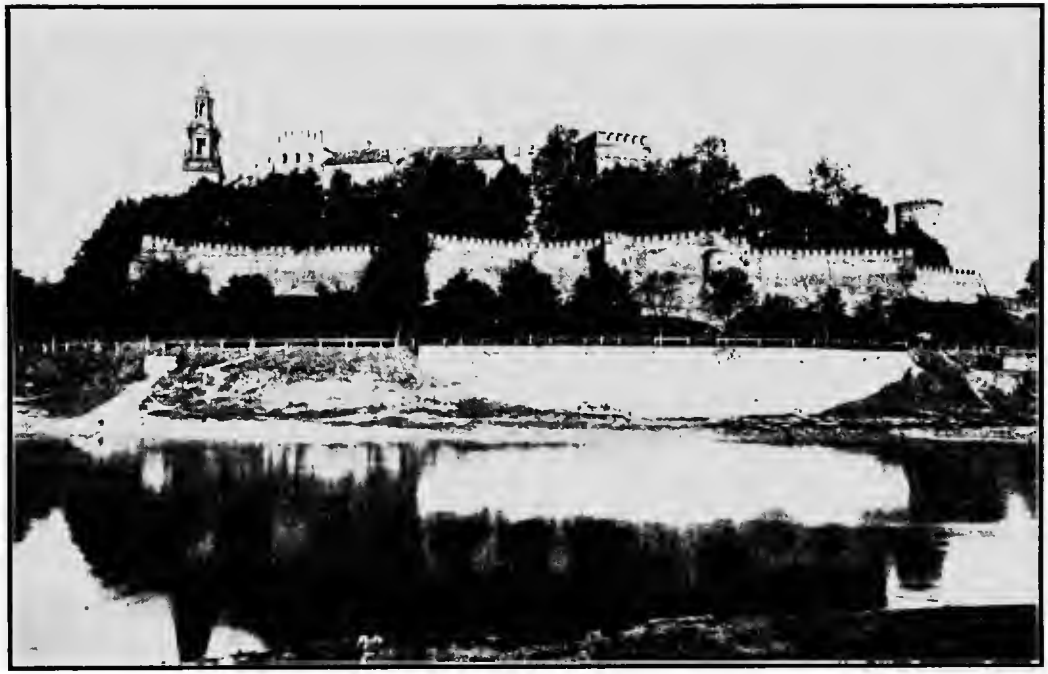
the arts of the mature coquette, the coquette who is better educated than her neighbours, who has some idle time on her hands, and who makes sport, quietly, of her associates. One can almost fancy that, at times, he detects her yawning behind her fan. She is very diplomatic, with a finesse all her own. It must be confessed that she has many of the symptoms of a civilisation just a bit effete. With her societies, her card-playing parties, her ennui, her little contests for social pre-eminence—in these she is irreproachably *fin* (or *commencement*) *de siecle.*

Cracow is not married to the material, industrial present, but she is betrothed to it. Her engagement ring is the beautifully modern boulevard extending all around the city limits, known as the Planté. Some years ago a wealthy gentleman had municipal pride enough to found this beautiful adornment to the city. There are other parks in the city, notably the beautiful Jordan Park. The Planté, however, is unique. A delightful, shaded walk, bordered with flower-beds kept in the pink of condition, it affords the Cracovian an hour's promenade, in the course of which he can pass before almost all the features of the city of which he is proud. The new university, the new home of the Society of Fine Arts, many handsome residences, and several of the public buildings face on the Planté, which is the favourite promenade ground of the whole

town. Here may be seen every grade and class of life out on a holiday. All Cracow and his wife, or sweetheart, are here. Slim, straight, olive-complexioned Austrian army officers, the politest military men in the world, but positively radiating their own importance many feet before them; common soldiers in the eminently practical but scarcely handsome Austrian uniform, slouching along by the side of their kitchen-maid sweethearts; stooped, reverend university professors and earnest-looking students; Jews in long gaberdines, talking mongrel Polish in high, nasal tones, and lovingly anointing their corkscrew curls—you may see them all on almost any fine afternoon. The Planté encircles the city outside the old fortifications, and it is an interesting and delightful contrast that is experienced when one steps from this modern boulevard into the sally-port of one of the ancient gates, such as the Brama Floryańska (Florian gate), and, after passing the shrine, with its ever-burning lamp, emerges again into the open air in the old city itself.

The stone in this engagement ring of Cracow is not modern. It is the heart of Poland, its innermost shrine, the Wawel. But here the coquette simile must be stopped. It would seem a bit flippant when referring to the ancient, hoary, revered Wawel.

The Wawel is a collection of buildings, really



THE WAWEL—THE WESTMINSTER ABBEY OF POLAND.
(A view of the old fortress overlooking the river Vistula in Cracow.)

a small fortified city—cathedral, chapels, barracks, dwelling-houses, and court-yards—all surrounded by a high wall, flanked at the corners by towers. It was, indeed, a fortress independent of the city about it. The Vistula rolls peacefully at its feet.

The chief interest attaching to the Wawel lies in the fact that, in the crypt of its cathedral, are buried most of the monarchs of Poland. Though for many years ruin and neglect was the fate of the Wawel, the ancient pile is now being restored. The government at Vienna has consented to remove the arsenal and barracks if the city will build other quarters for the troops. This transformation has now almost been completed.

For richness and magnificence of artistic and religious treatment, the Wawel cathedral is, perhaps, unequalled in the world. The Pole is lavish by nature, and, in matters that concern his religion, he is prodigal of costly gifts. Gold, silver, jewels, stained glass, rare marbles and other stones, costly carved woods, pictures, heavy stuffs in decoration, sculptures, beaten and carven work in metals—these are all to be seen in such profusion that description is at a loss where to begin. The great altar is backed by four massive columns, heavily covered with gold, between which, on either side, one may see the painted *imago Christi*, in rich bejewelled colour folds, smiling sadly and benignantly down on the wor-

shippers. To the right is the chapel and tomb of St. Stanislaw, the patron saint of Poland. The chapel of Zygmunt (Sigismund) August is the jewel of the coronet. This is said to be the finest piece of Renaissance work north of the Alps. The lower section of the wall is finished in the beautiful red-veined Italian marble, marvellously carved into shapes as delicate as though of wood. The upper portion of the circle and tomb is finished in grey marble, and adorned with beautiful designs, rosettes and cusps, so cunningly cut that, although the whole presents the appearance of uniformity, no two ornaments are alike. The splendid tomb itself is thickly gilded with solid gold on the outside. During the Swedish invasions, in the 17th century, this tomb was painted black, or the rapacious soldiers of Gustavus would certainly have carried off the whole thing. In the rear of the great altar may be seen a large, almost life-size figure of the Christ, wrought out of solid silver. This also was blackened that it might escape the Swedes, and it still stands, dark and sombre, against its background of silver ornament, which, however, has been brightened.

Memories of the saintly Queen Jadwiga hang about the Wawel. In one of the palaces, known as "The Chicken's Foot," tradition has it that she used to meet her Austrian lover, Prince William, and it was from here that she went forth to

marry the barbarian Duke Jagiello, of Lithuania, for the glory of God and the extension of Poland.

One of the most picturesque customs that survives in this land of beautiful and picturesque traditions, is the celebration of the Wianki (wreaths) on the eve of St. John's night (June 24). The great feature is the casting of wreaths on the waters of the Vistula, just below the walls of the Wawel. The legend of St. John's night tells of the wonderful fern blossom which blooms only at midnight, the flower disappearing almost immediately. The girl who has courage enough to penetrate into the depths of the wood at this hour may find this blossom, and if she succeeds in picking it, she holds in her hand lifelong happiness. But she must be unusually brave to face and pass the many dangers which await her on the way. The night is full of horror. Elves and spirits of the forests lurk among the trees, witch wolves and monsters lie in wait in pits and ravines, and many other frightful perils must be faced. Indeed, she cannot even be certain where this delicate plant grows. But one thing she does know: the deeper she penetrates into the forest the more certain she is of finding it. This legend has a pretty origin, with a lovely princess and a handsome prince in it, and, somehow, the legend and Wanda, who, it will be remembered, threw herself into the Vistula to

escape the attentions of unwelcome admirers, all, in some way, became connected. On the beautiful evening in June, amid fireworks, music, and general festivities, wreaths are cast on the river from the walls of the Wawel. They are of various colours. Set on fire, they float down the river. A picture of Wanda about to throw herself into the river, surrounded by festoons, is one of the features of the celebration observed by great crowds from the parapets of the ancient fortress.

A volume could be written on the churches of Cracow alone. There are thirty-six of them, to about 90,000 inhabitants. The whole story of Polish religious fervour, of all the ecclesiastical pageantry and devotional symbolism of this devout people, may be seen in Cracow. Age, tradition, form—these are the things one notes when he enters one of these churches of Cracow. The church of Panna Marya is one of the oldest and most interesting of these temples. It is of pure Gothic architecture, but with Byzantine effect. The interior is thickly covered with gold, silver, and jewels. The walls of the great nave are covered with paintings of golden angels on a blue background. There must be 300 of them, but the painter, Jan Matejko, who restored this interior, has not repeated himself. No two are alike. Everything likely to impress a sensuous, poetic, religiously inclined temperament is in this

church. Great stained windows, through which the sunlight filters in a perfect riot of splendid colour, make all the vaulted chamber look like a kaleidoscope. On one side is a chapel of the Madonna, literally blazing with jewels. At the entrance, thickly placarded with sombre death notices,* the beggars sit and quaveringly ask for dole.

The great religious pageant of the year, a spectacle unique in the world and this age, is the procession of Bozé Cialo, or Corpus Christi. One may see very picturesque processions of Corpus Christi in Italy, in Spain, in Mexico, in Canada. But for impressive pageantry, flood of colour, devotion and form that make you rub your eyes and wonder if you are not back in the Middle Ages, you must see Bozé Cialo in Cracow.

It was a beautiful day in the early part of June that I saw the procession from a window overlooking the market place. Perhaps two thousand persons participated in the ceremonies, but many more, probably, watched from the square. The day is a national holiday, the ceremony being observed throughout Austria, even "His Apostolic Majesty," the Emperor, formerly joining the procession in Vienna and carrying his lighted candle. In Poland, however, the ceremony is most strictly and picturesquely observed. By

* When anyone dies in Cracow a black printed notice is posted on the church door.

law, the military must be represented. This morning one regiment marched with the worshippers, its fine band (and the Austrian military music is the finest in the world) blending with the sacred chorals of the singers and the mellow notes of the hejnal from the towers of Panna Marya.

The procession begins. The crowd removes their hats. The march is to the church, around the square, and back again to the church, halting at the four corners of the rynek for the reading of the Gospel by the Bishop, at four altars which have been erected. It is a riot of colour. Brotherhoods and other religious orders, wearing distinctive colours, pass in groups, some all in white with blue facings, some with greens, others with reds, yellows, purples, but all brilliant. A large proportion are women, some with little children, in arms or led by the hand. The little ones are bareheaded, and most of them are garbed in white, but they have badges, patches, ribbons, of other distinctive colours. The women are like tropical birds of plumage—skirt, bodice, headkerchief of vivid reds, vermilions, blues, greens, yellows, orange.

While the reading of the Gospel is in progress a choir of young men chants sacred music. The Bishop elevates the Host, and a soft, mellow-toned bell tinkles. Down on the cobbles, on their knees, falls everyone, participants and on-

lookers, and at the word of command, soldiers also. As the Bishop finishes the rifles of the military crash out, frightening the pigeons from the eaves of the belfry of Panna Marya in great white clouds. Then he marches to the next canopy slowly, under his baldachin, preceded by the thurifer swinging incense, while, in front, patter little girls and boys, some so young that they must be guided by mother's hand—all robed in white and crowned with wreaths. The toddlers walk backward, bearing baskets of flowers, which they scatter in the path of His Reverence. This is done at each of the four altars.

There are many banners. The Virgin and Child, and the suffering Christ, appear, in picture and image, in every conceivable material, in richest panoply. Gold, silver, brocades heavy with gilding—these represent the loving gifts of many peasants for many years. Figures of the agonising Christ, large and repellent, in brown wax, standing upright or recumbent in great boxlike structures, heavy and unwieldy, are borne by gaily dressed peasant women, with proudly swelling breasts. For this is the reward of virtue and self-denial through the entire year, and the priest has decided these women to be the worthy ones. The banners are carried by men, but with difficulty when the wind blows. The loose brown coats, with leather supports for the banners about the waists, make the bearers look like labourers

of the soil. But far from this. It is a religious garb, and they are proud of it. It is the sign of virtue attained.

As the eye wanders over the motley but superlatively picturesque crowd, it notes, after an effort, the individuals here and there, the types. Here a peasant, in red jacket and big boots, kneels on the cobbles in the middle of the road, facing the altar. Here a woman in vivid colour prostrates herself on the stones, oblivious of her surroundings. There an old man in patched, threadbare, dirty garments, his hands calloused and brown from the moil of the fields, bends his head, *à la* Angelus, and blesses himself. There little children, scarcely out of arms, kneel, and their lips tell the prayers. A choir, under a wide-spreading chestnut tree, chants; the regimental band plays martial music, while the crowd, in its flashing attire, parasols as flaming spots studding it at intervals, colours in "impossible" but effective combinations, closes in slowly behind. The mass eddies and ebbs and flows. The colours move, change, dissolve, combine, dissolve again, till the observer feels almost the sensation of sea-sickness. The old square is fairly planted with colour as a gorgeous flower-bed, and studded with censer, monstrance, canopy, baldachin, image, vestment. A row of lighted candles, flickering weirdly in the bright sunlight, fringes the procession, which slowly,

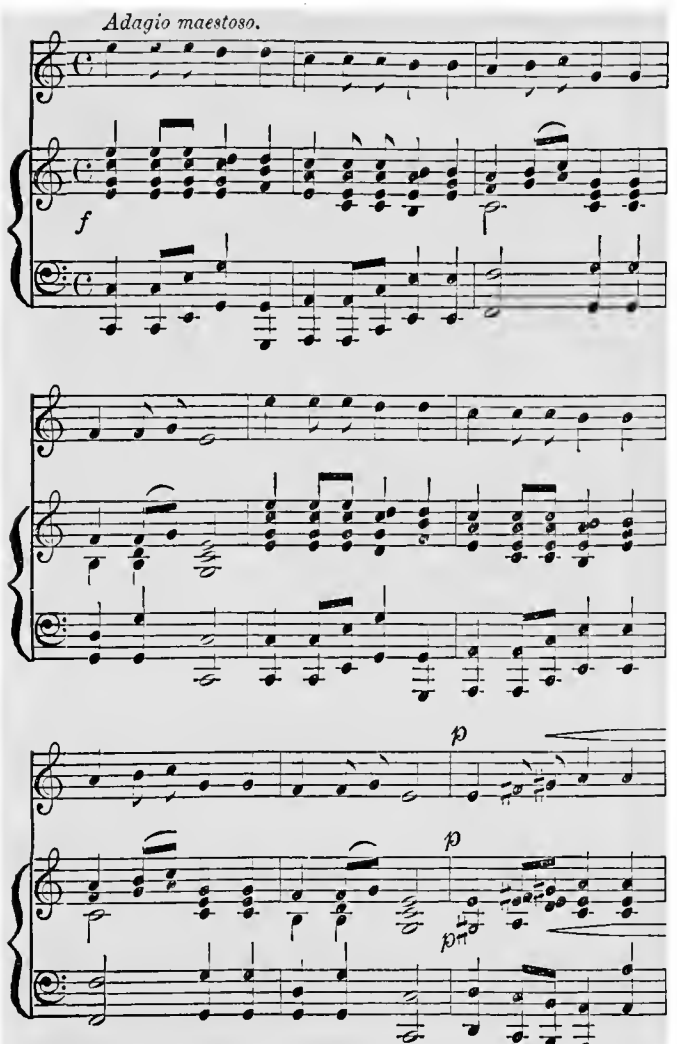
gracefully, undulatingly, like a large, beautiful, multicolored serpent, sparkles, crepusculates, vermiculates back to the church. The architecture of the surrounding buildings harmonises completely with the scene. The ancient Sukiennice, with its dash of Orientalism—time-worn, grey—fits in perfectly with the ceremony. What a spectacle for an artist!

How the Poles love the drama! Even to those who know the theatres of the large cities of Europe, the Cracow playhouse is for its size one of the best arranged and most artistic on the continent. Everything is in the exquisite taste which the Poles always show in matters of art. The architect was not hampered by enormously high land values, and perspective is permitted to display all its charms, landscape art all its beauties.

From the finely proportioned stair and entrance to the splendid curtain painted by that king of curtain-painters, Siemiradzki, everything quite satisfies the eye and the æsthetic taste. The Polish school of art, which received its first impulse from the Academy founded in Cracow by the famous historical painter, Jan Matejko, can have no nobler monument than this perfect little playhouse. The Austrians have learned one lesson. For some years they have thoroughly appreciated the fact that subsidising a German theatre in Cracow, where German plays are

given which no one goes to see, is no more efficacious as a Teutonising agency than subsidising a German newspaper in Posen, which no one reads—which has been conclusively demonstrated to the Prussian government. The Cracow theatre gives Polish plays, and intensely Polish ones at that.

It was under the most characteristic circumstances that I first witnessed a performance in the Cracow theatre. Slowacki's intense, soul-harrowing allegorical drama, "Kordjan," was being given, at the special request of certain patriotic citizens. Warsaw and the terrible days of '30 and '31 were acted on the stage and lived over again by the audience. Many of those present had journeyed from the Polish metropolis in the Russian Empire expressly to witness this performance. Within the limits of the old republic, now under Russian domination, it is not permitted to play "Kordjan," or to render, by voice or instrument, the splendid, sad dirge, "Z Dymem Pożarów"—"With the Smoke of Conflagrations."—one of the Polish national hymns, composed in 1846 by Ujejski. Whenever the Russian Poles come to Cracow this hymn is played for them. It is seldom that the Varsovians can hear, with unwet eyes, the solemn strains which sum up Poland's agony and yearning. Are they not searchingly impressive?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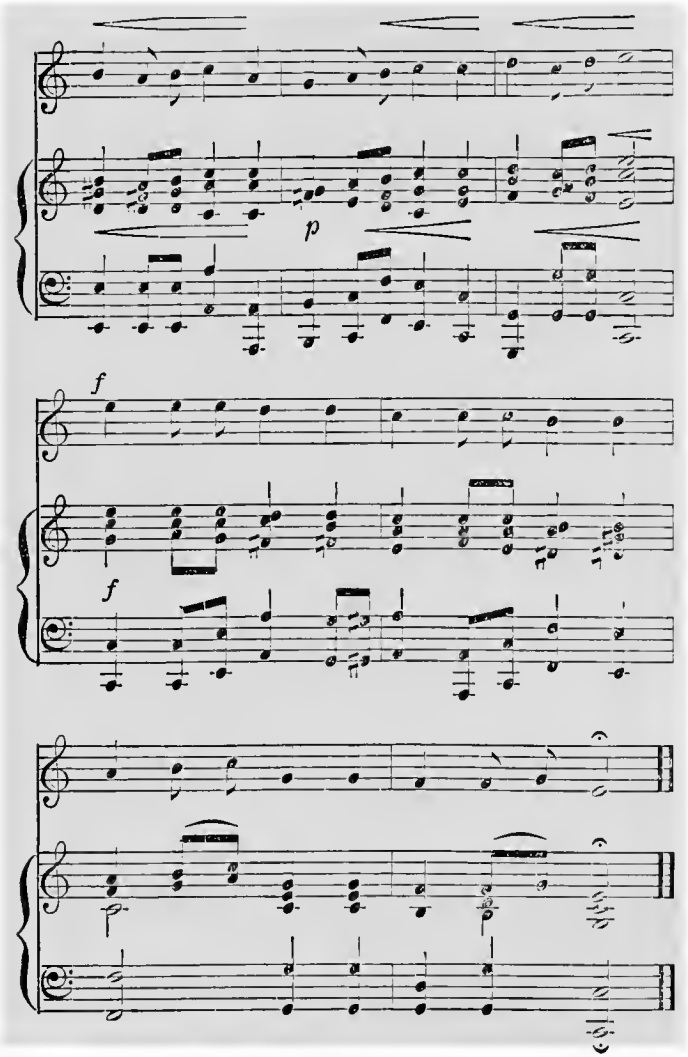
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"Kordjan" is Polish life and history for the past century sublimated to an essence, with none of the struggle and agony omitted, and it was plainly evident that the citizens of Cracow had come to the play not to be entertained by strong, good acting (although in that respect the most exacting could not have been disappointed), but to have their patriotism quickened by living over again while the actors spouted, in the nervous, resonant lines of the mystic poet, one of the sternest chapters in their national history. Cracow is the only Polish city in which "Kordjan" could be presented, and to see this splendid, soul-racking production in its theatre, is to come as near to the heart of the Polish people as an alien can ever hope to get. The majesty and intensity of the poem goes straight to the patriotic consciousness of even a spectator who knows no Polish.

IV

THE POLES AND GERMANY'S WORLD DREAM

AS the "Battle Gallery" in the Palace of Versailles was established to be "an illuminative monument," "*à toutes les gloires de la France*," so the great series of historical paintings which the celebrated Jan Matejko left as a patriotic legacy to his country are really a splendid illustrated chronicle of the glories of Poland. The Poles are immensely proud of all these paintings, but not even the magnificent "Sobieski before Vienna" gives them such a sense of exultant satisfaction as the two, "The Battle of Grünwald," and "The Prussian Homage," both of which record triumphs over the Teuton. These paintings now hang in the Sukiennice at Cracow. The first shows the Lithuanian prince, Witold, sharing with King Wladyslaw (Ladislaus) of Poland the glory of his tremendous victory over the Teutonic knights (July 15, 1410). The second shows the envoys of Prussia bending the knee before the Polish king, Zygmunt I. (April 25, 1525). It recalls the almost forgotten fact that Prussia was once a fief of the Polish crown.

The traveller who visits the Grand Duchy of Posen today, especially the cities of Posen and the more ancient Gnesen (Polish, Gniezno), and meets at all points the proud Prussian army officer, and sees all about him the evidences of Prussian power and progress, will, no doubt, find it difficult to realise that, four centuries ago, Poland was supreme in what is now Prussia, Silesia, and Pomerania, and, going still further back, that the now sleepy little town of Gnesen was the first capital of Poland.

Of Gnesen itself, the oldest town of Poland, there is very little to be said to-day. Take a horse and ride for six hours to the northeast of the city of Posen, through a pleasant rural region, all of hills and lakes, and reminding one of central New York, and you reach Gnesen, in the Prussian "government" of Bromberg. About 30,000 people, nearly equally divided between Poles and German Jews, make a living in Gnesen by weaving linen, distilling brandy, and trading horses and cattle. After seeing the cattle market, which is interesting to an American as being so very different from the ones he sees in his own great West, the hunter after antiquities goes at once to the Cathedral. Here one is ready to begin Polish history, and to begin it at its most characteristic and essential phase, the religious.

Swienty Wojciech (in English, St. Adalbert), whose bones rest in the cathedral, was one of the

first to preach the Gospel to the then heathen Poles and Prussians. It was he who really introduced Christianity into what is now Germany. Toward the close of the 10th century he was appointed Bishop of Prague, Bohemia being then part of the Empire. But it was no bed of roses that had been provided for him. The Bohemians had but recently been converted to the new religion, and the Czech blood was still warm with paganism. St. Adalbert's holiness was altogether too much for his flock. They objected to his austere code, in general. But when he forbade polygamy, they felt that their personal liberty was being infringed upon. So they drove him out of the city. After ten years' absence in Rome he returned to his flock, but found them worse than ever. So he gave them up in despair, and devoted his remaining years to missionary labours, principally in Poland and northern Germany. He became the "Apostle to the Prussians," and first preached the Gospel to the Poles from beneath a great tree in what is now the market place of Cracow. Over this spot has been erected a chapel chiefly supported by the voluntary contributions of the cabmen, who hold St. Adalbert in particular reverence. The heathen Prussians were no more appreciative of the saintly Adalbert than the Czechs had been, and they treated him far worse. While preaching in Pomerania, near the modern city of Danzig, at

Easter, in the year 997, one of the heathen priests speared him to death. Legend has it that the Poles begged his body, but the Prussians demanded its weight in gold. The reckoning was made, and, lo, a miracle! The saint's body weighed nothing at all—which was, indeed, a miracle, for all representations show him to have been of a very substantial build.

Gnesen was made the seat of an archbishop in the beginning of the 11th century, and, though it still has a cathedral chapter, the archbishop now resides in Posen. It is to Posen, therefore, rather than to Gnesen, despite the latter's longer history, that attention is to be directed. Posen is one of the most strongly fortified towns in the German Empire. It is about fifty miles from the Russian border, and counts, as the Germans put it, 150,000 inhabitants. Its fortifications are of the first order, and there are 60,000 men in the garrison. Posen was for centuries a great depot on the overland trade route between Asia and Europe. Like all Polish cities, it formerly showed a semi-Eastern cast of architecture and life, which, however, was wiped out by the great fire in 1803. As rebuilt, it looks very German.

It is as difficult to speak of the history of Prussian Poland without bringing in the Teutonic Knights, as it would be to treat of early American history without mentioning the Indian.

There is the same bloody story of age-long struggle to the death, of cunning, frightful cruelty, broken faith, and shameless prostitution of the Christian religion, in this case to further the private ends of a corrupt, rapacious military oligarchy. There was this important difference: The Teutonic Knights were not the original possessors of the land, as were the American Indians. Eight hundred years ago Conrad, Duke of Mazovia, sent an embassy to invite the Teutonic Knights to occupy eastern Prussia, on certain conditions (which they did not fulfil), and two centuries later all Prussia called upon Poland to deliver it from the bondage of the Knights. Like all other organisations which began during the Crusades as a militant religious order, the Teutonic Knights gradually forgot their religion, except as a convenient cloak, but retained the militant side of their idea. They originated the "for the good of the Order" slogan. To-day this once powerful organisation is confined largely to Bohemia and other portions of the Austrian Empire. Many of its members have become adherents of the University of Prague, where they hold good "livings" as professorships. Take a ten minutes' walk through the quaint capital of Bohemia and you will see a number of reverend, inoffensive individuals, wearing a badge which consists of a red satin cross over a six-pointed star. The Praguers, who have not forgotten

their Latin, call them Stelliferi. They are the successors of the men who tormented Jurand, of "The Knights of the Cross," and were defeated at Grünwald, by the Lithuanians and Poles under King Wladyslaw and Prince Witold.

From Gnesen as a centre the Polish Commonwealth grew by conquest and marriage. The histories of Poland tell us that the town became great as a result of the marriage of Mieczyslaw I. to Dombrówka, a Christian Bohemian princess who is to Polish history what Chlotild is to French. Through her, Mieczyslaw was converted to the Christian faith, and one of his successors, Boleslaw I., known as the Great, was so powerful and held such a splendid court that the Emperor Otho determined to pay him a visit. Indeed, there was good reason for an acquaintance to be mutually desirable. The pagan Slavonians gave the Emperor a good deal of trouble by their frequent descents on his loyal province of Saxony. He also had difficulties in Italy. So he was very anxious for a treaty of peace and friendship with Boleslaw. That monarch saw a chance of realising, through Otho, his great ambition—to gain permission from the Pope, who then dispensed all the crowns of the world, to be recognised as King of Poland. Up to this time the Emperor had looked upon Poland as a part of the German Empire. Under pretext of making a pilgrimage to the tomb of St. Adalbert, the Emperor paid a

visit to Boleslaw. So impressed was he with the magnificence of the Polish court and the lavish hospitality with which he was welcomed, that he took the crown from his own head and placed it on that of Boleslaw. He made a treaty with the Polish monarch, and the Pope erected an Archbishopric of Gnesen.

Centuries of war with Russians, Swedes, Cossacks, Tartars, and Germans, feats of national chivalry followed by wild periods of bloodshed and intrigue, bring Polish history down to the time of the first partition in 1772. Since the reign of Frederick the Great of Prussia a large section of the old Polish Commonwealth has been part of the Prussian realm. Meanwhile, Prussia has risen to her present splendid altitude of leader in the German Empire, and the strongest military power in the world. What relation do the Polish subjects of the Prussian crown bear to the Empire in its national aims to-day? Let us pause for a moment to consider the world dream of the German people.

In this first decade of the 20th century, what is Germany trying to do? What is the idea and ideal which is engrossing all the energy and intellect of the German people? A study of the career of the German Emperor can scarcely fail to show that Germany is aiming at nothing less than the Germanisation of the world.

When the Kaiser "dropped the pilot over-

board" and determined to be his own steersman, he took from the hands of Bismarck the main outlines of his chart of empire building. "Germany," said the greatest of Teutonic statesmen, "lies between two great military nations neither of which bears her any good will; Russia on one side, France on the other. With a revengeful power on one side, and an ambitious one on the other, Germans can hardly be either tranquil or content. Germany is not a match for both at the same time, and, lest they join their forces [did the keen statesman actually foresee the Franco-Russian alliance?], the great defensive aim of Germany should be to keep her two formidable neighbours busy elsewhere."

This was the keynote of the Bismarckian system of foreign politics. With this end in view, the creator of modern Germany played "high politics" till he had succeeded in getting France busy opposing England in Egypt and in making Russia "face the British lion all along the frontiers of the world." By this policy he also succeeded, to a certain degree, in distracting England's attention from German commercial development.

Secure for a long period from molestation by her most feared neighbours, Germany is beginning to show her hand in active policy. Her wonderful industrial and commercial development is leaving England behind, and she is now

reaching out in challenge to the other members of the great Anglo-Saxon family. The rise of united Germany, the tremendous start in the world of politics, economics, and commerce given her by the victory over France and the vast money indemnity she wrung from her prostrate foe, the far-seeing world policy of Bismarck, the comprehensive schemes for domestic development and foreign advancement which the present Kaiser has inaugurated and is bringing to pass —these, together with the acknowledged military leadership of the world, a rapidly increasing navy, a merchant marine whose sails whiten every harbour of the globe, and an unrivalled system of technical commercial education, have made the comparatively short life of the new German Empire unique in the history of nations. The Kaiser is one of the most brilliant and fascinating personalities of the day, undeniably of great capacity for statesmanship. His ambition, moreover, is boundless. Keen students of contemporary history believe that, in his famous phrase, "*Unsere Zukunft liegt auf dem Wasser*," which was emblazoned on the German building at the Paris Exposition, is to be found the latest "feeler" of Germany in the direction of world supremacy.

A number of nations have been possessed by the ambition to become supreme on both land and water. No nation has ever achieved this ambi-

tion, although France, under the tremendous ideas of Colbert, came very near success. England's supremacy on the sea is unchallenged, but she does not claim, nor has she ever claimed, hegemony on land. Will Germany wrest the supremacy of the ocean from England? Only the future can tell, but a comparison of the respective growths of German and British merchant marines during the past twenty-five years will make historical students pause and think.

If the headship of Europe is to be won on land, it is evident that Germany must keep all the Teutons together and create a greater Germany, occupying the centre of the continent, to which all men of German speech shall owe allegiance. And here comes in Germany's interest in Austrian politics. The Austrian Germans do not hesitate to admit that they regard their ultimate destiny as within the German Empire. If to the sixty or more million inhabitants of the Fatherland are added the eight or ten million German-speaking subjects of Franz Joseph, and if Holland finally (as now seems possible, despite Dutch patriotism) falls into the German basket, we have the thrilling fact that between Hamburg and Triest there is a German empire numbering seventy-five millions or more. Berlin is already the dominating capital of the continent. It is no longer asked what will Paris or Vienna think, but what will Berlin do? Get just beyond the cen-

tripetal influence of London and Paris, and all roads lead to Berlin. At most of the railroad stations in Austria, Russia, and Scandinavia, and of course the less important countries, the first item usually on the schedule boards is "*nach Berlin.*" The busy modern city on the Spree is the great maelstrom of continental Europe. Her policies challenge Japan at Pekin, and France in Morocco. Nothing short of an alliance of all western Europe is now considered adequate to offset the influence of the German capital.

While Englishmen and Americans are asserting that the future will be divided between the Anglo-Saxon and the Slav, the German believes that the Germanic stock is the one that, in the coming centuries, will contest world supremacy with the Slav peoples. It is always admitted, however, that despite his setbacks the Slav is coming without a doubt. Even now, has not the temporary effacement of Russia given to Germany the undisputed leadership of the continent? The German knows that his breed is much more prolific than either member of the so-called Anglo-Saxon family. Not only does he want expansion for political reasons—he must have it for his surplus population. The programme of the Pan-Germans has been definitely outlined by one of the Young Czech leaders in the Austrian Reichsrath. In reply to a hint from one of the Pan-German members that Austria would be com-

pelled to call in foreign assistance to subdue Czech intransigentism, the Bohemian statesman declared that his countrymen fully realise they are only a small Slav outpost in the country of the "Teutonic enemy."

The union of Austria's German provinces with Germany would mean the creation of a German empire possessing the heart of the continent, an empire that would be the arbitress of Europe and the greatest of the world powers. It would certainly give the Germans relief for years from the pressure of their agrarian problem, and tremendous impetus in their economic struggle with England and the United States. The Kaiser's present comprehensive canal programme would be a plaything compared with the grand scheme of internal waterways which the Berlin government would bring about by the union of the canals of the Elbe, the Oder, and the Danube. Berlin would become mistress of all the resources and commercial legislation of central Europe, of all the railroads, posts, telegraphs, and telephones. The Danube is really a German river from its source in the Swiss mountains to the Iron Gate on the Roumanian border. Sailing down the lordly stream from the heart of Bavaria to Budapest, the traveller passes through the homes of German-speaking men all the way.

With the great Middle Empire an accomplished fact, the Danube would become a German river

from its source to its mouth in the Black Sea. It would be the uninterrupted water route by which German stuffs would go direct to the Orient. It would mean commercial and industrial supremacy in the Balkans and Asia Minor. When the Kaiser sets out to claim this supremacy he will find well-prepared soil. Railroad concessions, colonial settlements, and other vested interests in Syria and Asia Minor will give him the position of the first "preferred creditor" when the final liquidation of the debts of the Porte is made.

Italy, although a little restive because of her sympathy with France in the Moroccan problem, yet remains loyal to the *Dreibund*. Thus the southwestern frontier of Germany is secure, for Switzerland has, these many years, been circling within the German orbit.

To the northward, in Denmark and across the Baltic, are eleven million Scandinavians, all Teutons, of a purer Teutonism than the Prussians themselves. The northern peoples are impressed by the splendour of German greatness and power. One of the most serious of German journals, the *Deutsche Tages Zeitung*, recently quoted a Stockholm review as declaring that there is only one hope for the nations of the North—an alliance with Germany. "This is easy, for Germany does not seek conquest, and is highly popular in Scandinavia, as she aims only at a triumph of the

Germanic nations in the work of civilisation." This review is quoted as favouring the entrance of Sweden into the German union on the same terms as Bavaria, Saxony, and Wurtemberg. There is some popular agreement with this idea in Scandinavia. "If Russian aggression becomes much more threatening," said a prosperous Stockholm merchant to the writer several years ago, "Sweden must look to western Europe to guarantee its integrity, or go over to Germany."

Even the most distant outposts of the Germanic race are not to be neglected in the great ingathering. Therefore much active sympathy with the Boers, and therefore half a dozen great steamship lines, supported by the government, to bind to the Fatherland the more than half a million Germans and their increasing interests in South America.

Now we begin to see the titanic stature of the Germania of the future as German enthusiasts tell us she haunts the dreams of the Kaiser. A united empire of all the people of Teutonic blood and speech, with the military leadership of the world, a powerful and constantly expanding navy, agricultural self-sufficiency (if the agrarians can only be satisfied without incurring too heavy tariff reprisals from foreign nations), room and resource for industrial development—did ever Napoleon conjure up such an ambition as this?

And what of the Poles in Prussia? Have they been Germanised? Have they been assimilated? Do they also dream this world dream?

Although it is more than a full century since the last partition of Poland, there is still a "Polish question" to reckon with, and nowhere is it more acute and clamorous for solution than in Prussia, the country in which, numerically, "Polonism" is weakest. There are only four million Poles in the German Empire, yet the Polish "danger" is one of the biggest bugbears of the imperial government. Bismarck used to insist that the only internal dangers which threatened Germany were Polonismus and Socialismus. Both of these "dangers" have increased ominously of late.

The real "Polish danger" to Prussia, stated in its broad, general lines, arises out of the fact that the Poles are the advance guard of the great Slavonic race, which is the latest swarm from the East. It is the inevitable race antagonism which seems to be one of the ordinations of nature. The Poles have a proverb that never, while the world lasts, will the German be a friend to the Pole. The basic characteristics of the two peoples are radically, irreconcilably different. The German realises that the Slav is the coming people. He fears that, perhaps, his own day has arrived, that, perhaps even now, his sun is slanting toward its western sky. He is in con-

stant dread of a Catholic Slav empire on his eastern frontier. The Pole is the oldest, the most finely organised, most highly developed member of the Slav family, and if he can be kept down with a strong hand, perhaps the whole family may be held in check. Therefore, the Poles must be kept down.

All along his eastern frontier, from Lapland to Transylvania, the Teuton touches the Slav, and, where the two powerful, virile races meet, there is the frayed edge of differing civilisations, the fierce clash of race passions, the intense white heat, not of fusion and welding, but of sputtering, seething, spark-emitting contact. And the Slav is gaining at every point. Indeed, it would very much surprise the man who knows his Europe only from the map were he to travel through the eastern part of the kingdom of Prussia and Austria and see how far westward the boundary line of the Slavonic peoples has been retraced during the past century. On the map, provinces and cities are coloured as German, and appear under German names. But walk the streets of these cities, tramp through the country districts of these same provinces, and you will find that the people are Slavonic in characteristics, and in speech even, and that there is only a very thin veneer of "official" Germanisation. To the world, which sees only the map, it is Posen, Danzig, Breslau, Krakau, Lemberg. Actually,

to the people who live in these places, or who do business in them, it is Poznań, Gdańsk, Wroclaw, Kraków, and Lwów, as it was when Poland was at the height of her power. The grand duchies of Posen, East Prussia, and West Prussia are Polish, Silesia is almost all Polish, and even the Pomeranians and Brandenburgers speak a dialect which betrays their Slavonic origin.

The great wedge of Polish territory which extends to within eighty miles of the capital of Frederick the Great, and for the possession of which he joined in the first partition, is still Polish. Officially it is Teutonic, but actually it is unmistakably, irreclaimably Slavonic. It elects twenty Polish deputies to the Reichstag, who represent Polish constituents. Across the eastern border of Prussia lies the largest section of the former Commonwealth, now a portion of vast Russia. To the south is Galicia. Prussia's entire eastern frontier and a good part of her southern boundary line touch Slav peoples.

The Poles in Prussia continue to advance and increase despite the best laid, most expensive, even frantic schemes of the Prussian government to keep them back. The plan of Germanisation is twofold in scope: it is aimed against the Polish landowners and against the Polish language.

The campaign gradually to acquire Polish land and introduce German colonists on it is one of the pet schemes of the Prussian government.

This scheme was begun by Bismarck at the time of the Kulturkampf, in the early 'seventies of the past century. This Kulturkampf was anti-Polish as well as anti-Catholic, in Prussian Poland, or, it should perhaps be put, anti-Polish because anti-Catholic, for the close association of creed and nationality among the Poles must never be forgotten. It was Bismarck who brought about the Germanisation of the schools of the Empire, and the dismissal of all Poles from governmental service, and compelled the vote of a large sum of money to buy Polish lands and introduce German colonists on it. This last accomplishment was the origin of the famous movement now known as "Hakatism," from the initials of the three leaders, Hannemann, Kennemann, and Tiedemann. The fund has been increased at various times, and now amounts to a round four hundred and fifty million marks, that is, one hundred and twelve million dollars.

The policy of Germanising Polish lands consists in attempting to settle German peasants in the districts where Poles are in the majority. With the funds appropriated land belonging to Polish landed proprietors and Polish peasants is bought and the Poles are replaced by German proprietors and German peasants. This measure has proved a godsend to those Polish landed proprietors whose estates were heavily encumbered, for they were by this policy enabled to sell them

on very favourable terms. German buyers for lands in this part of the Empire are rare, but Poles are ever ready to buy, even at the highest price. The large supply of gold which the colonisation commission brought has raised the price of land and increased the credit of the Poles, and the value of their estates to-day is more than twice as great as it was twenty years ago. They have now an abundant business capital and are increasingly prosperous economically; therefore, they will pay any price to retain or acquire Polish land. The Pole, indeed, must buy land, since he is debarred from holding government office and has no other means of making a living.

So far, about 6,000 families, or about 30,000 people, have thus been settled by the state among the Poles, but in spite of all the government can do, the Poles have not only held their ground in the east of Germany, but they have apparently even gained ground, partly because their national instinct is strongly developed and because they cling to their language; partly also because they are even more prolific than are the Germans. Indeed, they are everywhere increasing faster than the Germans. They are a prolific race and are gradually pushing their oppressors out of Poland by the simple, natural method of growing more rapidly. Consequently, in the province of Posen, where about 1,500,000 Poles and about 1,000,000 Germans are living side by side, the

Germans have increased by only $3\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. between 1890 and 1900, while the Poles have increased by about $10\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. during the same period.

The Colonisation Commission appointed by the Prussian government to administer the large sums voted for the purchase of Polish lands has undoubtedly accomplished good results in the way of bringing neglected and worn-out land under modern methods of cultivation, and in dividing up the large estates. In curbing the at times arrogant attitude of the landed nobles, the Commission has also brought about social and economic benefit. But, politically, its work has been a failure most dismal. The only lands it has been able to buy are those of the Germans anxious to withdraw from among a people that dislike them. The Germans who are persuaded to settle in the Polish land soon learn that they are an alien people, disliked and distrusted. German professional men who have tried to practise in Posen complain that they cannot live for want of patronage, and a German merchant is boycotted if there is a Polish tradesman near. The Poles simply will not sell their land except under the severest need, and even then the sale of Polish land to a German is regarded as a crime by the Poles. I heard of more than one case in which the entire family of an impecunious noble boycotted and disinherited him for selling his estate

to a German, although he was in need to destitution.

The "Hakatist" movement has had one result not counted upon by its projectors. It has greatly intensified the Polish Nationalist idea, and given it form and a distinct aim in Prussia. The Prussian Poles have an organisation which is a sort of "counter-irritant" to the Hakatists. Its work consists in aiding poor Polish nobles, who, without its assistance, might be tempted to part with their lands to Germans. The large landowners have endeavoured, by individual as well as organised effort, to colonise on their own account by parcelling or sub-dividing their lands and selling the parcels to Polish peasants, who are only too willing to buy them. The Pan-Polish movement in Prussia is vigorous and well developed. It is even buying back a good deal of the land already expatriated to Germans. Most of the landowners who have been bought off have gone into the towns and entered commerce, forming an active bourgeoisie. This is gradually weaning the Poles away from their old prejudice against trade and furnishing them with the nucleus of a strong, patriotic, and respected middle class, the lack of which has been heretofore one of the weakest spots in Polish national life.

No more successful has been the campaign of the Berlin government against the Polish lan-

guage. By law, all Polish children must attend schools where only German is spoken, adult Poles are forbidden the use of their native tongue in any public proceedings, and letters which are addressed in Polish will not be delivered. German officials only are appointed in Polish districts, and, within the past few years, nearly every Polish professor has been transferred to distant German sections. In the schools for the past few years even the prayers and catechism are taught in German, despite the protests of the Polish parents. This was the real cause of the celebrated trial and punishment of the Polish school children at Wreschen several years ago. Yet it must be confessed that some headway in the supplanting of the Polish language is noticeable in Germany. In the technical, scientific, and commercial subjects as taught in the schools of these provinces, of course, only German is used. The Polish children seldom use these expressions at home, and consequently seldom learn the Polish equivalents. Indeed, there are no Polish equivalents for many such special terms, for the very reason set forth above. The son of one of these pupils may not learn Polish anywhere except as an acquired study. In Germany all letters must be addressed in German, and the time will perhaps come when the young generation will not know how to address a letter in Polish.

So far as the material development of her Po-

lish provinces is concerned, it must be admitted Prussia has done excellently. "When they became a part of the Prussian monarchy, the condition of these provinces was deplorable, due largely to the weak, dissolute Saxon kings, it must be confessed. Frederick the Great, with his characteristic energy, at once devoted a considerable portion of Prussia's meagre resources to improvements of every kind. Whole villages and towns were rebuilt. This was, of course, in the interest of Germans, but the Poles also benefited. The impoverished peasantry was furnished with seed corn, potatoes, and cattle, and taxes were remitted for years. German colonies were established, and for a long time the government aided them in attaining a sound financial basis. The civil administration, which had been in a chaotic state, was put on a sound basis, and security of life and property was rigidly enforced."

Especially since 1860 has Polish Prussia prospered economically. Agricultural methods have been improved, mines developed, and manufacturing industries established. A prosperous middle class has been growing up. Education has made rapid strides, and the percentage of Polish scholars at German universities has increased tenfold since 1880.

It is only politically that the Prussian government, totally misreading the Polish national character, has utterly failed. Fair-minded stu-

dents of history will concede that the Polish problem is one full of grave consequences for the German Empire. Left to themselves, the Poles would, beyond a doubt, defeat by force of their rapid increase alone the programme of Germanisation, the welding together of all parts of the Empire into homogeneity. The very material wealth of these provinces has made the task of Germanising them all the harder—almost impossible. The Poles refuse to be dominated or cajoled, and exceptional laws, in view of the liberty enjoyed by the Galician Poles under the Austrian Emperor Francis Joseph, and the condition of Germany's internal and external politics, are difficult to enact. With an intellectual training, the Poles who have been educated in German universities are the leaders in the movement to perpetuate the Polish race, language, and mode of thought, and to put the masses in a state of readiness for the independent Poland of the future. The problem is one of the most serious which the Prussian monarchy has to face.

In dealing with the Poles, however, the policy of Germanisation seems to have duplicated all the mistakes England has managed to make in Ireland, and, in addition, all that the English would no doubt have made if Ireland still spoke Erse, and was located on a dangerous frontier. In commenting on the futility of the policy of

repression, an eminent Prussian writer (Prof. Hans Delbrueck, in the *Preussische Jahrbücher*) recently contended that the danger from the Poles to the German state is not in the fact that Polish is spoken in the East Mark. "The danger is that fully ten per cent. of the subjects of the Prussian king, who sit together in compact masses on a highly dangerous frontier, instead of feeling attachment to Prussia, thoroughly hate the state."

The Prussian Poles have never made an attempt to throw off their allegiance to Prussia. The small insurrection in the province of Posen in 1848 was the outcropping of the Berlin revolution of that year, and it had more the character of a fight for constitutional than for national rights.

It is only against Russian dominion that the Poles have taken up arms. On the other hand, how much Polish blood has been spilled for Prussia in her late wars! The greatest enemy of Poland can speak with enthusiasm of the bravery displayed by the Polish contingents in the Prussian armies.

Moreover, after the last division of Poland had been sanctioned by the Congress of Vienna, the Prussian king, in a royal manifesto which has never been officially rescinded, guaranteed to the Poles the free exercise of their national rights: their religion, their language, their schools, and a certain amount of local self-government. This

royal manifesto contains the total of demands on the part of the Polish subjects of the Prussian crown. As citizens they are entitled equally with their fellow-subjects of German nationality to the full protection of the law, and the good will of the authorities. Instead of this, special laws are constantly being framed, which injure them morally or materially; existing laws are stretched to their utmost, and sometimes even overstepped for the same purpose.

It is a moral as well as a political score which the Poles have to settle with Prussia. Treatment, not so much with hostility as with contempt, as if of an inferior race, is the reason for the at first somewhat surprising fact that, despite the greater cruelty of the "Russification" process, there is undoubtedly less common feeling between Poles and Germans than between Poles and Russians. While Russia persecutes the Poles, the latter feel that there is, after all, a kinship of race which somehow makes it easier to forgive. During the Russian persecution, furthermore, the Poles have always had the satisfaction of feeling that they were of a more mature branch of the race, a more refined, more subtle people than their oppressors. But the Germans are thoroughly imbued with the idea that German civilisation and German administration are so manifestly superior to Polish that for a Pole to become a German must, of course,

be a promotion which he ought earnestly to desire, and if he does not desire it, he ought to be made to do so. The Poles must accept German civilisation, because it is infinitely superior to theirs. This brusque treatment of the Poles by the Germans as a much inferior people who "must be protected against themselves," is very exasperating to a proud, sensitive nation that had a university before Germany ever had one.

"How do the Poles live under the Prussian government?" I asked a gentleman of Breslau. "They work hard and defend themselves as best they can against Germanisation," he replied. "Sienkiewicz has certainly been a godsend to us in these days of heaviness. His books keep the national spirit from despondency. Written as they are in the purest Polish, they comfort the Polish hearts. He is a great moral asset, is Sienkiewicz, almost a prophet. His writings keep us from moral decline, from the injury of hating even our oppressors."

The real danger for the Poles, Sienkiewicz has written, is hatred against Germanism. No matter how harshly they may be treated, the Poles must not get the fever of hatred. They must not abate one jot of their patriotism. But hatred is a disease.

"Hatred begets hatred. Protect the Polish popular mind from hatred, in order not to be poisoned. Protect it morally and politically.

Remember that only God knows what evolutions are impending. . . . Whatever great changes may come, you must always live with the Germans in the eastern provinces. Remember that hatred is a fever. Whoever does not want to die of fever must overcome it. . . . One must be bereft of all political or historical perception not to see that the treatment you are receiving from your enemies not only lacks dignity, but the equipoise and intelligence which characterise actions as reasonable. Intelligent Germans see this. You, too, must feel that logic is lacking in the measures applied against you, and that the authorities themselves are not clear regarding the success of those measures, and are tormenting you even against their own advantage. Hold fast to your Polonism. Let no power on earth tear it from you. But avoid hatred of the present government's policy. It cannot prevail."

If the German is to expand and become master of the world by conquest of the water, he must do it at the expense of the Anglo-Saxon. If he is to acquire world supremacy by consolidation of all the men of his speech, and conquest of continental Europe, it must be done by elbowing out the Slav. And he will have to settle first with the Slav of his own household. When the war breaks out between Russia and Germany (as most Germans believe it some day must), then will come the opportunity of the Poles. More

than two hundred thousand Russian troops are always ready in Russian Poland "for emergency." The traveller at all familiar with the Grand Duchy of Posen, and, indeed, all of Prussia, finds it not difficult to prophesy what would happen the moment a Russian army corps set out from the erstwhile Polish capital bent on a hostile errand toward Germany. All Slavonic Germany (if I may use the expression), meaning all of the Empire east of a line drawn from the mouth of the River Elbe to but a little east of Dresden, would be tolerably certain to spring to arms to join the invader. "If Prussia were really shrewd and realised what is best for her," said a Posen Pole to me, "she would quit tantalising the Poles by perfectly useless methods of persecution, and would look to establishing a buffer between herself and Russia against the inevitable day of conflict. By her present methods, she only succeeds in making chronic a sore point in the very body of the Empire."

V

RUSSIA'S EUROPEAN DOOR*

LESS than two hours' ride by a good train from Posen brings the traveller to the line of bayonets which betokens the patient, untiring, ever watchful advance of the mighty Slav race, Poland yet, but Poland under the ægis of the Russian eagles. This boundary is not merely the dividing line between two geographical divisions; it is the picket line of two ethnic units. The points of contact between Teuton and Slav, from Lapland to Transylvania, are the points of white heat conflict between two powerful, radically different races and civilisations. It is at the point where she touches Teutonic peoples, that is, on Polish soil, that Russia, the leader of the Slav march, must be approached, because it is across the Polish thresh-

* This chapter was written before the Russo-Japanese war and the political and economic crisis following that conflict. My claims for Russia's potentialities may seem contradicted by the apparent weakness of the present situation. Are the Russian people able to even govern themselves? The future is on the knees of the gods. I claim no gift of prophecy, but there is something at the back of my consciousness that makes me unwilling to recast this chapter now. L. E. V. N.

old that the world goes to Russia, and Russia comes to the world. All the railroads that connect the Tzar's empire with the rest of the world (there are no exceptions worth mentioning) from Vienna, from Berlin, cross what was formerly the republic of Poland. The country of Kosciuszko and Sienkiewicz, of Chopin and Paderewski, is the European threshold of Russia.

The Polish problem is of vital importance to Russia. When complications with the Teutonic powers are threatened, it sends shivers down the back of the war office in St. Petersburg. As Captain Mahan has pointed out, Russia is always menaced on the one flank by Germany, and on the other, 7,000 miles away, by Japan. The reality of danger from the latter has now been pressed home to Russia with terrible force. What if, now or in the near future, the splendid army of the Kaiser should be set in motion? Poland is Russia's European door, and it would be much better for the empire of the Tzar if that door were not so willing to be opened. There can be no questioning the truth of the statement that, bound up in justice to Poland, is the safety, the welfare, of the Russian Empire, and the speedy realisation of its vast ambitions in Asia as well as in Europe.

The famous international compact of 1815, known as the Treaty of Vienna, settled the present political divisions of the old Polish republic.

By far the largest portion went to Russia. This included the kingdom of Poland, which was to be a separate state bound to the Empire by a personal union of sovereigns, and the provinces comprising the old Lithuanian country united to Poland in the 14th century, and the Ruthenian country (now known as Little Russia). It is "Królestwo Polskie," however, "the Kingdom of the Congress," which is Poland to the general reader to-day. The Tzar still bears the title of King of Poland, but the constitutional kingdom created at the great settlement of political accounts in 1815 has been officially styled "The Cis-Vistula Governments," ever since the absolute incorporation with the Russian Empire in 1868.

Russian Poland is almost exactly the size of the State of New York, each geographical division covering slightly more than 49,000 square miles. It comprises ten "governments," and is the most densely populated portion of the entire Empire. In the chapter on Warsaw the writer has endeavoured to set forth some of the most striking indications of Poland's industrial and economic progress. This growth has been phenomenal. In 1870, almost before the nation had begun to rouse itself from the terrible experiences of '63, the value of Polish manufactured products was about $30,000,000. When the Russo-Japanese war broke out it had attained

the total of $250,000,000. In this period the number of factory hands had increased from 65,000 to 245,000. Industrial development has made the urban population 27 per cent. of the whole. Persecution has certainly developed the resources of the Pole. The energy which is denied outlet into politics and public life is devoted to trade, manufacture, science, art, and literature, in all of which the Poles excel to-day.

Though Poles are denied many of the rights accorded to other subjects of the Empire, and, as Poles, are not permitted to rise higher than a certain rank in the army, the influence of Polish thought and enterprise is stamped ineffaceably on Russia. In his first book on Siberia, George Kennan praised the Tzar for the progress and development he found in the southern part of that vast Asiatic realm. He did not then know that most of the civilising work he saw was due to the industry and culture of the Polish exiles sent across the Urals in the reign of the Empress Catherine. Poles have everywhere contributed to the advance of Russia. To serve the Empire officially in Poland would compromise a Pole's patriotism. But outside of the kingdom many Poles are in high positions. The vice-president of the Manchurian Railroad is a Pole. The leading civil and military engineers on the Siberian and Manchurian Railroads are Poles, as are also most of the directors of these roads. The direct-

ors of the Russo-Chinese Bank are Poles. Coal for the whole Siberian and Manchurian Railroad is furnished by Poles, who are owners of immense coal mines near Irkutsk. The chief of motive power of the railroad in Irkutsk is a Pole. The chief of the railroad works in Irkutsk also is a Pole. The Russians are wont to call Poland a burden, but it is a burden that has meant riches and industrial expansion to the Empire.

It must be admitted that the imperial government is very liberal and progressive in its commercial policy when this is for the benefit of the entire Empire. New businesses are often exempted from taxation till they are on their feet, and everything is done to build up trade possibilities. And, despite the discriminations against them, up to the breaking out of the war with Japan the Poles were thriving commercially. They are increasing faster than the Russians. Towns that thirty years ago had a Russian population of 20,000 and a Polish population of 10,000, now number 50,000 Poles and 30,000 Russians.

Even to-day most of the Russian Poles date everything back to 1863, that terrible year when 50,000 of the best of the nation perished on the scaffold or were deported. After such a bloodletting, the nation sank into a sort of moral stupor which lasted until the 'nineties of the past century.

Oppressed and persecuted at every step by the Russification policy of the reactionaries, disheartened by disaster, and having lost the very flower of its manhood, the Polish people became filled with an apathy amounting to a complete political indifference. With the emigration after the uprising, it left but little hope among the Poles.

Realising their utter hopelessness, "disillusioned and exhausted, the *intelligentcya* of Russian Poland broke away from its old ideals," and began gradually to work out a new political creed, a new set of ideals, better suited to the material interests of the bourgeois class, which had now become predominant.

The landless proletariat of the rural districts began to concentrate in the large cities. Warsaw, Lódz, Czenstochowa, and other cities became the centres of important industrial development. Their population increased rapidly, almost in American fashion, and at the end of the 'seventies the Socialist movement began in Poland.

Meanwhile the Russification process continued. The bureaucratic ideal, which mistakes a dead uniformity for unity, went on its stupid way, trying to mould every subject of the Empire upon one pattern. "It is a sign of an evil and rebellious nature if he happens to speak a language or profess a religious creed different from

those of the ruling caste." The Polish insurrection had crystallised this dream of a Katkov, and a Pobyedonostzev, into the brutal policy of a Plehve. The Poles were suppressed in 1863. So also were the hopes of the Russian liberals in that year. In the name of patriotism, they forgot their liberalism and crushed Polish liberty.

The Russification process, in its two phases of mechanically crowding out Poles with Russians, and in attempting to kill the Polish language, has had some "by products," probably not looked for even by its advocates. The legal immunity of the Russian element in Poland from abuses of governmental and social rights has brought about a complicity between police and wrongdoers of all kinds which is almost incredible. It has, moreover, made "everything in Poland which is worth while doing an evasion." Of course, the Poles teach their children Polish, despite the law. "We study with a Russian book on top of the desk and a Polish book beneath." And so, also, with the other regulations looking toward Russification. The Poles naturally violate them all when they can do so undetected. It is at the point of attempted forcible conversion by the Orthodox Church, however, that Russification arouses the hostility of the Polish peasant. The proselyting activities of the Russian Church are slowly but surely converting the Po-

lish peasant into an active anti-Russian political element.

The Polish peasant, thanks to the efforts of the native Roman Catholic clergy and the numerous patriotic associations of to-day, is coming to read and write his own language with ease. There are many newspapers and books in Polish, but these, of course, have a nationalistic tone. Booksellers, however, who venture to sell Polish literature are "discouraged" by the Russian police, who fear—not, perhaps, without reason—that Polish works will tend to foster the nationalist sentiment. The result is that for years practically the only reading matter within the reach of the masses in Poland has been those revolutionary and socialistic pamphlets, books and papers printed in Polish, with which the revolutionary and socialist committees manage to flood the country. More than once it has been suggested to the Imperial Department of Education that great advantage would be derived from the establishment in Poland of a system of public libraries filled with serious "innocuous" works printed in Polish, with means of circulating the books, not only in the industrial centres, but also in the villages. In this way the labouring man and the peasant might have been weaned from revolutionary literature, which now constitutes their chief mental food. This might have been done at a relatively small cost, especially if the

co-operation of the Catholic clergy had been obtained. But, like many other excellent suggestions, this remained hidden away in some pigeonhole at St. Petersburg. Now the Poles have won in the language fight, and it is too late. The Polish labouring classes, also, are rapidly maturing politically, and they are among the most radical antagonists of the bureaucratic régime.

The labour laws in force in "the Kingdom" were devised by Russians to meet the requirements of labour in Russia proper, which are entirely distinct and different from those in Poland. In Russia strikes have heretofore constituted a crime, and concerted action on the part of labour against capital is called conspiracy. Labour unions, such as we understand them here, are compelled in Russia to take the form of illegal secret societies, and these naturally develop revolutionary tendencies. In fact, the relations between labour in western Europe and in Poland have become so close that the Polish working classes have determined to submit no longer to what they describe as the intolerable tyranny of Russia's labour laws, which leave them completely at the mercy of their employers. This is the chief cause of the recent labour riots at Warsaw, and in most of the industrial centres of Poland. The growth of socialism, moreover, has given rise to incessant conflicts between Polish workingmen and Russian police. Since 1878

workingmen in Warsaw have been arrested so frequently that this has seemed to be the normal activity of city life.

The Polish Nationalist movement was born in the later 'eighties of the past century. It has set a definite political programme. Then came the National Democracy, at first revolutionary in character, but latterly only extremely nationalistic. The National Democracy admits that it cannot decide now on a definite programme looking toward independence. Its immediate aim is "the guidance of the people toward political activity under the governmental conditions of the three empires which divided the Polish Commonwealth," and "the encouragement of the many-sided achievement of the inner life of the Polish people," a movement in which the church would no doubt join.

You cannot emancipate yourself from politics in Poland. It is a country forcibly subjected, and you feel it when walking in the streets and in the fashionable hotels. As soon as the language edict was passed, the Poles began to study Polish as never before. This edict they resisted passively until the Tzar ordered its repeal (May 16, 1905) in Lithuania. Several months later it was announced that, under orders from St. Petersburg, the Inspector of Schools would thereafter permit the use of Polish as the language of instruction in all the schools and universities of

Poland. In the six months following the edict of religious toleration, more than 20,000 members of the Orthodox Church, who had been made Orthodox by law, returned to the fold of the Roman Church.

What do the Russian Poles want? There are several political parties among them, with varying programmes and demands, from reconciliation, on the best terms possible, with the imperial government and the Russian people, to absolute complete independence.

The great mass of the people, however, would probably be contented if governed constitutionally. The Pole is not submissive by nature, like the Russian. He is a democrat, and believes thoroughly in representative government. By the terms of the Treaty of Vienna, in 1815, which gave Russia her largest share of Poland, the Tzar promised Europe to give the Poles a constitution (in place of the one Suwarrow deposited in the Kremlin as "a trophy taken from the enemy"). He did, but when the Poles revolted against the oppression of 1831, it was abolished.

All Poles dream of a future independence. For the present, most of those living in the Russian Empire demand the recognition of national rights, while remaining within the Empire. They accept such concessions as they can get, but feel that they cannot afford to antagonise the Russian government. The National Democracy,

while counselling moderation and discouraging attempts at revolution, refuses to recognise the right of the three partitioning powers to separate loyalty. The Polish people are one, it insists, since, in the words of a Prussian Pole, "fancy lines on a geographical map do not destroy the unity of a people." Some day, it is not inconceivable, there may be a union of all Poles in a separate state like Hungary, under Russian suzerainty. It is held by the advocates of this idea that the balm of kinship of race and that underlying fellowship of temperament between the Slav peoples would dull the memory of past severity, and if Russia would but say the word, would restore Polish autonomy and govern Poland according to a constitution, as she solemnly bound herself to do by the Treaty of Vienna, the German powers would have difficulty in holding their Polish provinces. Prussian rule is harder than Muscovite for the Pole, and Austria's system of taxation makes Russia's liberal commercial policy seem very alluring.

What the Polish patriots want just now, however, is a few years of peace under at least a European government—even though it be such as that under which they live in Prussian Poland—in order to educate all their countrymen up to a national consciousness. Then will the Polish people present the solid front of an enlightened, homogeneous, patriotic race, and Europe will

see its value as a buffer between Teuton and Slav.

In the long-heralded Russian Parliament, the first and second Duma, there were many advocates of granting autonomy to Poland. The Polish group itself has held the balance of power. The Russian *intelligenteya* is overwhelmingly in favour of this. The extreme liberals go even farther, many of them favouring a Polish Parliament, or Sejm, at Warsaw. The Russian peasant has just begun to understand the character and aims of his Polish brother, and Russian Socialists and Constitutional Democrats have begun to urge that, in the New Russia, Poland must be autonomous. The old bureaucratic conception of the Russian state in which the Great Russians, or Muscovites, should be supreme, in order that, with the ideal of "one church, one state, one law," Russia might make her contribution to civilisation as a homogeneous nation, is slowly giving way to the new idea of the "United Nations of Russia," with autonomy for the different peoples, in place of the loyalty imposed—or attempted—by the police and the army.

But, say the bureaucrats, if Polish becomes the language in Poland, if it is taught in the schools, by Poles, then there will be no places for Russians in Poland. So be it, reply the Poles. Let us manage our own affairs. Let us have our

Parliament in Warsaw, with Poles in the public offices. Only Poles can understand Poles. With a Polish Parliament in Warsaw, and Polish representation in the Imperial Duma in St. Petersburg, most of the bitter resentment would die out of the Polish heart, and Poland would become in fact, what she has so far been only in name, an integral part of the Russian Empire. Separatist tendencies would disappear. Poland's commercial interests bind her to Russia. More than one prominent German and Russian writer has, during recent years, declared, in the reviews of both countries, that an autonomous Poland could not, in any way, menace German or Russian national aims. A most vigorous article on this subject recently appeared in the St. Petersburg *Vyedomosti*, from the pen of Professor Sobolewski, a member of the Academy of the Capital.

The Japanese War, and the consequent weakening of the bureaucratic régime, was highly significant in Poland. By the peace of Portsmouth an impetus was given to the revolutionary movement. In Warsaw, then in a state of siege, the famous manifesto of October 30, 1905, was hailed as a positive assurance of the entrance of the Polish people upon a new era of peaceful development. "All Poland was seized with a single aspiration—to begin a new life on the ruins of the old régime. No one thought of separation." The watchword of the great majority was:

"Autonomy, on the foundation created by the Constitutional Assembly at Warsaw." This watchword became the minimum upon which all the serious factors in Polish life were willing to unite. What will Russia's answer be? The responsibility must rest with the Duma.

The attitude of the Poles during Russia's war with Japan was absolutely correct. They rioted against mobilisation. But so did Russians. The Poles had no greater dislike for the war than the Russians themselves, although their industries suffered more by it. The recent sanguinary riots in Warsaw, in Lódz, and elsewhere throughout "the Kingdom" were economic and industrial—not political. The war between Russia and Japan wrought untold injury to Poland. As the great working section of the Empire, Poland was almost prostrated, not only by the stoppage of trade, but by the loss of the productive labour of her sons, who were gone to fight Russia's battles. As long as they wore the uniform and belonged to the army of the Tzar, to whom they had sworn to be faithful, they passively fulfilled their duties, but not one of them, even though he might have the opportunity by rank or chance, ever presented any individual ideas which could successfully be put in practice by the army. They only obeyed orders. A few of them deserted, just as the Russians, Kurds, Cossacks, Finns, and Jews deserted.

He has been but a dull reader of the world's history who looks upon autocracy's recent failure in the Far East as a defeat, or even a serious check, for the Russian people. The failure in Manchuria was inevitable. Flogging and banishing the thoughtful students of yesterday who are the officials of to-day, ignoring or imprisoning the best brains of the Empire and submitting to a horde of self-seeking, dissolute place-hunters —this is not the proper preparation for great national expansion. But the Russian people, or, rather, Russian society, and the Russian chinovnik are not identical. Look at Russia's history for a moment.

One hot day in August, three hundred and twenty-two years ago, a Tartar freebooter, searching for grass for his horse along the banks of the River Irtish, saw in the shallows the corpse of a warrior, clad in a rich coat of mail, with a golden eagle on its breast. He bore it to the captain of the nearest military post, and then found that it was the body of the famous and terrible ataman Yermak, the Volga robber and pirate, Hetman or Chief of the Don Cossacks, who became the founder of Russia's Asiatic empire, the man who first crossed the Urals to take Siberia, who first saw the potential destiny of the Slav race, and led it out on its great eastern exodus.

Russia is the "biggest fact" (after the United

States) with which the Europe of to-day has to reckon, and that fact is becoming more momentous every year. Russia is the only country in moribund old Europe that is growing and expanding. If ever the word "coming" could be justly applied to a country, it can be so applied to her.

Russia is the modern example of a country expanding eastward, and she did so only because she was effectually blocked from going farther west. For years Peter the Great sought to obtain "a window open toward Europe," but Europe kept him back with the strength of desperation. Russia will yet have her window. On ground torn from Sweden, the imperial city of Peter looks with steady, relentless eyes over Scandinavia to an ice-free port on the coast of Norway, and smooths out the way by swallowing and digesting the Finns. She has not forgotten the wonderful City of Constantine in the south. But for the combined might of the West, long ago the Russian eagles would have floated from the mosques of the Golden Horn. But, in the words of a Russian diplomat, "When a pear is ready and ripe, it falls of its own accord. Why spend energy in attempting to hasten the inevitable?"

While she waits, with century-long patience, for Constantinople to fall at her feet, the Muscovite empire keeps a tireless eye sweeping her vast European frontier—from where she touches

Sweden on the frozen Arctic to the Iron Gates of the Danube, scarcely six hours, as the swallow flies, from the sentinel on the Yildiz Kiosk. On all points of the dike which western Europe has built against her, Russia presses like a mighty flood. Every year she moves a little forward, now baffled, retiring a little, now advancing, moving along the lines of least resistance, like water turned back at one point, at last inevitably finding its level. More and more Scandinavian names appear on the map of "Russian territory" at the far north, while Pan-Slavism is the solvent for the widely-differing, hostile, ethnic elements of the Balkans.

Temporarily turned back on the west, the Muscovite went eastward and found his destiny, in accordance with that blind racial impulse which makes him kin to the Oriental peoples. "After all," confessed the editor of one of the great dailies of the Russian capital, "after all, we Russians are more than half a yellow people ourselves. Our destiny is in Asia."

The story of Russian expansion is one of the most wonderful in the history of nations. The long march of the Russian from the Urals toward the rising sun is even more soul-stirring and full of romance than the American pilgrimage to the setting sun; more wonderful, perhaps, because it was made before the advent of steam and the telegraph.

It would not be easy to condense the history of any western European nation into a paragraph; but with Russia it is not so difficult. The centuries of Mongol domination, of Norman ascendency, and those of subjection to the petty princelets and grand dukes of Muscovy, seem blind, but they prepared the people for their mission. From the days of Peter, when the peasant soldiers fell over their long cloaks in battle with the Swedes, and were driven back with the knouts of their king to crush their conquerors, to the humbling of China, the defiance of combined Europe, and the "penetration" of Manchuria, it is but two hundred years.

Over all Russia is stamped a purpose. One sees it the first hour over the frontier. It is a purpose to conquer nature and to build up a powerful and homogeneous people. The present political and social crisis will pass. The Russian people will remain.

In the Russia of to-day, vast and amœba-like as she yet is, two powerful influences, aside from conscious political effort, are at work. These are the country estate (the peasant farm), and the railroad—the first two representing the old order, and uncouth, protoplasmic Russia of the centuries gone; the third standing for progress, and slowly but inevitably binding the empire of the Tzar to the world and life of our day. There are, in fact, two distinct Russias—the Russia of the

estate and the Russia of the towns, which means the Russia of the railroad and its influences. The tourist rarely sees the Russia of the estates. The Russian is not proud of being an agriculturist, and very seldom refers to his country place. Perhaps he does not care to acknowledge how hard he has to work, or to admit the difficulties with which he has to contend. A whole chapter can be read out of the fact that the Russian word for the labour of the farmer, especially during harvest, is *strada*—from the verb *stradat*, to suffer pain or anguish.

Life on a country estate or in a peasant village is still patriarchal, the form of life so deeply implanted in all the original Slav and Turanian races. The large estate was, and still continues to be, in certain sections of the Empire, a world in itself. Its immense size is only equalled by its almost pitiful isolation. The peasant village is even more isolated.

Near the borders of Courland I visited an estate of seventy thousand acres, the next house being three miles away, and the house in question thirty-eight miles from the railroad. The aristocratic feudal idea and régime cannot but obtain under such conditions. Much of modern comfort—indeed, a surprising amount—is to be found on this place, but the life of to-day touches it at but very few points, and at very wide intervals. Contentment with more or less primitive

methods (because no others are accessible), falling into the ruts of tradition and the stereotyped way of doing things, virtual imprisonment afar from the restless, curious, inventive life of the rest of the world, opposition to material progress, which, while depriving it of some of its ancient privileges, confers no adequate return—because not ready to receive it—this life must needs become stereotyped. It is so difficult to travel that provincialism in life and thought is inevitable.

The railroad comes along and upsets all this. Originally a military necessity, it is fast becoming the artery of trade. It brings the latest invention; it makes travel easy; it broadens the view. The estate uses the railroad to send its surplus to market, and the estate people must be up to date in general, because of the stern rivalry of life which is now brought to their very doors. New social problems based on hitherto unimagined congestion of population come up; military operations are made easier; the telegraph tells what the rest of the world is doing and saying, to a simple folk which scarcely knew of the existence of a world outside of their fields.

Conceived and brought forth in the heart of a continent, surrounded on every side by other and generally hostile states, the age-long struggle of the Russian Empire has been to secure an outlet

and water-front. It is that for which she fought Japan. Shut out from the possibility of it in Europe, she is now actually succeeding in Asia. Vladivostok, literally "the Dominator of the East," is the extreme monument-stone of the tremendous migration, the epic of which will have for its heroes the pioneer chieftain Yermak and the great Muraviev. These two names sum up the history of the Russian conquest of Siberia.

The country estate and the railroad in Russia are coming together. The latter is bringing the former to the world of to-day. The railroad has already taken the Russian flag from the Neva to the Pacific and it will lead the expansion still further.

The Russian believes in his mission, and holds that to be the possession or control of all Asia. If his diplomacy is more subtle and less scrupulous than that of other nations, his large ambitions are natural, and, in a certain sense, legitimate. One may doubt whether their scale is not too colossal for the welfare of the world.

The desire of Russia, as the political leader of the Slav peoples, for a warm water port is, however, instinctive. It is the keynote of Russian foreign policy and has been for more than two centuries. The substitution of a constitutional government for the autocracy would not change this policy. On the contrary, the more efficient

the government of Russia may become in the future, the more certain is she to attain the object of her ambition in the end. It makes no material difference whether the warm water port be in the Dardanelles, the Persian Gulf, or the China Seas. The united aim of one hundred and fifty millions of white people of the North is bound to be realised some day.

And the new, young Russia of the future, what of her? When she emerges in the greatness of a gigantic world-task accomplished, when she appears in the beauty of suffering endured—as the Poles have endured for generations—for the sake of the highest human ideals, the brightest hope the world can have for her is that she may realise the Anglo-Saxon ideal of a free state within which many tongues, many creeds, many races, shall dwell in harmony and with full liberty of thought and action.

The more liberal and democratic Russia becomes the more reactionary her neighbouring nations will show themselves, and the less will be the tendency of Poland to separate from Russia. The ties that unite the two peoples will be the closer the more Poland begins to look upon democratic Russia as her defender. But, necessary as Russia is to Poland for her defence, still more necessary is Poland to Russia for the latter's protection against Germany. The larger the amount of autonomy Russia grants her Polish

subjects the greater their gratitude and the better they will serve as a buffer against the Teuton. A free, rejuvenated "United Nations of Russia" would be most likely to find a reunified and happy Poland ready to enter.

VI

THE GEOGRAPHICAL CENTRE OF EUROPE

"WARSZAWA!" shouted the guard at half-past nine one evening in August, as we steamed into a beautiful white city, splendidly lit by electricity and gridironed closely by tram lines. "Are all large Russian cities as handsome as this?" I asked my seat companion, a gentleman whose French was Parisian,—or Slavonic, for all Slavs speak nearly perfect French. He looked at me in surprise. "This is not Russia," he said; "this is Poland." And there you have the whole matter, after nearly two centuries of the "benevolent assimilation" of Pan-Slavism. Warsaw is Poland, and Russia is a foreign country, off at a distance. Approaching Warsaw from the Vistula, one may see where the city has built its defences,—toward the East. Thence came the enemy, the Mongol, the Russian. Moscow is Russia, Kiev is Russia. Odessa and St. Petersburg are Europe. But Warsaw is not in Russia; it is in Poland. The government on the Neva may designate "Królestwo Polskie," the old kingdom

of Poland, as the governments of the Vistula, and deny that the Poles exist as a national force, but this same government finds it necessary to keep ready a garrison of 200,000 troops to overawe a city of 900,000 people, and, somehow, the guns of the citadel are turned, not toward the German frontier, the only point from which a foreign enemy could be expected to come, but toward the streets and shops of the third most populous town of the Empire. Poland does not exist officially, but it is, if dead, certainly a very lively corpse.

If you draw a circle about the entire continent you will find that the former Polish capital is the geographical centre of Europe. It is now one of the busiest, liveliest of European cities, and it is destined in the future to become one of the great world-centres of population. The completion of the Trans-Siberian Railroad brings Asia to the very door of Europe, and Warsaw is that door. The newly constructed line ends at Moscow, but Warsaw is the real western terminus. Moscow, more than half Asiatic, belongs to an Eastern, Byzantine civilisation. Warsaw is Latin, Occidental, the first great really European city on the steel arteries of trade that throb between Berlin and Vienna, St. Petersburg and Moscow. Besides being a distributing point for what Asia wants to send to Europe, she is a great manufacturing centre. Her factories supply all of Russia. She is the Birmingham and Sheffield

of the Empire. All the articles de Paris, all the "galanterie" and goods "made in Germany" bought in Russia come from Warsaw. Moreover, she is now making a bid for the trade of the Far East. She makes sugar, leather, cotton, wool, iron, gold and silverware, and shoes for the rest of the continent. She sends more than half a million dollars' worth of beet sugar alone every year to America.

The outlying neighbour of Warsaw, Lódz, known as the Polish Manchester, is fast gaining on its English rival. This great manufacturing centre, which stepped from the rank of village to that of city in two decades, has thousands of spindles which turn out cotton for the world. The boll comes on cars from north of Samarkand —what Americans know as Siberia. Almost all of Lódz's half million people help turn it into useful fabrics for the Tzar's empire. The industrial and commercial impulse that has characterised the Russia of the present, is perhaps, nowhere more strikingly evident than in what was the old kingdom of Poland, and particularly in Warsaw, still the capital, the head of the race, as Cracow is the heart. Warsaw helps distribute the overland trade from the East. In her shops, whose clerks speak Polish, Russian, French, and German, and sometimes English, is every variety of product direct from the Orient.

In Warsaw the Pole is at home. He and he

alone is the citizen. In society, in life generally, the Russian is nothing. He is bourgeois. The Pole is the aristocrat. In Germany, and to a degree in Austria, the Pole belongs to an immature stage of political civilisation. In Russia he is the representative of culture, of the superior race, and even his military master confesses it.

Within the Russian Empire dwells the marrow of the Polish nation, the Polish aristocracy, and that industrious middle class which has become rich. There are twelve million Poles pinned to Russia by bayonets, is the way a Warsaw Pole recently summed up the so-called success of the Russification process.

There are many traditions concerning the origin of Warsaw. One of the oldest is the account which says that, in the year 1108, a Bohemian family of the name of Varszovski, suspected of treason to its king, was banished from Bohemia. It settled on the banks of the River Vistula, and the growth of centuries has made of its little settlement the city of Warsaw. On the north shore of the Vistula is the original seat of this family, now a suburb of Warsaw, and known as Praga, in memory of the Bohemian capital, Prague. Then the princes of Mazovia took possession of the growing town, and when the last of this Mazovian line died, Zygmunt, the Polish king, made Warsaw his fortified residence.

There is something in Warsaw that seems

familiar to the traveller that knows western Europe—at first he is at a loss to say just what. Then it comes back—the touch of Paris, the light gaiety and pleasure-seeking, the beautiful parks and splendid drives, the fine theatres and seemingly inexhaustible capacity of the people for amusement—almost all that makes Paris Paris is characteristic also of Warsaw. But Warsaw has, in addition, a flavour all her own.

Landmark hunting begins with the Stare Miasto. This old city market is in much the same condition as it was nearly four hundred years ago. Every visitor pauses to examine No. 31 Wanski Dunajec Ulica (Narrow Danube) Street. This is the oldest building in the city, and its classical bay-window is one of the best preserved specimens in Europe. Near here is the wine-shop of Fouquier, where (so Sienkiewicz tells us) Zagloba and Wolodyjowski drank the miód (mead) so dear to the heart of the doughty old knight. The visitor, of course, also drinks miód at Fouquier's.

How much these Poles have suffered and are suffering day by day! The old royal palace, in front of which the recent massacres of strikers occurred, is weighted down with tragic, agonising memories. On the great balcony, to the right of where the Russian sentinel now treads day and night, Stanislaw Poniatowski, the last Polish

king, looked out upon the square along the Vistula, and saw the soldiers of Marshal Suwarow slaughter 14,000 Poles. Here, in 1863, 50,000 Russians camped and made "order" by firing with cannon on men and women who knelt in the snow and sang the national hymn. I tried to enter and look over this palace, but found it so full of Russian soldiers that visiting was exceedingly difficult, even with an official pass. On coming out of the court-yard I found my way across the square barred. A Russian army corps, including 4,000 Cossacks and the famous mounted infantry regiment organised by Alexander III., was returning from a review preparatory to leaving for the seat of war in the East. The force of Cossacks looked formidable. Each man carried an 18-foot lance resembling one of the celebrated Cromwellian pikes, a short sword with a wicked, half-Turkish crook to the blade, a long carbine, and the cruel Cossack whip, the most terrible of the four.

The detachment stopped directly in front of the monument in the palace square to the Polish king, Zygmunt. This column, says the inscription on its base, was erected to the memory of Zygmunt III. by his son Wladyslaw IV. In Zygmunt's reign, the inscription says further, Moscow was captured by the Poles and Prince Wladyslaw proclaimed Tzar of Muscovy. The inscription does not refer to the fact, but all this

reminds one that Philaret, the father of the first Romanov, was carried a prisoner to Poland and kept there for nine years, for refusing to acknowledge Wladyslaw as king. It was significant to recall this fact again when, standing in the Red Square, in front of the Kremlin, in Moscow, I read beneath the great group of statuary in its centre: "To the memory of the Aristocrat and the Peasant who, in 1613, saved Russia from the Poles." The Cossacks halted right beneath this Zygmunt column, and the humble citizen of the latter-day Warsaw stepped nervously aside. So history mutates.

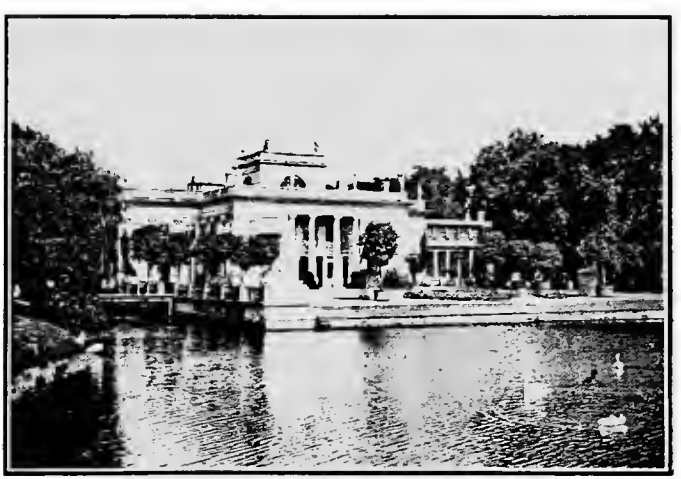
Warsaw is like Paris in one other respect. Apparently it has "no visible means of support." The sole aim and occupation of its citizens seems to be amusing themselves. Of course, this is only in appearance, as it is in the case of Paris. "*A Varsovie,*" said the first Napoleon, in 1810, "*le monde s'amuse toujours, sans cesse. Varsovie est une petite Paris.*" To thoroughly enjoy Warsaw, understand it, and appreciate it, one must enjoy good music, understand good painting and good acting, and be able to appreciate fine public gardens, splendid horsemanship, good eating, and —and beautiful women. The subtle, cultured taste of the Poles is especially conspicuous in Warsaw in all of these: in the music they hear, the painting and drama they see, the parks and horses they enjoy, and the fascinating women

who make their streets and drawing-rooms so alluring.

During the summer and fall months all Warsaw goes every day to the Saski Ogród—the Saxon Gardens—which is complete as a park, and has, besides, a summer theatre. In the winter young Warsaw flocks to the Saski Ogród to skate. On Saturday afternoons, Sundays, and holidays it is really difficult to force one's way through the moving mass of promenaders. If the visitor is wise, he will go with the crowd, which will, like as not, take him out to the other park, Lazienki. This is a little Versailles, with an exquisite palace formerly used as a bath by the princes of Mazovia, the park being their hunting-ground. One of the later Polish kings remodelled the palace and the Tzar Alexander I. redecorated it. It faces on a most beautiful little lake, and near by is an open-air theatre with a stone amphitheatre for more than a thousand spectators.

When Sobieski returned from his triumph at Vienna he brought with him a number of Turkish prisoners, whom he set to work on the park and palace, built by Queen Bona, which he was rearranging for his French wife, Marysienka. This is Willanów—Villa Nuova—just beyond the limits of the present city. A great white quadrangle of stone with statues at every convenient point and paintings on the outside walls—it is

THE OLD ROYAL PALACE OF THE POLISH KINGS IN WARSAW.



THE PALACE IN THE LAZIENKI PARK IN WARSAW.

an impressive palace, and the park, which is said to have been laid out by Sobieski's own hand, is kept like a drawing-room by the Countess Branicka, who now occupies the palace.

One of the gayest corners of Warsaw is the Krakowskie Przedmiescie—the Suburb of Cracow Street—in front of the Hotel de Europe. Most of the churches, newspaper offices, and public buildings of the city are located on this busy thoroughfare. At night it is a blaze of light and a whirl of life and motion. Hundreds of cabs dart about—and in Warsaw the cocher drives as swiftly and recklessly as the swallow flies—and the elegantly dressed throng passes and repasses. The street is literally lined with cukiernias—those attractive little tea and cake houses which were originally an exclusively Italian institution, but brought into Poland during the Italian immigration. There the Varsovian sits and sips his glass of tea and munches his bit of cake, while he skims the latest newspaper from Paris, London, Berlin. The cukiernia is to him what the café is to the Parisian, and more than the beer-garden is to the German.

There is a nervous quickness about the Pole, a staccato nimbleness of spirit, which makes him again resemble the Frenchman. He is exceedingly fond of light and sociability, and these little tea-houses which line the streets of Warsaw are

immensely popular with him. They are scarcely second to his home.

The Varsovian calls his boulevards "aleja," and it is along the Aleja Ujazdowska and Jerozolimska that fashionable, pleasure-loving Warsaw comes out most strongly. Here the elegant equipages pass in one continuous stream, beautiful women in dazzling costumes, handsome army officers, aristocracy, bourgeoisie, demi-monde—all dashing along these splendid avenues from early afternoon till late into the night. Even Paris cannot surpass the former Polish capital in this respect.

Warsaw is more than a city of music and musicians. Every Varsovian is a musical connoisseur. Warsaw has been the home of Paderewski, Sliwinski, and the Reszkes. Its conservatory is world-famous.

The Poles are born actors. Even after Vienna, Berlin, and Paris, one can find new beauties and harmonies on the Warsaw stage. This stage is the place to see artistically perfect dancing. The polonez, the mazur, and the krakowiak, the three national Polish dances, are the race in epitome. The polonez gives the colour, ceremony, politeness, grace, suppleness, and rhythm of the Polish lady and gentleman. It is the aristocracy personified. The mazur gives the agility, suppleness, almost recklessness, and, withal, the gallantry of the szlachta, or landed gentry. The

krakowiak shows the quick, gusty, passionate alternations between passivity and wild abandon, so characteristic of the Polish peasant. The music seems to be part and parcel, bone and sinew, of the dance itself, and the colour of the costumes is picturesquely and artistically perfect.

The art impulse of the past twenty-five years that has resulted in the appearance of a distinctively Polish school of painting, looks to Warsaw as the home of many of its imitators.

The Sienkiewicz house, in Wspolna street, has long been the shrine of literary Poland. Warsaw has been the home of Alexander Glowacki (better known by his *nom de plume* of "Boleslaw Prus"), who has been captivating Germany by his classical novels; of Waclaw Sieroszewski, the Polish Pierre Loti; of Maryan Gawalewicz, author, and editor of the *Kurjer Warszawski,* and of Eliza Orzeszko, author of "The Argonauts," recently translated into English.

The aristocracy of the old kingdom of Poland, among the oldest and most blue-blooded of Europe, takes an active interest in the social, moral, and intellectual betterment of Warsaw. The Lubomirskis, Potockis, Zamoyskis, and Radziwills, the oldest and most aristocratic families of Poland, each has a representative in philanthropic and educational work in the city.

The Poles think very highly of their physicians, and justly. The medical profession is unusually

well represented in all advancement and public enterprise in Poland. One of the best known presidents of the Warsaw Society of Fine Arts, which numbers more than 5,000 members, was a physician, Dr. Karol Benni. It was a physician, Dr. Chalubinski, who founded the great Polish health resort, Zakopane, in the Carpathian Mountains. Dr. Jordan, who established the unique park for children in Cracow, which bears his name, was a citizen of the widest reputation. Dr. Jakubowski, at one time Rector of the Cracow University, founded a hospital for poor children irrespective of their religion.

Two details of the vast scheme of the Russian government to minify the evils of intemperance are worked out very picturesquely in Warsaw. Local temperance committees supervise a popular theatre and a "sociological park," supported by government subsidy. The theatre gives performances for merely nominal prices—the maximum being sixty kopecks, about thirty cents.

Here to the accompaniment of an excellent orchestra, popular plays are given every night in the year, all with temperance morals. The writer attended one performance. The hall was crowded with intelligent looking, fairly well dressed people of the peasant and lower bourgeois class. The play rendered was simply another variety of the old story. The husband, led away by jovial companions, spends all his money

for drink, even the little hoard the hard-working mother has laid aside for her sick child. The child is finally taken to a hospital, where the parents cannot see it. Through the intervention and good offices of a kind, temperance gentleman, the husband reforms, the child is restored to its parents, and every one is happy. Of course, all the scenery and accessories are Russian (or Polish), and the people see before them a bit of their own life, with its consequences. The acting is excellent, and the audience in complete sympathy with the performance. The state official who is in charge of these plays declared to me that they are growing in popularity every year, and that a decided change for good is to be noted since they were begun. These plays are now given in Polish, but occasionally a Russian play is presented. The radical Polish party fear that these performances will be used to further the Russification process. Consequently, the local support is not as strong as it might be.

In Praga, one of the suburbs, the Sunday entertainment is perhaps unique in the world. The day I visited the park there were between 32,000 and 33,000 people enjoying its amusements. The entrance fee is ten kopecks (about five American cents), and for this sum one has the privilege of every feature the park presents—music, side shows, theatres, merry-go-rounds, swings, and a number of games especially arranged for the little

ones. All sorts of cakes and fruit are vended, as well as a large variety of soft drinks, red lemonade, "pop," etc. But not a drop of alcoholic liquor is allowed.

It is an interesting sight to the student of sociology to walk about the well-kept paths. There are no "keep off the grass" signs in this park. All the Slav love of colour, music, and pleasure can be seen on every hand. There are eight dancing pavilions, where the stout, healthy, rosy-cheeked peasant girls dance the Polish dances. One may see soldiers in white uniforms and great black top-boots whirling around, often two heavy fellows embracing each other and fairly beaming with delight. At the accented note of the music, all stamp vigorously on the wooden floor, with a resounding noise. Acrobatic shows, Punch and Judy pavilions, "post-office," games whereby, for the extra sum of three kopecks, the peasant lad may address a card to an unknown girl, and, in the course of an hour, be regularly presented to his partner for the evening's festivities; fireworks, a kitchen spotlessly clean where, for a merely nominal sum, you can get an excellent meal—these and other features make an afternoon spent in the park exceedingly interesting. The very little ones have sections devoted to them exclusively, where they play games, sing songs, make sandcakes, according to model—all under the direction of a

trained kindergartner. The parents must see that the youngsters are clean and presentable; must bring them and come for them when the exercises are over.

Two thousand children, of twelve years or under, were playing in the park on that Sunday. An efficient fire department and ambulance service complete the equipment of the park. These two features—the theatre and the park—cost the government $750,000 in one year.

This picture of the old Polish capital is the one I prefer to have remain in my memory—rather than that showing the great seething centre of industrial and social revolt which, during the past two years, has suffered so much bloody, vicarious agony for Russia's misadventure in the Far East.

VII

HOW VIENNA ESCAPED THE TURK

FATHER WOJNOWSKI, the militant priest, who is one of the most lovable characters in Sienkiewicz's novel, "On the Field of Glory," tells the young men leaving for the campaign: "War is abhorrent to Heaven, a sin against mercy, a stain on Christian nations." But a war against the Turks must be excepted, "God put the Polish people on horseback, and turned their breasts eastward; by that same act He showed them His will and their calling. He knew why He chose us for that position, and put others behind our shoulders; hence, if we wish to fulfil His command and our mission with worthiness, we must face that vile sea, and break its waves with our bosoms."

This is a Pole's conception of the national mission of the Polish people. And no better illustration of how ruler and people held to this view can be found than the campaign of King John III. Sobieski against the Turks, to rescue Vienna, and gain a victory for the Cross over the Crescent. It is a thrilling, dramatic story, beginning with the election of a King of Poland.

From the corner of one of the oldest buildings off the Rynek of Cracow hang several ponderous iron chains. I asked their history. "They are a sign of one of the reasons that have contributed to our downfall as a nation," said a Polish gentleman sadly. "Those chains used to be stretched across the road when a Diet was convened, lest the excitable populace break in upon the deliberations, especially at an election, and also lest the equally excitable deputies break out and fight with the people. Alas for our turbulence and unruliness! I almost wish the reverence for tradition, which is so characteristic of our people, did not demand that these unpleasant mementos be kept here on public view."

One of the most turbulent Diets in Polish history, the one that elected the Hetman John Sobieski King of the Commonwealth, was held in Warsaw in April, 1674. What was once the throne room of the splendid palace at Willanów, in the suburbs of Warsaw, the room in which Sobieski died, is now a chapel, its walls covered with relics of the mighty warrior. Near by is a fine collection of books. From these, and with the assistance of Count Ledochowski (whose brother was then secretary of the Propaganda at Rome), who has a splendid museum of antiquities, trappings, and documents of the days of Poland's glory, I can perhaps paint a mind picture of that memorable, extraordinary scene:

a Polish Diet electing a king. The event is so dramatic that one can imagine it being actually re-enacted before his eyes.

Eighty thousand people have come to Warsaw, and are gathered on the plain of Wola. In the city all the shops are closed, and many of the houses have barred their doors. Great numbers of Jews are moving to other parts of the country, for they know how near to a battle a Polish election is likely to come. The streets are full of gorgeously uniformed troops, brilliant magnates, palatines, castellans, dignitaries, and officials from all portions of the Commonwealth. Foreign ambassadors and members of a hundred different ecclesiastical orders fairly blaze with decorations. Twelve vast tents have been erected on the plain, and 100,000 horses are stabled near by. For six weeks the Diet deliberates, listening to the claims of the foreign rulers who aspire to the Polish crown. Intrigue and conspiracy are rampant. It is Lithuania against Warsaw. In the main tent, a vast circular canvas, supported by a single pole, 6,000 persons sit and listen to the orations delivered in favour of this monarch, that great lord, the other famous general. Adjournments for prayers and for tournament and joust are frequent.

At last the great moment comes. The Senators and other delegates are weary of the long wait. The principal candidates are Prince Charles of

Lorraine, the Austrian candidate, Philip of Neuburg, France's choice, and the Prince of Condé, the choice of the Poles. Austria and France are in the heat of their great rivalry for European leadership and the crown of Poland is one of the pawns in the game. Ambassadors from Spain, England, and Holland speak for Charles. Moreover, he is supported by Eleanor, widow of the last Polish king. She openly declares in his favour. If he is triumphant she will marry him and once more be queen.

Presently there is a commotion among the magnificent generals seated near the centre of the assemblage. A stout man, in the resplendent uniform of Hetman, arises and begins to address the company—a strong, fine figure, with a clean, powerful face and a voice of thunder. He submits the name of the Prince of Condé as candidate of the Opposition. In a short but vigorous speech he completely demolishes the claims of Neuburg and Prince Charles, and declares that Condé, and Condé only, shall be the choice of the Diet. A Lithuanian noble in the rear of the hall "calls for the question." The interest is intense. It is like a modern political convention. The voting is by wojewodztwos (electoral districts), each delegation answering from beneath its own banner. The spokesman for the first registers its vote for Charles, then withdraws it. The speaker, Stanislaus Jablonowski, Palatine of Podolia and

Ukraine, again springs to his feet and shouts: "No more foreigners. Give us a Polish hero for King." "Speech!" cry the delegates, and he continues:

"Poland, the rampart of Christendom, must have a glorious name to lead her armies. Condé is the first captain of the age. I knelt before my God this morning to ask for light on the discussion which is to end the widowhood of my mother-country. I know that in naming Condé I would have no cause for remorse—his fame answers for him. Nevertheless, neither this man nor his rivals shall obtain my vote. I demand that a Pole reign over Poland. If our ancestors sometimes raised a foreign prince to our throne, it was because they feared the dangers of rivalry among equals. We have not this danger to avoid now, for the eyes and the thoughts of each and all of you are fixed on one and only one among us.

"There is a man in our midst who, having saved the Republic many times by his counsels and his sword, and won for it the respect of the world, is regarded by all the world, as well as by ourselves, as the greatest, the first son of Poland.

"Poles, one final consideration determines me! If we are deliberating here in peace over the choice of a king; if the most illustrious dynasties in the world are soliciting our suffrages; if our power has grown; if our freedom has been maintained; if, in short, we still have a country

—to whom are we indebted for it? Call to mind the wonders of Slobodyszoze, Podhaice, Kalusz, and above all, of Chocim!—those immortal monuments of glory, and choose for King [and here he raises his voice to a shout]—John Sobieski."

The foes of Sobieski, however, are obstinate, and the decision wavers. The presiding officer announces, "No election; adjournment till to-morrow." But the people are tired, and want an end to the debates. "Vote, vote," cry the delegates. To this, Sobieski himself objects. Rising to his feet, he shouts:

"To this I am opposed. Remember the nation for which you are about to choose a head—the freest on the face of the earth. Such haste would ill accord with liberty. God forbid that I should accept a crown conferred at the expense of a single infringement of the public right, or by the constraint or suppression of a single vote. I would rather remain a subject all my life, a thousand times rather, than rule over one of my fellow-citizens against his will. It would, indeed, be unworthy of me to ascend the throne in this furtive manner, at nightfall, and before any time had been granted for the reconsideration of so sudden a resolution. I demand that no further action be taken to-night, and in demanding this I declare that should there be no other dissenting voice, I will oppose it with my VETO."

But his speech wins him the crown. The con-

vention goes wild, and the stampede begins. Lithuania goes over to Sobieski's side; other delegations follow, and he is finally elected by acclamation, as John III.

The new king greatly surprised the Diet by informing it that he did not care for any formal ceremony of coronation. It was too expensive, he said, and would take too long, especially as the Turks were already advancing toward the Polish frontier. The Diet, accordingly, proclaimed him king from the moment of electing him.

King John soon began to have considerable trouble with his wife, Marya Kazimiera, or Marysienka, as he called her. This lady was little more than a fascinating adventuress. A French protégé of Marya Ludwika, one of the former queens, to satisfy her ambition she married Count Zamoyski. On his death she captured Sobieski, the Hetman and Grand Marshal of Poland. The refusal of Louis of France to make her family peers of the realm incurred her bitter enmity and caused much trouble for Poland.

Sobieski himself was devoted to science and chivalry, and was really one of the most progressive of Polish monarchs, but almost everything he did his wife exerted her very best to undo. While he was fighting Turk and Tartar, in defence of the Commonwealth, she, ambitious and rapacious by nature and training, was fostering discontent

at home, and favouring everything reactionary proposed by Sobieski's enemies. The cabinet that she used is in the palace at Willanów, and it shows her to have been an exceedingly vain woman. One could imagine her sitting before it and admiring her own portrait, which is set at every convenient point.

Fate made Sobieski a foil for the ambition of Louis XIV. of France, and the latter's hatred for Austria kept Poland in constant war with all her neighbours, particularly the Turks. But it gave Sobieski the great triumph of his life. In the Vatican there is one of the greatest of historical pictures, "John Sobieski before Vienna," painted with wonderful fidelity to detail by Jan Matejko. It shows Sobieski on horseback at the moment of the Polish king's great glory, receiving the plaudits of the citizens and the army after his rescue of Vienna from the Turks.

It had been a long Turkish triumph. The Sultan of Turkey had been proclaimed King of Upper Hungary, and with his commander came the Khan of Tartary, various Hungarian chiefs, and the great horde. Kara Mustapha, the Moslem general, had 300,000 men when he came to besiege Vienna. The Austrian capital lay defenceless. The Emperor Leopold fell back in panic before the advancing host, and Europe became alarmed. Not only the Empire, but Christianity itself was at stake. The Pope sent an

envoy calling upon Sobieski, in the name of Christianity, to go against the Turks. Lorraine returned to Vienna and let himself be shut in, but Leopold fled and sent a frantic appeal to Sobieski to come to his aid. All Europe, except Louis of France, and his vassals, held its breath with fear. France and her satellites waited in eager hope that this might be the end of the hated Hapsburg.

All eyes were turned to the court in Warsaw. Should Vienna fall, Austria would fall with it. Every day messengers arrived at the royal residence, imploring Sobieski to come to the aid of the stricken empire. It was not so much the aid of the Polish troops that was demanded; it was the peerless leadership of the Polish king. Sobieski would not go without a sufficient army, and as his unhappy country was, as usual, rent by factional troubles, his preparations went on very slowly. Louis's resources in the way of finding obstacles to his going seemed inexhaustible. It was believed Sobieski could no longer bear the hardships of campaigning. For several years the Polish king had not seen active military service, and rumour had it that court life and inactivity had rendered him unfit for real leadership. "Don't trouble yourself," wrote the French ambassador to King Louis, "Sobieski is too fat to sit on a horse and fight." The Polish king heard of this message. It settled the matter for him.

He at once started for Warsaw, and, as he left, he rode in full armour and equipment under the window of the French embassy, and shouted as he rode: "Be kind enough to send another message to your master in Paris. Tell him that I have started for Vienna, on horseback, and to fight."

On the way out of the city he received two messengers from the Emperor, begging him to hasten, and offering him the command of all the Christian forces, Germans included. These envoys fell on their knees before the Polish king. "Save Vienna, save Christianity," they cried. "It is our duty," replied the Polish king. "Now," shouted Father Wojnowski (who was with the Polish army), "now I know why this Polish people was created! . . . It is only when the pagan sea swells, when that vile dragon opens its jaws to devour Christianity and mankind, when the Roman Cæsar and all German lands are shivering in front of this avalanche, that I learn why God created us and imposed on us this duty. The Turks themselves know this. Other men may tremble, but we will not, as we have not trembled thus far; so let our blood flow to the very last drop, and let mine be mixed with the rest of it. Amen."

In mid-August, with about 30,000 men (mostly cavalry), a large portion raised and paid for by himself, Sobieski began his long, slow march through the German cities. There were a few

representatives of every army in Christendom in that small force of the Polish king,—men from every country, except France—and Europe, from Sweden to Italy, watched and waited and hoped.

It was a hard march over the Danube and through the mountains. All the German artillery had to be left behind, but the Poles dragged 28 pieces over the summits. Kara Mustapha had 300. Sobieski's famous Polish horse never failed him. One of the battalions presented a very ragged appearance, and a German general, whose gold lace was brighter than his courage, complained to Sobieski that it was a disgrace to the others. "Wait," said the Polish king, "wait. That battalion has sworn never to wear any clothes but what it takes from the enemy. In the last war the men all looked like Turks. They will again. Wait."

By the middle of September the Christian army, now swollen to 70,000 men, Poles and Germans, reached the top of the ridge and could see Vienna surrounded on all sides by the Mussulman camps. It was a magnificent spectacle. As far as the eye could reach the tabours of the Mussulmans and Tartars stretched and glistened in the sunlight. "Behold," says Coyer, Sobieski's Boswell, "the immense plain and all the islands of the Danube covered with pavilions whose magnificence seemed rather calculated for an encampment of pleasure than the hardships

of war—horses, camels, buffaloes, 300,000 men all in motion, swarms of Tartars dispersed in their usual confusion; the fire of the besiegers terrible and incessant; the city only to be seen by the top of the steeples, and the fire and smoke that covered it." "This man," said Sobieski when he saw the Turkish lines, "is badly encamped. He knows nothing of war. We shall certainly beat him."

When Kara Mustapha beheld the Christian forces descending the mountain he could scarcely believe his eyes. Even when his enemy's army had spread out upon the plain, he would not believe that the terrible Sobieski was leading. So little did the Moslem general understand what was coming against him, that he sent out only the Tartars, some light cavalry and other irregulars, to meet the Christians. He sat in his tent, sipping his coffee, and consigning all Christians to the Mussulman inferno.

It was Sunday morning, and the besieged in Vienna were at church, but they saw their rescuers and took heart. Dashing down the mountain, the Polish and German knights met the Tartars full tilt, the Austrians and Saxons in the left wing beginning the fight. The centre, which was composed of Germans alone, and the right of Poles alone, reached the field at noon, and, in a few hours, the Moslem defence was broken at all points. All day long they fought, and then an

eclipse of the moon completed the panic of the Turks. "Look at the sky," shouted the Khan of Tartary to Kara Mustapha. "Don't you see that God is against us? It is the King of Poland."

Sobieski kept in the centre in the thickest of the fight, and literally hewed his way to where the Grand Vizier, on horseback, commanded his corps. "God for Poland," shouted the Christians. "Not to us, not to us, O Lord, but to Thy name be the glory," cried Sobieski. When the Mussulman chieftain realised that the Polish king himself was before him, his bravery left him, and he fled. Almost all the pashas followed his example, and the flight became general. Lorraine and his little band of 10,000 hurried out of the city to meet their deliverers. The town went wild over Sobieski. The people fell on their faces before his horse, kissed his dress and his boots, and even the legs of his horse. The *Te Deum* was celebrated in St. Stephen's, and the preacher chose for his text: "There was a man sent from God, whose name was John."

They had been in sore straits, this little band, and the good citizens from hunger and the terrible plague. "The grave continued open without ever closing its mouth, and in three days more we must have submitted," wept Lorraine to his rescuer. One brave Pole named Kulczycki, who worked all through the mining and counter-

mining, sallied out, made his way out through the Moslem ranks and carried the news to Sobieski. For this he received permission to set up the first coffee-house in Vienna. This is how Vienna rolls came to be crescent-shaped—as they are to this day. And if you want to hear the story for yourself, go into the coffee-house, kept by the lineal successor of Kulczycki, on the Graben, in Vienna.

The Vizier, the Moslem general, and six of his pashas died. The Sultan ordered Kara Mustapha to be bowstrung. Then the Polish cavalry took his head to Vienna on the end of a lance. They show this skull in the Arsenal Museum to-day. It is that of a brutal, blood-thirsty man.

The best account of the campaign and battle can be gleaned from the letters that the warrior-king wrote home to his wife, under whose thumb he lived even when out of her sight. At the close of the fighting he took one of the Vizier's finely enamelled stirrups and gave it to an aide. "Take it to the Queen," he commanded, "and tell her that he to whom it belonged is defeated and slain."

Looking over a collection of ancient parchments and "letters patent," in possession of Count Ledochowski in Warsaw, I noted that Sobieski and Jan Kazimierz were the only two Polish kings who signed official documents "Król Polski" (King of Poland) instead of "Rex Polo-

niæ," as did all the others. Sobieski was the last absolutely independent king of Poland. As a general he was one of the greatest characters in her annals. With all his eminence as a soldier, however, it was Sobieski, who, beyond a doubt, began the ruin of Poland. He ceded Kiev to the father of Peter the Great, and in so doing placed the keys of his house in the hands of his most determined enemy. He also conceded to Russia the protection of the Ruthenians, Poles of the Greek Catholic faith. This brought Muscovy across the Dnieper, and, a few years later, when the Poles drove the Cossacks to seek Russian protection, they sealed their fate as a nation.

VIII

THE REAL "THADDEUS OF WARSAW"

EVEN in the annals of the romantic, chivalrous, patriotic Polish people, always so given to idealistic conceptions, there are but very few names (if there are any) about which cluster so much romance, chivalry, and patriotism as will keep ever green the memory of the soldier-statesman who led Poland's armies against her enemies of the third partition. For Tadeusz Kosciuszko the world held but one country—Poland. For her he bled and sacrificed and suffered, and even when fate seemed most against her he worked on and hoped on, refusing to believe that his beloved country could ever perish.

The famous Perroneta, who taught him engineering in Paris, said of him " He is a fine fellow, modest, manly, a noble character, and a splendid soldier. He has all the liberal ideas of the day, and yet he will not talk of anything but Poland and her restoration. For him, there seems to be no other country in the world."

There is a whole character sketch in these words. One of the greatest soldiers of his time,

one of the noblest spirits of all times, a leader in the great revolutionary period from 1790 to 1800, in three prominent nations, Poland, France, and the United States, an "inseparable part of two worlds and all classes"—it is yet as the unselfish lover of his country and a knight in her defence that Kosciuszko will be known to history.

Kosciuszko had something greater and finer in his soul than most of his compatriots. He relied entirely on the resources of Poland. He saw that Polish liberty could come only through Polish effort, and he never looked to aliens for help. Especially did he trust the peasants. When, during the Cracow insurrection of 1794, the faint-hearted ones asked, "Who are at our backs? To whom shall we look for help?" Kosciuszko replied, "Here are the backs (striking his own). Trust the Polish people. Let us recognise, in the millions of peasants, our brothers, and we shall then easily be able to throw off the yoke of oppression, and to re-establish solidarity and equality before God and the laws of our country."

The Kosciuszko family was of noble blood. It was a very old family of Lithuania, which was prominent in war and diplomacy in the time of Prince Witold's wars against the Teutonic Knights. But war, poverty, and family misfortunes had brought many reverses and the immediate family of Tadeusz was in poor circumstances.

Ludwik Kosciuszko, the father of Tadeusz, was one of the landed proprietors of Lithuania, known among the Poles as szlachta. He was a man of unusual ability, and his public-spirited life in these troubled times won for him the title which his forebears had lost or forfeited. The elder Kosciuszko, however, had a violent temper and was very cruel to his peasant retainers. The son, early in his life, learned the terrible consequences of injustice. It is generally believed that Ludwik Kosciuszko was killed by his serfs for some outrage on them. He did not realise that in that fact of injustice and cruelty to the Polish peasant lay one great cause of Poland's downfall. But the son never forgot the lesson.

Tekla Ratomska, the mother, was one of those strong yet beautifully womanly characters so often found among Polish women. It was to her, he always asserted, that Tadeusz owed his lofty views and steadfastness of purpose. Young Kosciuszko was a patriot from his cradle. He was not an only child. There was another boy, Joseph, whose character was not exemplary, and two girls, Anna, the confidant as well as sister of Tadeusz, and Katarzyna, both of whom married soldiers with titles.

The early boyhood of Tadeusz was spent on the paternal estate. The outdoor life and training in horsemanship, which was the birthright of every Polish youth, fitted him for a course at the

military school in Warsaw, from which he graduated with high honours. He is said to have been the most talented student who ever attended its courses. The Polish king was so impressed with his ability indeed that he is generally believed to have given the young captain a stipend with which to continue his studies abroad. He was also befriended by an official in the War Department, one Joseph Sosnowski. It is well to remember this name, since it played a prominent part in the developments which turned the steps of the young Kosciuszko to the United States of America.

The class of 1766 at the Warsaw School of Knights, in which young Kosciuszko was graduated, was a bright but unruly one. Tadeusz was the leader in both respects. This thickset lad, with a rough, ugly face, but a distinguished military air, had inherited his father's stubbornness and fiery disposition as well as his high abilities. Kosciuszko was a hard student at this school. One of his fellow-students used to tell of his waking himself at three in the morning that he might have more time for study. He accomplished this by the then original method of tying a string to his left hand in such a way that the servant, going through the hall early, in order to light the fires, could pull it. On the other hand, to keep awake late into the night he used to sit with his feet in cold water.

TADEUSZ KOSCIUSZKO—THE "REAL THADDEUS OF WARSAW."

(From a pastel from life in 1790. The original is now in the Ossolinski Museum in Lemberg.)

Five years spent in travelling in western Europe, particularly in France, which was then looked upon as the world's mentor in the art of war, fitted Kosciuszko to begin the strenuous career that was in store for him. Full of honours and the learning of the schools, the young soldier found his country in need of stern, practical, experienced administrators and fighters.

It was one of the darkest hours of Polish history. One partition had been consummated, and the unfortunate people, shorn of the greater part of their national strength, governed by a weak king and tyrannised over by a corrupt, effeminate aristocracy, lay almost helpless, waiting for the final descent of the vultures. Poland needed all her sons to defend her, and a soldier with the training and equipment which the great French schools had given Kosciuszko was a godsend to the distracted Commonwealth. He at once volunteered for service, and was made a captain of artillery.

At this point in his career the woman enters. In order to increase his modest stipend as captain of the army, young Kosciuszko improved his spare moments by giving history and drawing lessons to Panna Ludwika Sosnowska, the daughter of his old benefactor, who had now become wojewoda, or judge of the community. Panna Sosnowska was beautiful and clever, and, of course, the inevitable happened. In a very

short time the impetuous young artillery captain fell desperately in love with his fair pupil. The lady returned his affection. But the wooing was carried on under great difficulties. All this, it must not be forgotten, was in Poland, in the 18th century, when social conventions were very rigorous. Whenever the tutor came there was a chaperon present who remained all through the lesson. This lady, Panna Karolina Zenowicz, was a relative, and not a dragon. But poor Kosciuszko had to address to Karolina all the pretty speeches he meant for Ludwika. It was embarrassing, to say the very least. But more trouble was in store for him. The young cavalier was poor. No mere captain of artillery, whatever his ability or prospects, could hope to win the hand of the daughter of so exalted a dignitary as a wojewoda.

Kosciuszko, however, had unlimited enterprise and energy. It was a matter largely of officialdom and money, not of character or heart. Why not go to the head of all things? Tadeusz marched straight to the King and told him frankly just how matters stood. He besought the monarch to intercede for him with the haughty parent of his lady-love. Amazed at the young man's impetuosity and audacity, the King tried to dissuade him from the whole project. But, after all, this last of the Polish kings, Stanislaw Poniatowski, was as easy-going and good-natured as he was weak and vacillating. He

consented to help Kosciuszko. Then, quite characteristically, he suddenly changed his mind and sent a warning to the wojewoda of what was likely to happen. The irate father was furious. Soon afterward, when the tutor and suitor arrived at the estate he found no one at home. Parents and daughter had fled.

Ludwika, however, was faithful to him. Though she afterward married Prince Lubomirski, to save the falling fortunes of her father, she never forgot her real love. When he returned from the United States she interceded with the King to give him a position in the army. She even wrote to her former lover, giving him some good advice. But they never met again.

It is to this first disappointment in love that America owes Kosciuszko's first visit to her shores. In despair, he determined to leave his country and seek military glory in France. When he arrived in Paris he heard of the patriotism and sufferings of the American colonies of Great Britain, in their struggle for independence, and his soul was aroused. Benjamin Franklin, then United States Envoy to France, talked with the fiery young idealist, and declared him to have been one of the noblest, most unselfish spirits he ever knew. Franklin gave Kosciuszko letters of introduction and recommendation to Washington, and in the summer of 1776 the young Pole reached the American camp.

"What do you wish to do?" asked Washington. "I come to fight as a volunteer for American independence." "What can you do?" "Try me."

For eight years Kosciuszko's name was a part of our strenuous history. He was one of the noblest of the little band of European idealists who, when liberty was defeated in their own lands, transferred their zeal to our patriot cause, and, sword in hand, fought for our independence. France sent us Lafayette and Rochambeau; Germany, DeKalb and Steuben; Poland, Kosciuszko and Pulaski. Kosciuszko taught our army the science of fort construction. He began his service in the American army as a colonel of engineers and a member of Washington's staff, but he soon became the scientist of the army. It was he who planned Gates' fortified camp at Bemis Heights, and he was the principal engineer in the work at West Point. All through Greene's southern campaign, he was the inspiration and executive of the scientific warfare. Congress gave him a vote of thanks, brevetted him a brigadier-general, and made him a member of the Order of the Cincinnati. And yet, up to very recent years, when the Poles erected the statue in Chicago, there was no monument in this country, worth the name, to the gallant Kosciuszko, unless West Point itself be considered such a monument.

When the Polish patriot came to America

a second time, after his Russian captivity, his welcome was as enthusiastic as could be wished, and all sorts of social demonstrations were made. "I consider America my second fatherland," he said, "and am exceedingly glad to be back again." Congress caught the popular enthusiasm. Kosciuszko was voted a grant of land and a pension.

It is not generally known how much the Polish leader did for the United States, in other than a military capacity. But his affection for America and his readiness to serve her in any and every possible way deserve a dozen monuments. When he reached Philadelphia, in 1797, there was no more fighting to be done, but much diplomacy was needed in our relations with Europe. Ultra-republican France soon became irritated at our "Alien and Sedition" laws, which were aimed, chiefly, it was thought, against the Irish, then the special protégés of France. There was also a powerful though not generally recognised sentiment in this country in favour of establishing a monarchy. France was much incensed over this suspected lapse in the young republic which she had just helped to its feet. Kosciuszko was in full sympathy with the republicans of both countries, was popular with both peoples, and he succeeded in allaying, in large measure, the irritation of France. His services to this country did not end here, however. France was then the first

military power in the world, and it was in her artillery that she excelled. The American Envoy to Paris requested General Kosciuszko, who was master of the French system, to write a treatise on the manœuvres of "Horse Artillery," for use in the armies of the United States. Kosciuszko's book, written in response to this request, was a manual in great favour in this country for many years, and at one time a text-book at West Point.

A more intense, unselfish lover of liberty than Kosciuszko, perhaps, never existed, and nothing shows this more clearly than his last Will and Testament, which was made in this country and left with our own Thomas Jefferson. It runs:

"I, Tadeusz Kosciuszko, being just in my departure from America, do hereby declare and direct that, should I make no other testamentary disposition of my property in the United States, hereby authorise my friend, Thomas Jefferson, to employ the whole thereof in purchasing negroes from among his own, or those of any other gentleman, and giving them liberty in my name, in giving them an education in trades or otherwise, and in having them instructed for their new condition in the duties of morality which may make them good neighbours, good fathers or mothers, good husbands or wives, and in their duties as citizens, teaching them to be defenders of their liberty and country, and of the good

order of society, and in whatsoever may make them happy and useful, and I make the said Thomas Jefferson my executor of this. T. Kosciuszko, 5th day of May, 1798."

A strong friendship grew up between Kosciuszko and Jefferson. The Pole was clever with his pencil, and always declared that one of the best things he ever did was a pastel of his American friend. After the death of the Polish patriot, the aged Jefferson, then in his 75th year, stood before the court of Albemarle County, Virginia, and declared that, owing to the infirmity of age, he could not carry out the provisions of the testament, but desired that all Kosciuszko had wished be done. The will of the Polish patriot was in litigation for more than half a century, both in this country and in Europe.

Kosciuszko's services to his country were primarily those of the soldier, but the soldier completely dominated by the patriot. After our Revolutionary War he returned to his native land and his property at Siechnowice. The liberal ideas of the times had fired his noble nature. The dazzling ascendency of France, her championship of republican principles, the successful revolution of the former American colonies of Great Britain, the social and political ferment over all Europe that marked the close of the 18th century and the opening of the 19th with

so many triumphs of democracy and liberty—all appealed powerfully to the young idealist republican. He began at once to put his liberal ideas into practice. By one act, he freed all the peasants on his estate from serfdom. He then went quietly to work to organise his own province for defence against Poland's outside enemies. Despite its warlike record, he saw that the order of knights was not sufficient for national defence. The position of the Polish peasantry was then, in general, but little higher than that of serfdom. Kosciuszko, however, saw that it was necessary to make the whole nation homogeneous. Each and every class must have its share, its privileges as well as its responsibilities. The peasants must be called upon to defend the fatherland.

This was a revolutionary idea. But the counsels of Kosciuszko prevailed. At the sejm (parliament) called at Warsaw in 1788 the entire plan of national defence was "overhauled." Kosciuszko, whose name was as yet comparatively unknown in Poland, but whose deeds in America had begun to make him famous, was suggested as general. The next year the reorganisation of the army was complete, and Kosciuszko was made major-general.

The air of Europe was full of liberalism, and Poland was among the first of the nations to transmute this into formulated safeguards for

popular liberties. The new Polish constitution of the 3d of May (1791), liberal like the French constitution of the same year, was full of lofty idealism. Its chief purpose was to do away with much of the political and social inequality of the day in Poland. Indeed, it bore heavily on the privileges of the aristocracy. It was the child of four years' travail of the Diet, and was received with great enthusiasm by the people. Austria, Russia, and Prussia, however, objected to these proposed social and political changes, marched immense armies into Poland, and the second partition followed.

Most of the Polish officers fled abroad. They were marked men. Kosciuszko resigned and went to Warsaw. He was a dangerous man, and Russia at once cast him out. These were bitter moments for the patriot, but he refused to despair.

He was known all over Russia as the most patriotic of the Polish leaders, and absolutely incorruptible. On his way to Russia an incident occurred which shows the power of his name. Hearing that he was about to cross the frontier, the colonel in command on the border directed the whole regiment to be ready for emergencies. The sentry was strictly enjoined not to let Kosciuszko pass. It was a dark, stormy night, and the sentry was nervous. Hearing a slight noise, he challenged and fired into the

darkness. A cat from a neighbouring farmhouse scampered off in a fright. Thereupon the whole regiment rushed to the spot to listen, open-mouthed, to the story of the shivering sentry. The terrible Kosciuszko had appeared, he said, he (the sentry) had fired, but a witch had at once changed the Polish leader into a cat. This story was widely repeated, and generally believed. Had not others of the regiment also seen the cat scampering off?

The dramatic event of the patriot leader's life was the "insurrection of Kosciuszko," and its one decisive and fruitless victory of Raclawice. France had proved a broken reed, England refused to hear, and all the continent seemed against unhappy Poland. It must be the Poles themselves who would win liberty for Poland. So Kosciuszko ventured alone.

It was a memorable journey, memorable in the annals of patriotism, of war, of suffering, of indomitable heroism, that slow progress from Dresden to the frontiers of Poland. The gendarmes of Austria, Russia, and Prussia heard he was coming, and redoubled their vigilance. His countrymen must have time to prepare for him. Kosciuszko accordingly turned his course southward to Florence, and so put the police off his track. But he soon returned to Dresden, and, on February 12, 1794 (his 48th birthday), the two famous emissaries, Karol Prozor and Francis Xavier.

Dmochowski, arrived from Cracow and announced that the time was ripe for action.

In the beginning of March these three heroic men reached the Polish frontier, and waited for the opportune moment to begin "Poland's last stand." The Diet was still intriguing, and the soldiers of General Madalinski in Cracow were in revolt against the order to lay down their arms. On March 23, 1794, while the Russians left the city to look for Madalinski, who had fled, Kosciuszko quietly entered. He was armed with dictatorial power. The president of the city, who supported the Russian faction, at first, opposed him, but, with the help of General Wodzicki, a noble, unselfish patriot, he at last succeeded in bending the officials to his will. The day after his arrival Wodzicki ordered his regiment out on the rynek, the quaint old market place of the city, to await the commander, who was received with shouts of acclamation when he appeared from Wodzicki's palace.

It was a beautiful morning, with a touch of spring in the air, when the general stepped into view of his enthusiastic troops, ill-equipped and unwarlike in appearance, but full of determination and fire. The old square was packed with spectators. It was the "forlorn hope" of the nation. The ancient Sukiennice, or Cloth Hall, time-worn and grey, and the hoary palaces flanking it, were fit framing to the picture. When the

army had sworn allegiance, Kosciuszko, clad in the peasant's dress which he afterward wore to show his contempt for caste and his gratitude to the peasants for their aid in the national defence, stepped forward and cried in a loud voice:

"I, Tadeusz Kosciuszko, do swear before the face of God, to the entire Polish nation, that I will never use the power entrusted to me for private oppression, but only for the defence of the whole nation, and to establish universal liberty, will I use it. So help me, God, and His Innocent Passion."

A flat stone, with an appropriate inscription, now marks the spot on which he stood, and the cabmen of Cracow, to-day, point it out with reverential awe.

After the oath, the proclamation of the new insurrection was read, and the soldiers marched to the Church of Panna Marya to celebrate mass. This done, the officers, led by Kosciuszko, went to the City Hall, a quaint, square building on the market place (now used as an Austrian barracks), from the towers of which Kosciuszko called to the people of every class—nobles, tradesmen, peasants, priests, and Jews—to rise in defence of the country. The peasants, who formed almost one-half of the entire army, were serving for the first time as volunteers. The new leader ordered them to be equipped with pikes and scythes. They knew nothing of warfare, but

they understood the scythe, and these Kosyniery (scythe-bearers) made a terrible arm of war.

The next day, before the force had started to meet the Russian enemy, a little incident occurred which showed Kosciuszko's love for the masses, and illustrated, also, their own unselfish patriotism. Three coal-heavers, who owned a number of vessels transporting coal down the Vistula, elbowed their way through the crowd and presented themselves in the ante-room of the palace to offer these barges to the general. Kosciuszko went out personally to receive them. "Come nearer," he said, calling them by name (he seemed to know personally every man in his army). "Come nearer. I want to thank you. I am only sorry that at present I cannot accept your offer. But if the war succeeds, then the country will accept it."

"At least, Pan Commander, you must accept the money intended to keep the men on these barges." So saying, the leader unbuckled his leather belt and shook out thirty ducats into his sheepskin cap. The two others followed suit, and offered the entire amount to Kosciuszko, saying, with a smile, "We beg you to take these but poorly-stuffed sheep."

Kosciuszko took the caps and handed them to one of his aides. "I must have my hands free that I may press you to my heart," he cried. It was not by any means the first offering of these

three. They prostrated themselves and kissed his hands. Kosciuszko cried aloud, but in a voice choked with feeling, "Long live such citizens."

On the first day of April, 1794, he left Cracow, leading an army of 4,000 men, about half of which were regular troops, and the rest unorganised peasants. As a lion seeking his prey, the Polish general directed his course straight for the Russian army, which occupied a strong position near the village of Raclawice. The Russian general, Tormasów, had heavily fortified his mountain position at Kosciejow, and posted his 5,000 veteran regulars. Under the protection of his guns he waited the arrival of heavy reinforcements which he expected by sunset. On April 4 the famous battle of Raclawice, Kosciuszko's one brilliant victory, was fought. Though not a decisive battle in its results, it was a brilliant stroke, which furnishes a conclusive proof of the Polish general's ability as a strategist.

Tormasów was not anxious to begin the fighting. He preferred to wait till his reinforcements came up. But the Polish commander successfully tempted attack at about three in the afternoon. A sunken road, in a deep ravine connecting two small villages about a mile apart, was the axis upon which the Polish army turned. The Poles were drawn up on the plain in three divisions, and so disposed that, while two heavy batteries would completely sweep the level

ground over which the Russians must advance to the attack, a flanking column of Poles could pass beneath the fire without harm, along the depths of the sunken road. On a little hill, midway between his two wings, Kosciuszko stationed a picked force of regulars, and, to support them, behind a hill he arrayed the so-called "Cracovian Militia," or Kosyniery—peasants with their terrible scythes. Kosciuszko took personal command of this corps.

A quarter of the Russian army was soon in motion. Over the gently rising ground it came and fell upon the Polish left wing. But the Poles were ready for it, and the charge weakened. It swung over to the centre. Kosciuszko's eyes flashed with victory in sight. All his ten guns opened on the demoralised Russians. Just at that moment a second Russian column, artillery and cavalry, debouched into the plain, and, at almost the same instant, a third column was seen advancing. An aide sped furiously to warn Madalinski, who commanded the right, that the third detachment was meant for him. Then the Polish leader turned his attention to the first column of Russians, which had partly extricated itself from the ravine, and was deploying in line of battle on the plain.

"Charge bayonets!" shouted Kosciuszko. "Captain Nidecki, at the head of two companies, will support the scythe-bearers while they take

the Russian batteries." Turning to the Kosyniery, and pointing to the Russian cannon, he shouted, "My brave boys, get me those guns! God and our country! Forward, my boys!"

There was a shout that shook the plain: "Victory or death!" Two thousand scythes beat the air. Two thousand peasants, frantic with patriotic enthusiasm and love for their chief, swept along the sunken road like a mountain freshet in the spring. The white cloaks gleamed in the sun, and the scythes flashed terribly. A sullen roar arose from the thin column, as, in two divisions, its beloved leader at its head, it raged through the ravine. Spreading out into line upon the plain, the Kosyniery fell upon the Russians with such rapidity and fury that, although the charge covered more than a mile, the astonished gunners had only time to fire twice before the terrible reapers were at the mouths of the cannon. Bartos Glowacki, a peasant innkeeper, was the first to reach the Russian batteries. With a fierce shout, he jumped on one of the caissons and covered the mouth of the gun with his cap, while several of his comrades drew it off toward the Polish lines. This act made Glowacki famous. He was created a standard-bearer, and he and all his family were liberated forever from serfdom.

The Russians broke and fled. Meanwhile, the second division, not knowing the fate of the first, had engaged the left wing of the Poles, and an

obstinate struggle was in progress, when Kosciuszko, having collected his forces somewhat, fell upon the Russians like a whirlwind. They scattered, and the third column lost heart and broke. The entire Russian army turned and fled.

The Polish victory was complete. The Russians lost twenty guns. Upon the battlefield, from his horse, Kosciuszko, still in his peasant garb, shouted to his army, "Long live the nation! Long live liberty!" The troops shouted in reply, "Long live Kosciuszko!" He rejoined, "I am happy that I can sing the praises of your valour, and I will lead you as long as heaven permits me to live!" A few days afterward he issued a manifesto proclaiming freedom for every serf who volunteered for the national defence.

The news of the victory of Raclawice electrified Poland. Warsaw arose *en masse* and drove out the Russians. The whole country seemed to revive. The King wrote a personal, flattering letter to Kosciuszko, promising all sorts of help. The patriot leader at once instituted a new government, and went in further search of the Russian army. Then Prussia, trembling for the fate of her own Polish lands, declared war, and a great Prussian army marched against Warsaw. Events moved rapidly. Kosciuszko was defeated at Szezekocin by a foe greatly outnumbering him. He retreated and defended Warsaw so valiantly that, after a few weeks' siege, the Prussians gave

up and retired. But two immense Russian armies were advancing against the Polish capital. At Maciejowice, on the banks of the Vistula, Kosciuszko again suffered defeat, himself falling wounded. It was at this battle that, according to the time-honoured lines of the poet Campbell, "Freedom shrieked when Kosciuszko fell." Poetry, however, has gone too far in asserting that the Polish leader, as he fell, cried: "*Finis Poloniæ!*" Kosciuszko himself vehemently denied the truth of this. He called it a "blasphemy against which I protest from the depths of my soul." *

For two years Kosciuszko languished in a dungeon in the Russian capital. His most bitter moments there were cheered by the presence of his friend, the famous poet-soldier, Niemcewicz. When the Emperor Paul came to the throne he

* In a letter written to the French Count Segur years after Maciejowice (October 31, 1803) the Polish leader said:

"When the Polish nation called upon me for the defence of the territorial unity, the dignity, the glory, and the freedom of the fatherland, it knew well that I was not the *last* Pole, and that with my death on the field of battle, or elsewhere, Poland cannot and shall not end. All that the Poles have done since in the glory-covered Polish legions, and all that they will still do in the future for the reconstitution of their fatherland, is sufficient proof that if we, the devoted champions of that country, are mortal, Poland herself remains immortal, and that it is not permitted to anybody to repeat the grossly insulting words: '*Finis Poloniæ.*'

"What would the French say if, in the disastrous battle of Rossbach, in 1757, Marshal Charles de Rohan, Prince of

not only liberated Kosciuszko, but treated him very generously, and made him many presents, including furniture, paintings, and bric-a-brac, from the private rooms of his deceased predecessor, Catherine. He and his son, Alexander, even visited the fallen Polish leader, who was lodged in one of the palaces in St. Petersburg.

"I have come, my general, to return to you your liberty," Paul said. "I know how harshly you have been treated. But, during the last reign, all honest people—myself especially—were so dealt with." (Referring to the fact that Catherine kept him in durance as being *non compos mentis.*) He continued: "They tried to lead all honest folk by the nose—even me. But they couldn't do it with me." Here he brushed his hand downward over his face significantly, and made a comical grimace. Paul had no nose, or only an apology for one, so that it would afford absolutely no hold or handle by which to lead him. "You are free, but promise me that you will remain quiet. It is the best thing for you." To another Polish prisoner then present, Ignacy

Soubise, had exclaimed: '*Finis Galliæ*'? or if this cruel utterance had been attributed to him in the descriptions of his life?

"I would, therefore, feel obliged to you if, in the new edition of your work, you would not any longer speak of this '*Finis Poloniæ*'; and I hope that the great influence of your name will make a commanding impression among all those who in future would repeat these words and attribute to me a blasphemy against which I raise a protest from the very depth of my soul."

Potocki, the Emperor Paul continued: "I will say that I was always opposed to the partitions of Poland; I considered them unjust and impolitic. But now, to restore Poland, we must needs have the consent of three powers. Do you think that Austria would consent, or, much less, Prussia? Or must I, for Poland, declare war on these, my neighbours? Russia needs peace. You must, my dear Kosciuszko, submit to the sad necessity." "I have never pitied my own fate," replied Kosciuszko, "but I shall never cease pitying the fate of my country." To show his good will further Tzar Paul, at Kosciuszko's request, liberated 13,000 Polish prisoners then languishing in Siberian prisons.

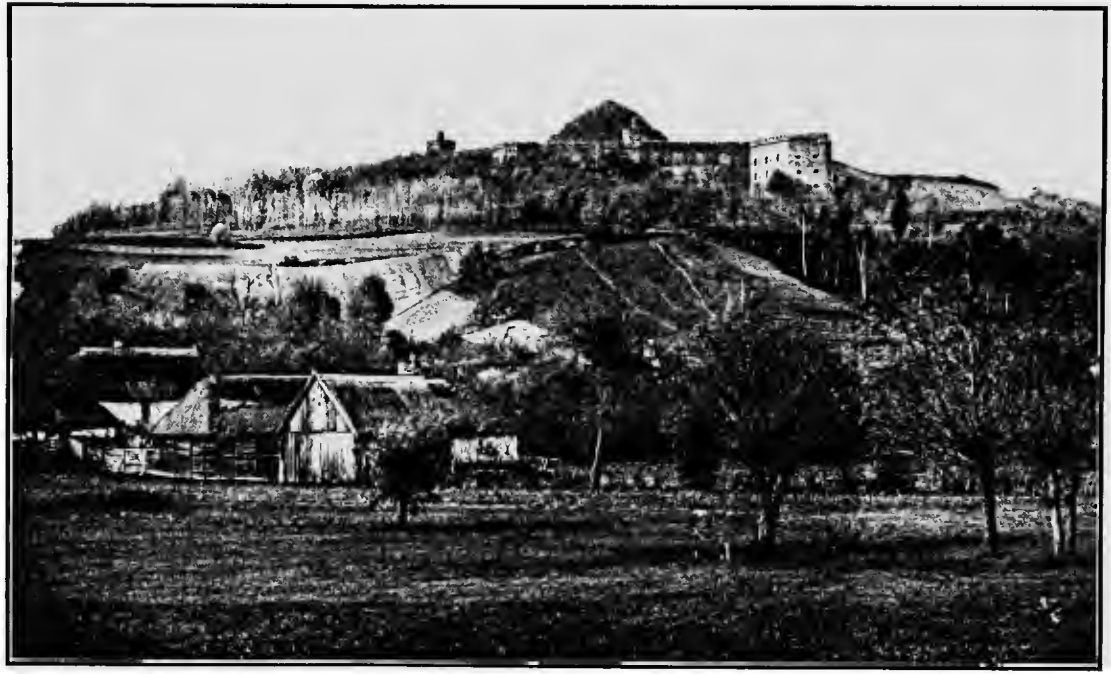
Kosciuszko then determined to make a second visit to the United States. Before leaving Russia, however, he went to the Winter Palace, and thanked the Emperor Paul for his kindness. The Polish hero was dressed in an American army uniform on this occasion. Being still so ill and weak from his wounds that he could scarcely walk, he was relieved when he came to the great stairway to find a chair waiting for him. Two grenadiers bore him to the room in which the Emperor received him most graciously. The entire imperial family was present. They inquired after his health, and begged him to write them from America. The Tzaritsza, Marya Fedorovna, asked him to send her flower-seeds from the

United States, and insisted upon taking from him, as a souvenir, his famous peasant coat. In exchange, she presented him with a pocketbook, embroidered by her own hand, and a collection of cameo miniatures of the whole royal family. In this pocketbook he afterwards found a check on the Bank of England for 3,000 ducats (nearly $7,000). Paul beamed with delight, and offered him 100 serfs, as a slight token of esteem. Kosciuszko asked that, instead of this, he might have money to help his fellow-prisoners. Paul assented and gave him $30,000. He also gave the Polish leader a coachful of personal apparel and kitchen utensils (most of them taken from Catherine's private apartments), a sable coat, a cap, and a number of pairs of shoes. "If you want anything," were the parting words, "do not hesitate to ask as you would from a friend, for I am your true friend, and desire you to return my feelings." The money Kosciuszko deposited in a bank and never drew out for his own interests. Toward the end of his life he made it over to several needy Polish soldiers.

The progress of the defeated Polish leader to the shores of this country was one continuous ovation. At Stockholm, statesmen, ministers, ambassadors came from all Europe to pay homage to the patriot hero. In order not to disturb him in his sick condition, they made the journey on foot, lest their carriage wheels cause too much

noise. The English papers announced, "Kosciuszko, the hero of liberty, is coming," and when he reached London, all the British worthies of the time paid him their respects—Fox, Sheridan, Grey, and nobles without number. The harbour was gaily decorated with flowers and bunting when he sailed, many admirers accompanying the vessel in small boats for several miles out of port. The defeated leader of Maciejowice left Europe as only a conqueror might.

The mean, unscrupulous side of Napoleon's character has, perhaps, never been displayed so fully and unmistakably as in his relations with the Poles, and particularly with Kosciuszko. Poland never lost faith in the disinterestedness of Napoleon's use of her sons in his armies. She believed in him, even after the unsuspicious Kosciuszko had seen through the selfishness and perfidy of the French dictator. Negotiation after negotiation with French secret agents for active help to the Poles resulted in nothing more than wholesale enlistment by enthusiastic Poles in Napoleon's cause, and the use of Polish soil as a battlefield for French armies, or as so much booty to be carved up and distributed as rewards to various kinglets, princelings, and sycophants who had been loyal to the schemes of Napoleon's ambition. The famous Polish legion, that played such a conspicuous and brilliant part in almost all the Napoleonic campaigns, under the leader-



THE KOPIEC KOSCIUSZKO, OR KOSCIUSZKO MOUND.
(In the outskirts of Cracow, overlooking the river Vistula.)

ship of Dombrowski, who believed that the triumph of Napoleon meant, as a fulfilment of that leader's promise, the re-establishment of his beloved country as an independent nation, was a mere football in the Bonaparte ambitions. Napoleon tried to get Kosciuszko himself to enlist in the French army, and even called on him personally, complimenting him as "the hero of the North." "Tell your comrades in arms," said the dictator, "that I always have them in mind, that I count on them, that I appreciate their self-sacrifice in the cause that we are protecting, and that I will always be their friend and companion." But the Polish leader refused to be duped, and he personally warned his soldiers against the blandishments of the French emperor.

When the Napoleonic era was near its end the Polish patriot began to again hope that, with the readjustment of the map of Europe, some measure of justice would come to his unfortunate country. He again returned to France. His arrival in the old world made Vienna, Berlin, and St. Petersburg very uneasy. The Russian police searched all Lithuania for him, and an unfortunate peasant, who resembled him closely, was "investigated" so thoroughly that he nearly died during the operation.

When the allies entered Paris, Kosciuszko had a long talk with the Tzar Alexander, who had promised to restore Poland to its ancient bound-

aries. But the odds were too great, and even Alexander's generosity could not cope with them. After a long illness in Vienna, Kosciuszko, now a broken old man, retired to a little farm in Solothurn, Switzerland, where, for two years, he lived very quietly. He passed away from earth on October 26, 1817.

The next year his remains were brought to Cracow and placed in the Wawel, by the side of those of Sobieski. The whole nation helped build a monument to him. A great kopiec, or mound, a favourite style of monument in Poland, was erected on Bronislaw Hill, just outside the city limits. One patriotic Pole, it is said, tore down his house and gave the ground. The centre or foundation was a small pile of earth from the field of Raclawice, and then came earth from other battlefields. All the nation—speaking almost literally—noble, merchant, peasant—each brought a handful of earth and deposited it as a testimonial of love and respect to the memory of the beloved chieftain. A spiral pathway leads to the top, now grass-grown and capped with a block of Carpathian granite. Rising more than 400 feet above the level of the Vistula, from its summit it affords a splendid view of the most Polish of cities, and its peaceful, rural suburbs. The patriot's heart was presented, a few years ago, to the Polish National Museum at Rapperswyl, in Switzerland.

IX

ON THE FIELD OF GLORY

IN its main traits,—those of devotion to an ideal, moral and physical heroism, and passionate patriotism,—Polish character was developed completely four or five centuries ago. It is for this reason chiefly that the works of Sienkiewicz are so interesting and significant. The men and women he describes are types which can be seen to-day; therefore, the historical novels on Poland, the famous Trilogy, "The Knights of the Cross," and "On the Field of Glory," are epitomes of the national character.

What a vast canvas is that covered by the scenes of the Trilogy! The heroes of these three romances have for their "stamping ground" almost the entire ancient Commonwealth. Three places, however, stand out prominently, above all others, one in each of the three volumes. In "With Fire and Sword," the siege of Zbaraz, by Chmielnicki and Tugai Bey and its heroic defence by Prince Jeremi (Jeremiah) Wiśniowecki, is the pivot upon which the story turns. In "The Deluge" there is another heroic defence, of the Church of Jasna Góra, at Czenstochowa, where Kordecki and Kmicic withstood the Swedes

under the redoubtable Miller. In the last of the Trilogy—"Pan Michael"—the *point d'appui* of the story is the siege of Kamieniec (a third gallant defence), where the little Knight Wolodyjowski lost his life battling against the Turks. The incidents connected with these places also may be regarded as illustrating three of the salient traits of the Polish national character: at Zbaraz, military valour; at Czenstochowa, religious devotion; at Kamieniec, self-sacrifice and patriotism.

"With Fire and Sword" is the thrilling story of the wrong and disaffection of Chmielnicki and his terrible warfare against the Commonwealth from 1640 to 1650. The great wave of Cossack and Tartar inundation—one of the many that devastated Poland during her four centuries as the bulwark of Europe against Eastern barbarism—gathered and broke on a small fortified town called Zbaraz, in what is now Austrian Poland. It was during the reign of King Jan Kazimierz II. (1648-68) that Bogdan Chmielnicki, with his Cossacks and his Tartar allies under Tugai Bey, came against the little town made so famous by Sienkiewicz's pen.

Zbaraz is situated at the first point on the great plains—Podolia—where the land rolls, and so, very naturally, by its position it became a rendezvous for the Christian knights and the first point of attack for the Cossacks.

Chmielnicki tried first to reach Zbaraz by way of the modern city of Tarnopol, from which Zbaraz is distant about seven miles. The Poles, however, had strongly fortified the main road of the town, and he was compelled to turn aside to a hill opposite the old castle (this castle still stands) and to cross the marsh which has now shrunken to a small pond. Then it was a lake, whose waters came up to the very walls of the castle. It was in the month of July, 1649, that his army of 100,000 men—about equal numbers of Cossacks and Tartars—camped before the walls, and at about the same time Prince Jeremi came up with his 3,000 knights. When the Polish leader took command in Zbaraz he had, all told, a force of 9,000 men, picked warriors, it is true, the flower of European soldiery, but a mere handful in the face of the host outside the fortress.

With the idea of seeing how the country described in "With Fire and Sword" looks to-day, I accepted the invitation of a Polish gentleman, who owns a large estate within a mile of Zbaraz, and made his home my headquarters. The estate is situated in the village of Ochrymowce, a village less than half a mile distant from the little wood in which Podbipienta met his death at the hands of the Tartars.

The country about Zbaraz is a beautiful rural one. It is at the break-up of the great fertile

plains of Podolia, which formed a portion of the ancient Polish Commonwealth, but are now partly in Austria, partly (and mostly) in Russia. The ground is that splendid black loam which yields such generous harvests. Naturally a magnificent land, it is now fertilised by heaven only knows how much human blood and bones cast on it during the centuries of almost ceaseless warfare waged on these plains.

A circuitous route leads through Zarudzie, Wachlówka, and Stryjówka—villages all referred to in the Trilogy as having been burned by the Cossacks, and still plodding along in the same peasant way under the same names. The first thing to attract the attention on approaching the town is a great hill which was thrown up by the Tartars, from which to bombard the walls. Most of the elevations in and about Zbaraz to-day, indeed, are the remains of military works.

From the ruins of the old wall I set out on foot to follow the route of Pan Longin, the gallant Lithuanian, on his errand to King Jan Kazimierz. On the grass-grown slope of the old battlements, a white-gowned, white-haired peasant was walking toward the town. He saluted: "*Niech bendzie pochwalony Jezus Chrystus*" (Blessed be the Lord Jesus Christ), he said reverently. "*Na wieki wieków*," (For Ages and Ages), I replied, just as Podbipienta did, as millions of others have done and will continue to

do, "for ages and ages," in this venerable picturesque land, among these tradition-loving people. It took me an hour in the broad sunshine, over what is now comparatively easy country, to reach the wood where the Tartars caught the gallant Podbipienta. He must have wandered for five or six hours—all night, as Sienkiewicz puts it. His martyrdom took place early in the morning. How beautiful the end! "The angels of heaven took his soul and laid it like a bright pearl at the feet of the Queen of Heaven."

Many wayside shrines, in the forms of a figure of the Virgin, the Christ, or some saint, were passed on the road, their weather-stained grey plaster masses looming up oddly from among the blades of yellow grain, ready for the sickle, the statues often garnished with wreaths or skulls. A peasant might be seen now and then bowing reverently before one of these figures. It is a serious matter to these devout peasants, this worship at shrines, but it sometimes presents a humorous side to the less religiously inclined. I saw, for example, one plaster figure with a head much too large for the body, and also set on at an angle, and afterwards learned that a rich peasant, desiring to make a thank offering for some piece of good fortune, had placed this head, regardless of its fitness, and no doubt blissfully unconscious of any incongruity.

By a fortunate chance I arrived in Ochrzy-

mowce on the 12th of July, the night preceding that night upon which, centuries before, the great storm of nature and of war occurred. "It seemed as though the vault of heaven burst, and was about to fall on the heads of the combatants." Thus the weather and other conditions were as favourable as possible to realise what Sienkiewicz describes. The night of the 11th had experienced a terrible downpour of rain, flooding the whole region and bringing vividly before the imagination the great storm described in the novel. The narrow village road was rough and reeking with mud, the identical road through which the Tartar horsemen had dashed to attack Zbaraz.

There is a rare artistic quality to the air in this region, particularly at the beginning of the long twilight. It softens outlines, tones down contrasts, yet brings out colour values in a marvellously effective way. A red-gold shimmer from the setting sun burnished all the landscape. The wheat fields positively gleamed, and the cherry-trees fringed the road like a hedge of beading. Off to the south the little stream widens into a lake. From its banks behind the trees came the soft, plaintive strains of a Ruthenian folksong, as the bare-legged peasant women beat their linen into cleanliness. One of the peasant men, a clean-limbed, clear-eyed fellow, came out of a hut, and modestly, but with quiet dignity,

invited us to enter. He brought a great bowl of cherries, some black bread, and a bottle of miod, the honey drink the Poles love so well. We ate and drank, and then, as his fathers and grandfathers did, and as he is teaching his children to do, the entire family approached and respectfully kissed our hands.

To-day the town of Zbaraz has from five to six thousand inhabitants, mostly Jews. It contains one long street, the greater portion of which is in very bad condition and very dirty, and there are, by actual measurement, just sixty-two feet of sidewalk in the town. Zbaraz has begun to realise the importance it has attained through Sienkiewicz's novels, and it has now a Sienkiewicz Street (the one long, dirty road already referred to), a Sobieski Street, and also streets named after Skrzetuski, Wiśniowiecki, and Mickiewicz. One of the first objects of interest is the old church in which the Knights took the oath of eternal fidelity. Here the body of Podbipienta lay in state, after the Tartars had brought it to Zbaraz. Report has it that the hero was buried in the cemetery of the town, and that the soldiers raised a great kopiec, or mound, over his body, by despositing each a handful of earth as a testimonial of their affection and sorrow.

As were all churches in those troubled times, this is surrounded by a half-ruined wall, pierced by embrasures for cannon and also connected by

underground passages with several of the bastions on the great wall, so that, in case of need, the city's defenders might flee for refuge to the house of God. It is a grey, time-worn structure, with two Oriental-looking towers. Two great images of the Christ, erected in the early years of the past century, stand in the space in front. The church is now in charge of the Bernardine monks, who have a school for the boys of the town. In its crypt are the mummies of twenty or thirty Cossacks and Tartars. From the church it is but ten minutes' walk to the old castle to which the Poles retired after the first storm, after which began the regular siege. Almost entirely dismantled by time, the old ruin still stands untouched by the desecrating hand of "improvement," because the present owner of the land will not permit the hoary relic to be removed.

The Zbaraz of to-day has grown away from the old town, and is, for the most part, built outside the old walls, but toward the opposite side from the old castle. A good piece of the wall still remains, with the slope dry and grass-grown. Sitting on the soft, green slopes, now so peaceful and quiet, it was difficult to imagine the scene on that terrible night, when the Tartar regiments came up and died all through the long hours, "filling the moat with corpses and making the wall slippery with their blood." The venerable

building still stands guard at the southwest, as it did when Chmielnicki and his legions came down like a flood. Twenty times—as Skrzetuski afterward told the king—did the terrible warrior lead his fierce soldiery against the ramparts of Zbaraz, each time to be repulsed with fearful slaughter. Here it was also that Skrzetuski had his single combat with Tugai Bey, and from this spot it was that, when the Tartars began to flee, "their white turbans making the fields look like snow," he pursued with his dreaded hussars.

The castle is, or was, a practically square structure perched on an elevation with a wide moat about it, and flanked by towers at the corners of the walls, each, perhaps, fifty feet high. The building itself was two stories in height, and constructed of stone and brick, with stucco on the outside. It is surmounted by a ridge-pole roof, fashioned of rough, wooden joists bound together with rope and covered with cement. The great keep still yawns to the left of the main hall, and remains of secret passages may be seen at every possible point. Surrounding the court yard, under the walls, and looking out through cannon holes on the moat, were the officers' quarters. At one corner of the wall, where the turf slopes rather abruptly down to the moat, there is a narrow ridge, along which the Turks are said to have attempted to enter on the night of the great storm. Here it was that Podbipienta cut

off the heads of the three Turks at one blow, thus fulfilling his vow, and winning the right to marry. "Wings seemed to sprout from his shoulders; choirs of angels sang in his breast, as if he were rising up to heaven. He fought as in a dream, and every blow of his sword was like a prayer of thanks."

Off to the west, near where the manor-house stands to-day, are the remains of the bastion or fort, the point at which Skrzetuski climbed down on his perilous mission to the king. Podbipienta had failed, and the gallant Skrzetuski volunteered to carry the message telling of Zbaraz's dire need. At the time there was a great pond or staw, which extended up to the very wall. At the present time this has shrunk, so that it is but a widening of the little stream that runs through it, but so lazily that the pond is mostly stagnant water. With a good road, a row of huts, and altogether fully one hundred feet of dry earth between the foot of the wall and the pond, I found it an arduous and even perilous undertaking to clamber down the steep stone wall. The marsh looks inhospitable enough to-day, when there are no corpses floating about in it,—at least, no human corpses,—and no enemy worse than a mosquito on watch for the unwary. Skrzetuski's heroism can only be fully appreciated when one sees the spot, knows somewhat of the characteristics of the age, and then reads the novelist's vivid de-

scription. Sienkiewicz says that the wall was not completed on the side of the ponds at the time of the siege, and it was here that Burlai, the old Cossack commander, almost succeeded in forcing an entrance. The Hungarians were yielding when the stout German mercenaries came up and saved the day. In the darkness the besieged began to throw lighted tar down from the walls, that the repulse might be complete. One could almost fancy that he saw Zagloba before him, trembling as he recognised the terrible Burlai, the warrior who had just killed his tenth man. The fright of the old Falstaff—"I shall die, I and all my fleas with me,"—his anger and his triumph, as, in full view of both armies, he slew Burlai with one stroke of the sword—all seemed more vivid as one walked over the spot where it actually happened.

The day was drawing to a close as I took my last look from the battlements of Zbaraz—a beautiful, clear July evening. To the west, the country stretched off to Russia, wave upon wave of ripened grain, amid which gleamed and nodded in the breeze hundreds of scarlet poppies, like the red dragoons of Wolodyjowski, bending for a charge. Everything was quiet, peaceful, beautiful. And then, as on that other July day, night fell and vespers began to toll.

X

THE MECCA OF THE POLES

IN a small peasant village just outside of Warsaw my host accosted two sturdy boys. "See what fine Polish boys we have here," he said. One of them spoke up quickly. "I am a Pole," he said, "but he," indicating the other boy, "is a Russian." "So one of you comes from Russia, eh?" "Oh, no," was the reply. "We were both born in this village. We both live here. But I am a Pole, and he is a Russian." It seems that one was a Roman Catholic and the other a member of the Orthodox Church. Attempted explanations that nationality was one thing, religion quite another, were of no avail. "I am a Catholic, and so I am a Pole. But he is not a Catholic. Of course he is a Russian."

Religion and patriotism are so closely identified with the Poles that it is difficult to separate them, and this connection has had its origin in historic and geographical reasons.

There is something in the constitution, in the temperament of the Slavonic race—perhaps this is partly due to its strain of Oriental blood—which makes it peculiarly susceptible to sensuous

impressions. The artistic, imaginative temperament of the race is peculiarly fertile soil for the growth of a religious fervour and devotion perhaps unparalleled in the history of human families. The Slav, like the Celt, is a poet and musician by nature, and he sees poetry and music in stones, trees, and rocks where the more "practical" races can discern only material facts and forces. The Poles are the most finely organised, most highly developed branch of the Slav race, and history has written them down as warriors and religious zealots—often as fanatics. The Pole never did anything by halves, and he not only threw all his soul into the service of his religion, but all his mind and body into the observance of its forms.

The intense religious fervour of the Pole may be partly due to his geographical position. Nature so placed him that he was the buffer between the East and the West. For centuries he stood the bulwark of Occidental civilisation and the Christian Church alike against the barbaric Muscovite from the frozen North and the turbaned janissary from the burning plains of the Turkish Sultan's domain. "We are purely Christ's warriors, created in defence of the Cross, and the faith of the Saviour. Other nations, who till now have lived without care behind our shoulders, will see in the clear day of heaven how the task is accomplished, and with God's will, while the

earth stands, our service and our glory will not leave us." The champion, the knight-errant of Christianity, the Pole, became the most devoted, zealous cavalier that ever drew blade in defence of his mistress. For her—the Church—he fought, bled, and died. While other peoples went after strange gods and sought sordid gain, he expired amid fields of ice or burned out his life on the arid plains of the South. His history is one long crusade in defence of Holy Church.

From such constant, unremitting championship of Christianity against surrounding non-Christian nations, he gradually assimilated his religion to his patriotism. To be a good Pole, he must be a good Christian. Later, he spun it more finely. To be a good Pole, he must be a good Catholic. If a Pole, a Catholic. If a Catholic, *per se,* a Pole. Thus nationality and religion became so firmly welded as to be inseparable; indeed, scarcely more than different terms for the same fact. The more the Polish aristocrat studies the history of his country, the more patriotic he becomes, and the more of a patriot, the more religious he grows. The Russian goes to church once and then home. The Pole attends service in the church, and then, lest he forget, bows down at every wayside shrine from the church to his dwelling. It is almost pitiable, this frantic clinging to old religious forms, many more than a thousand years old, a sort of desperation,

as though this might, in some way, save the Pole from complete Russification.

The religion of the Pole is his life, and it is one of the glories of the Polish priest that he is the real friend and helper of his people. He is identified with every phase of the national life, even to the festivities of the peasant. These holy men have been the hope and help of the nation in war and in peace for centuries.

Religious devotion and fervour are the main theme of "The Deluge," the second volume of the Sienkiewicz Trilogy. The story is that of the invasion of the Commonwealth by the Swedes under King Charles Gustavus, the apparent submission of Poland, the flight of King Jan Kazimierz, his return, and the arousing of the Commonwealth to expel the invaders.

Through the mazes of Polish and Swedish relations it is unnecessary to go. Suffice it to say that in the middle of the 17th century a number of conflicting claims of Swedes to the crown of Poland, and of Poles to the throne of Sweden, sprang up. The Swedish King Charles Gustavus, with 60,000 veteran troops, invaded Pomerania, then a part of the Polish Commonwealth. He met with but little opposition, took Warsaw, and Cracow, and forced the Polish king to flee. The country was divided and torn by factional strife, and the Swedes had almost a triumphal march till they laid siege to

Czenstochowa, to which stronghold they had been attracted by the great riches of the Church of Jasna Góra. The Poles regarded this as a sacrilege and sprang to arms. King Jan Kazimierz returned to his kingdom by way of Hungary, forcing his way through the Carpathian Mountains, after a desperate struggle with the Swedes in one of the most isolated passes. Here it was that Kmicic performed such prodigies of valour, and the górali, or mountaineers, wrought such havoc with their ciupagi, and by casting down rocks on the Swedes. The pivotal event of this war was the siege of the church stronghold of Jasna Góra at Czenstochowa, in 1655, by General Miller and his Swedes, and its defence by Kordecki and Kmicic.

Czenstochowa is in Russian Poland, in the old kingdom, and is a station on the railroad halfway between Cracow and Warsaw, being about six hours' ride from the latter city. It is now a town of 70,000 inhabitants, one of those irregularly constructed but rapidly growing manufacturing cities that one finds all over Russia.

The city is spread out and rambling and not particularly attractive. A long, wide, tree-arched promenade through the centre affords opportunity for a continuous parade of rich and poor—handsome Russian officers with pretty women, and droshky men and 'ostler boys with

factory girls. The common Russian soldier is rather a jolly fellow. Large, raw, with hair frequently as light in colour as tow and as thick as a mop, he roams about the streets when off duty, often in twos, hand in hand, grinning good-humouredly and promptly taken in by all the "skin" devices with which the town abounds—side-shows of "disappearing ladies" and reappearing skeletons; steam calliopes, "test your lungs" apparatuses, and all the rest. There are eight or ten thousand soldiers in Czenstochowa, and one sees them everywhere. But there is really nothing in the town itself for the traveller. The church is the great point of interest.

Jasna Góra—"Bright or Exalted Mountain"—is a church, or rather a group of church buildings, situated on an elevation, from which a great stretch of surrounding country can be seen. The situation is a fine one for a church, and, by the earthworks and masonry that still remain, one can see how strong it must have been when the Swedes tried to take it. The church has a long ecclesiastical history. Tradition says that many miracles have been wrought there, and on several occasions the Virgin Mother herself has appeared to worshippers. After successfully resisting the Swedes, "Saint Mary" was declared Queen of Poland, as she was believed to have aided in the defence of Jasna Góra.

Leaving the busy part of the town, one ap-

proaches the church by a wide avenue, shaded with handsome trees and leading through a fine park. A panorama showing Christ's passion and death is given periodically at the entrance to the park. Before reaching the church itself you come upon a great bronze statue of the Tzar Alexander II., guarded day and night by a sentinel on either side. A little farther on, but less conspicuously placed, is a statue of the brave soldier-priest Kordecki, to whose heroism and valour Jasna Góra chiefly owed its deliverance. Then one comes in front of the church itself, a pile of buildings in old, grey, irregular style, surrounded by, or rather perched above, a fifty-foot-high brick wall, pierced for cannon. It is one of the best extant specimens of the old fortress-church—the literal church militant. The old earthworks still remain, although now grass-grown and peaceful looking. The walls are being restored and an outside cordon of masonry is in process of erection. Surrounding the walls, on two sides, are rows of little booths—there must be a hundred of them—where images, rosaries, praying cards, pictures of saints, and relics are vended. Here also are all sorts of comestibles and drinkables—fruits, sandwiches, little cakes, cold coffee, with slices of lemon—ready for the refreshment of the pilgrim from afar.

Bands of pilgrims are constantly arriving. This is certainly one of the great religious centres

of the world, and the sight (which can be seen almost every morning in summer) of acres of peasants lying flat on their faces before the monastery is marvellous. One of these peasant pilgrim bands passed along the outskirts of Cracow while I was there. One hot July noon about one hundred tramped by, singing, bearing banners and loaded with their packs, journeying to Czenstochowa, as do the Moslems to Mecca. It is a solemn duty, this pilgrimage, and there is no sacrifice too great to be made in its behalf. A priest in Cracow told me of an old confrère of his near Warsaw who, when he heard that a band of pilgrims was coming from Lithuania, past his little hut, though it was a stormy night and he ninety years old, went out to meet and bless the wayfarers. They were in some way delayed, and he waited, cold and hungry, for three, four, six, nine hours, patiently, uncomplainingly. Then he lay down and died, and they found him in the road with a peaceful smile on his aged countenance.

It was on a Sunday morning in August, at about ten o'clock, that I visited the church of Jasna Góra. Shouting, singing, and praying had resounded through the streets since six o'clock.

I made my way to the main gate, through a long avenue of beggars, sightless, earless, noseless, limbless, in the most revolting states of de-

formity. Women with no arms or legs begged for kopecks. An idiot leered at me and muttered an inarticulate demand. A grizzled old man, with no legs, squatted in almost the middle of the road, fingering one of the old lyra, and droning out in the most lachrymose fashion some ancient, moth-eaten strain, was very importunate. He seized me by the coat and whined: "Please, kind sir, an alms, in the name of the Mother of God of Czenstochowa, Queen of Heaven."

On the church wall, facing the entrance, is a large picture of the famous Matka Boska Czenstochoska, the Virgin of Czenstochowa. This is the most famous and most revered of the images of the Virgin among the Poles. One sees it everywhere, in Galicia and in Russian Poland. It is the figure of a mild-faced woman and child, of the Polish type, generally brown in colour and surrounded by rays, stars, and spangles of gold. It is believed to have special miraculous power. The Poles claim that it first appeared in Jerusalem in the early Christian centuries. Thence it was taken to Constantinople. Thence to Kiev and finally to Poland. The original image, which is in the chapel of the old church, was disfigured by the Tartars, who cut great gashes by shooting arrows across the cheek of the Virgin. Several attempts were made to paint out these gashes, but they always reappeared again, says the tradition. So a miracle was pronounced and the

"MATKA BOSKA CZENSTOCHOWSKA."

(The famous image of the Virgin at Jasna Góra, showing arrow marks on the cheek. Reproduced from one of the colored image pictures sold before the church.)

scars left untouched. They can be seen to-day. The picture is set up at frequent intervals on the church walls, and wherever there is a picture there you are sure to find a group of kneeling worshippers. This mild-eyed, brown-faced woman, who has heard the fervent, frantic prayers of generations, nay, centuries, and has never changed expression, seems to look down sadly, one might say pityingly, on it all.

Before this picture in the courtyard every one kneels and murmurs a prayer. The stones in this courtyard are, in places, literally worn into basins by the genuflections of the faithful. This is the first station; and here, the strange, wonderful, picturesque panorama of Middle-Ages devotion begins. At the entrance to the church itself sits a priest, gathering money. He asks, begs, pleads, expostulates, argues, commands, threatens, suggests, hints, intimates, demands, suiting his method of address to the worldly station and character of the pilgrim. It is a true democracy of religion here. The kid-gloved aristocrat (a few of these come to Czenstochowa) walks by the side of the brown, dirty, barefooted peasant.

The new church is a great building of grey stone, with a black iron tower that can be seen for miles around. This tower was destroyed by fire two or three days after my visit to the church, but is being rapidly rebuilt and restored to its former grandeur. The new church is erected

over and around the old edifice, which is in a fair state of preservation.

Through a massive stone portal one enters a spacious vestibule, with a groined roof, adorned with paintings. To the right, on a black marble cross, is a half life-size brass figure of the Christ. Dust and cobwebs cling to the cross and to the head and shoulders of the image, but the brass toe sparkles and glitters like the sun. Osculation for generations has proved an admirable polish. Every one, old and young, pauses to kiss the foot of the Saviour's image. The first altar is but a few steps farther on—a figure of the Virgin and child in silver, surrounded by many candles and flowers.

A sharp turn to the right, carefully picking one's way through the prostrate worshippers, who keep coming till there is literally not a free square foot on the floor of the room and entering corridor, and the great nave comes into view. It is a cathedral in size, with splendid groined roof, frescoed with paintings. As one enters the church itself and gets beyond the current of fresh air from the outside, the atmosphere of the interior becomes stifling. Growing more accustomed to it, however, he notices a sea of kneeling and prostrate forms in various stages of religious hysteria, depression, and that peculiar exaltation so common among Slavonic peasants. A wail or groan from an old woman who lies "in the form

of a cross" beating her aged head, with its white locks, against the stone floor, comes from one side. From the floor arises a triumphant cry, as an equally aged, venerable man rocks himself to and fro in an ecstasy, his prayer-book gripped convulsively, his eyes rolling in almost a frenzy.

There is an order of procession—a series of stations—and every one follows this order as he enters, so that there is a continuous stream of worshippers passing through the different halls and chapels. Mothers, with little brown naked children, stretch them out pleadingly to the image on some favourite altar. Old men kneel and lean their feeble heads on sticks, while they tell their beads mumblingly, with toothless gums.

One has to be careful in moving among the recumbent forms. He may tread on some worshipper who has humbled himself so far as to touch with his lips the stone pavement, dusty and soiled with the passage of five or six thousand feet. I all but stepped on the form of a young peasant girl. By the dim light that filters through the stained-glass windows I saw a girl's form, slightly more slender than the usual peasant build, clad in the most vivid of colouring —blue bodice, red skirt, flaming yellow and green headkerchief, dotted with red roses. She was lying prone on her face, in the form of a cross. Her breast was heaving, and sobs shook her entire frame. Again and again the quivering lips

touched the stones of the floor, and slowly as the prayers were recited, one by one, a little pool of tears collected on the marble. She was calling frantically on the Virgin of Czenstochowa for a boon.

Through all the susurration of prayer and groan the great organ pealed out its thunderous, vibrant tones, and a fine choir chanted the service. The music was Eastern, with a strange blend of harp, blare, and bell effect. Away up in front beneath the great altar, with its crowns, golden rays, and mass of ornamentation, a gorgeously attired priest was saying mass. But no one—or not one in fifty of the congregation—heard him. When he reached the point for response, those near him began the chant, and then it vibrated and shuddered in mighty crescendo and diminuendo through the entire company.

It was too much to grasp at once—too severe a strain on the body and nerves. So, literally fighting my way out into the fresh air, I sat down on one of the old grass-grown mounds, within hearing of the triumphant organ peals, and looked off to where the Swedes came up and drew their cordon of bullet and fire about the devoted church. To the right the bronze figure of the priest Kordecki lifts a hand in benison. In front is a statue of John the Baptist. To the left is the entrance to the old church—the chapel of the famous Virgin of Czenstochowa.

It is a comparatively small room, but on that day it was crowded so that it was almost impossible for the worshippers to prostrate themselves. They could barely find space to stand upright. There was less light than in the main chapel, and the congregation was quieter, apparently awed by the proximity of the revered altar. Here and there a confession box loomed up above the mass of heads. A peasant whispered his confession. Then he seized the priest's hands, kissed them passionately, crossed himself, and made his way, by slow stages, with infinite toil and patience, through the densely packed mass, up to the altar, which is railed off from the main room by heavy iron bars extending from floor to ceiling.

At the farther end, only dimly seen in the soft, mellow radiance of hanging silver lamps, is the famous image itself. The features are scarcely distinguishable, but the surroundings are so decked, covered, loaded with gold and silver, that it tires the eye to look at them, even in the twilight of the altar. The image scintillates and coruscates—diamonds, emeralds, rubies, sapphires, garnets, amethysts, topazes, pearls, blinking like eyes as the light from the swinging lamps spreads in glistening, glistering waves over the picture. On the walls gold and silver ornaments, casts of sacred relics, mirrors, rosaries of coral and pearl, flash and glitter and gleam. A massive golden crown above the picture stands

out prominently, with golden figures, hearts, swords, and pens flanking it.

Every conceivable device, material, mental, and moral, to impress and completely subjugate the simple mind of the peasant, is here employed. Every sound that can attract the ear, every material that draws the eye, is made to lend religious aid. It is the most powerful religious sense-life in the world—and lived by a people whose temperament and moral bent respond as the thirsty soil soaks up the rain. Such complete, absolute self-abnegation in this age makes one marvel. The peasant is no longer his own. He belongs, body, soul, mind, every part of him, to the Church, to the Virgin. If ever devotion became concrete, crystallised, appreciable to the senses, it is here, like an aura, playing over the groaning, agonising, self-immolating throng.

Jasna Góra is the Mecca of the Poles, and it is difficult for a foreigner to appreciate how much this means to them until he understands how closely welded and, indeed, identified are patriotism and religion in Poland. "A visit to Jasna Góra means more, much more, to a patriotic Polish Catholic than would a pilgrimage to St. Peter's at Rome, or to our Savour's tomb at Jerusalem."

XI

A VOYAGE OVER THE STEPPES

IN the first decade of the 17th century a Polish gentleman, of noble lineage, living in Podolia, one Jan Stefanowicz Mazepa, was serving as a page to the King of Poland. Having been discovered in a liaison with the wife of another courtier, Pan Mazepa was seized by the wronged husband and tied to the back of a wild horse. The animal was then sent, with many blows, off to its home in the Ukraine. Nearly dead with hunger, exposure, and suffering, Mazepa was rescued by some peasants, persuaded to remain among them, and finally became their chief. This is the incident which the poet Byron has so vigorously recounted in his poem. Mazepa afterward led a revolt against the Tzar and joined the Swedish King Charles XII. A few years later, when Peter the Great was flying from the victorious Charles, he took refuge in the "Ukraine country of the Cossacks, which is between Little Tartary, Poland, and Muscovy, and separated into nearly equal parts by the Beresthene River." The words are Voltaire's, and this is the first definite statement on record

as to the location of the Ukraine. Voltaire goes on to say that, "in general, the Ukraine is the most fertile land in the world, and the most deserted because of bad government." It was continually striving for independence, but was always subject to Poland, or to the Grand Seigneur of Moscow. At one time it had the right to name its own prince, a right afterward revoked and given to the court at Moscow. Almost a century of changing fortunes after Peter's victory over the Swedes brought the Ukraine and Podolia, in 1795, into final subjection to the Russian Empire.

It is of this country, this Ukraine, that the last work of the Sienkiewicz Trilogy treats. "Pan Michael" is almost exclusively a story of the steppes. Its theatre of action is the Ukraine and Podolia, those immense plains of southern and western Russia that, at the time of which the novel treats, were a portion of the Polish Commonwealth, extending southward even to the Crimea.

When summoned to his forlorn-hope task at Kamieniec, the little knight, "Pan Michael," was doing frontier guard duty in the Ukraine, at a place called Hreptyov, near the country of the Zaporogian Cossacks. Voltaire tells us that these Zaporogians were "the most strange people on earth," a mixture of Russian, Pole, and Tartar—"brigands and filibusters, always drunk."

They elected their chiefs, and when unpopular, choked them to death. "They admitted no women into their community life, but increased their numbers by stealing children from surrounding peoples." Their Oriental, southern origin is emphasised by the fact that (so Sienkiewicz tells us) Pan Michael took his herds and camels with him to Kamieniec. This was the country where "the little Knight with the wheaten moustaches" dwelt, and in which the redoubtable Basia slew the Tartars in battle.

At the time of which the story "Pan Michael" deals these plains were the theatre of stirring events. The Turks had invaded Poland, and Sobieski was sent to guard the southern and eastern frontiers. He defeated the invaders at all points in such short order that the rest of Europe called his exploit "the miraculous campaign." The little knight Wolodyjowski fought valiantly at his side in this campaign. But another Turkish army—300,000 splendid troops under the terrible leader, Mohammed IV.—was advancing. Sobieski had but 6,000 men, and could obtain no reinforcements. Realising, however, the importance of delaying Mohammed's progress, he decided to make a stand at Kamieniec, the chief town of the Podolia. Accordingly he ordered Michael Wolodyjowski to march from his outpost position in the Ukraine and defend Kamieniec.

The Hetman knew that he was sending the valiant Pan Michael, "the first soldier of the Commonwealth," to certain death, but he felt that the sacrifice was necessary. Kamieniec fell, despite prodigies of valour by the Poles.

My Polish friends strongly urged me not to visit Kamieniec. "There is no railroad connection, and you may find difficulty in crossing the frontier, as this is a point seldom visited by travellers." But I persisted, leaving Cracow one evening at ten o'clock, by what the Austrians call a *Schnellzug* (fast train), although it made only twenty miles an hour. Early next morning I reached Lemberg, or Lwów, as the Poles speak of it. Lemberg is a busy, progressive city of nearly 200,000 inhabitants, the chief city and capital of Galicia. It still shows traces of its siege by the Turks. In the old Jesuit church are preserved cannon balls thrown from Turkish guns, as well as several from the later Swedish bombardments. From Lemberg it is but three hours to Tarnopol, the next point of historic interest. Between these two cities, at Podhorce, is a splendid museum, containing many rare and beautiful relics, particularly of Sobieski.

Tarnopol has 30,000 inhabitants and is very old. It has a Place Sobieski, and a statue of Mickiewicz. Tarnopol has been in the hands of the Tartars and Cossacks many times. The old

Ruthenian church, one of its best preserved ancient monuments, was three times taken by the Moslems. Indeed, on its domes the crescents may still be seen, but surmounted by crosses. Tartar influence is visible even in the faces of the peasants, the flat Kalmuck visage being not at all infrequent.

While tramping the streets that hot July day my attention was attracted by a wheezy, somewhat dismal sound, which I soon perceived came from the centre of a small group of peasants. Closer inspection showed that it was a blind beggar performing on a lyra, the very instrument with which Zagloba entertained Helena during their flight from Bohun, as is recounted in "With Fire and Sword." This lyra is a curious mixture of strings and rods, turned at one end with a crank. It is very far from being musical.

The next point of interest after Tarnopol is Trembówla. This little town has a very old castle, which, says the legend, was defended against the Turks by a woman until Sobieski came and rescued her. From Trembówla to Husiatyn, at the terminus of the railroad, and on the frontier between Austria and Russia, our progress was provokingly slow. It was all up grade, and the engine burned only wood. We reached Austrian Husiatyn at half-past eleven. From that hour until half-past two I was crossing the frontier, showing my passport seven times,

warding off would-be Jew interpreters (Russian and Polish only being spoken here), and generally looking after my luggage.

It was a blazing hot day. On the bridge over the little stream, the middle of which is the dividing line between the domains of Kaiser and Tzar, stood a long line of vehicles—lumber teams, market waggons, fiacres. After a half-hour's delay at the custom-house, during which the inspector calmly opened and spoiled a box of exposed but undeveloped photographic negatives, I was permitted to go on my way. Seated in a very dirty, very rickety waggon, driven by a very unsavoury, unkempt Hebrew, I started—at three o'clock in the afternoon—for Kamieniec, twenty-seven English miles' distant.

I shall never forget that ride of eight hours. Once across the line and into the great plains region, everything—nature and mankind—seemed quite different from anything I had ever seen before. As far as the eye could reach—and far beyond—the vast prairies stretched, undulating now and again, in gentle waves, but immense, treeless, depressing. A feeling of sadness involuntarily creeps over one when he travels across these plains, especially for the first time. There is a vast, mysterious, half-hidden sense of power about the landscape that impresses one with a sort of elemental fear of nature. This influence has soaked into and through the Sla-

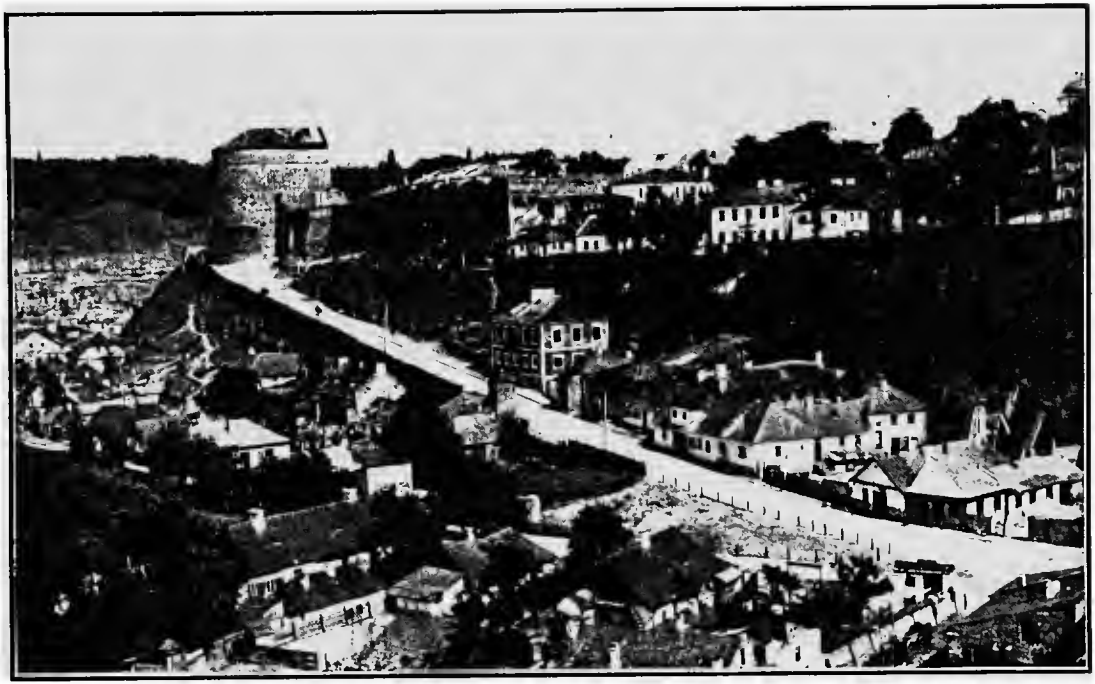
vonic nature and made the Slav a poet, a religious devotee, a musician.

We drove over tremendously wide roads—three hundred feet wide in places. Great herds of beasts—cows, sheep, pigs, goats, chickens, geese, and ducks—all in one company—passed slowly by, driven sometimes by a boy with a long whip or by a stout, bare-legged peasant woman astride of a lithe little Cossack pony.

The fields on the steppes are cultivated to the highest possible extent—vegetables and grains of all kinds, not merely by the acre, but by the hundred, by the thousand acres. The soil is wonderfully rich and productive. It is claimed by Russian statisticians that so rich is this land that, were there only one successful year in ten (supposing nine years' crops to have failed totally), the yield of that one year would return a profit on the entire period. And yet, except in a very few cases, the peasants do not profit by this. These sad-eyed, hard-working folk, their Eastern blood showing in the slightly slanted eyes and the turban headdress, are only labourers. They own bits of land here and there, it is true, but by no means so generally as in Galicia. Their villages also, a number of which we passed through on the way, are very squalid, in striking contrast to the huts of the Galician peasants. Poverty, bitter poverty, shows everywhere in these villages, especially in those inhabited by

the Jews. The huts are generally of mud and thatched with straw, and are destitute of the least semblance of comfort.

Twilight came on as we still crawled over the face of the landscape, like a tiny boat on the great ocean. Many things contributed to strengthen this impression of a voyage. Now we would pass a waggonload of tired peasants returning from their labours, now four or five soldiers coming back from some manœuvre, their white uniforms fairly glistening in the fading light. Now, by the roadside we would discern the gaping ribs of a skeleton—of a cow or a horse—with the ghoulish crows sidling in and out of its nude anatomy, stranded there like a marine derelict. On the horizon a speck would appear. Over the gentle rise it would come, a waggon, driven Russian fashion, the three horses abreast, the little bells tinkling musically from the high-arched collar. Its occupant, likely an imposing government official, would lean forward and bow gravely. We would salute like ships speaking each other at sea—two passing specks on the ocean plain. Then, like ships that pass in the night, a silence, and that sweeping-apart sensation as when two swift vessels pass. The red sun dipped below the horizon and a greyness settled over the landscape. From its depths, centuries gone seemed to speak. The shades of Chmielnicki and his Cossacks, of Tugai Bey and his Tartars, all those wild spirits



THE OLD FORT IN KAMIENIEC.

(This tower, which is described in Sienkiewicz's novel "Pan Michael," was built in 1585 by King Stefan Batory.)

of bygone ages, seemed to gather again in the gloaming and again sweep over the plain. The stars came out and fairly burned in the sky, like the points of brilliantly burnished lances levelled at the earth.

Eleven o'clock brought us to the city, a strangely, weirdly beautiful sight by night. Through a massive stone gate, five centuries old, we lumbered up a steep hill, then down an incline and over a bridge, to the new city. Below us flowed the Smotrycz, a little stream that empties into the Dniester, and divides the city into two parts. From far beneath, at the river's bank, to the heights above, the town arose, tier upon tier, its lights gleaming fitfully, the walls like a black belt at the base.

After some difficulty, owing to the fact that I spoke no Russian, and no one in Kamieniec seemed to speak anything else, I secured a room at a fairly comfortable hotel. Then, having satisfactorily passed the examination usually imposed upon guests at hotels in eastern Europe, as to my purpose in coming to Kamieniec, how long I intended to stay, the personal habits of all my ancestors and the rest of the questions, being very much fatigued, I was about to retire, when the beautiful moon tempted me to the window.

The view was almost like a scene out of the Arabian Nights. It was the moon of the Orient —large, full, of mellow light. A fine white build-

ing on the opposite height—a seminary for Orthodox priests—loomed up like a mass of silver. In the street below, lit by the fitful glare of petroleum lamps, a motley, picturesque throng passed and repassed, slowly, languidly, revelling in the slight coolness which the night brought. Kamieniec is only about fifty miles from the Roumanian border, and less than two hundred miles from the Black Sea. It comes rightfully, therefore, by its Oriental characteristics.

Long-cloaked, long-bearded Jews; bare-footed, bare-headed girls with Egyptian faces, filleted hair and great pendent earrings of brass; Ruthenian peasants; gigantic Kirghiz with Astrachan caps; beautiful Jewesses of the demi-monde, in costumes *à la mode de Paris;* Russian soldiers in the white tunic, black trousers, high boots, and the cap that is known from Warsaw to Vladivostock; Cossacks on horseback; gorgeously uniformed, pompous generals in white, with red and gold facings to their splendid attire, in barouches, fiacres, landaus, or the ubiquitous droschky, driven by barbarous Mongolian-looking cochers; long-gowned, long-haired Schismat priests; gypsies, Turks, and many other perfectly nondescript types, gathered from the four corners of the globe, slowly defiled before me. It was such a sight as stamps itself photographically on the memory for all time.

The next morning I made a tour of the town.

With the aid of an Israelite who spoke a little German I succeeded in identifying the chief points of historic and present-day interest. The old castle which Pan Michael partially blew up still stands, now doing duty as a Russian barracks. It was built in 1585, by the great Polish king, Stefan Batory. Here it was that the Turks, triumphing over all the heroism of the Polish artillery, entered Kamieniec. Bits of the old fortifications, particularly towers and wall, with embrasures for cannon, may be seen scattered about, thickest on the river front. The convent in which Basia was imprisoned during the siege still stands on the old square. It has been somewhat restored, although much dilapidated at the present time. The cathedral of the Armenians, which Sienkiewicz tells us was on fire during the siege, is in a fair state of preservation.

The Kamieniec Jew, who is a large element in the population of the town to-day, is omnipresent. He sits on the street and smokes his thin little cigarette, while his half-naked wife and children sprawl in the roadway. It may be said that, in general, abject, grinding poverty is his lot. He sits before his little booth, selling his onions, stale eggs, potatoes, small bread, peas, parsley, hard little pears, and other fruits unknown to the Anglo-Saxon palate. His countenance bears the stamp of listless despair. What is there to

live for? Like the worldly Jew in Kingsley's "Hypatia," he has carefully weighed life in the balance of pro and con, and is facing the terrible conviction that it is not worth the living. Yet, he dare not end it. Despite all his woes, he remains uncompromisingly orthodox. By imperial ukase he is forbidden to wear the corkscrew side curls that are the darling of his brother in the Kazimierz of Cracow. But he retains his long cloak and his long beard, and his children learn to recite the prayers according to the ritual, rocking to and fro as they drone out the words with seemingly endless repetition.

Kamieniec-Podolsk (to distinguish it from the other Kamieniec, which is in Lithuania) has a population of 40,000, and is a "government" town. That is, it is the centre of the Russian "government," or province of Podolia. Modern material progress is very backward in Kamieniec. The rapid but uneven development of the Empire makes possible the anomaly of a city of this size with no railroad nearer than twenty-seven miles, and that in another country. The first railroad station in Russia is a very small one, thirty-five miles distant on the line between Odessa and Kiev. When I visited it Kamieniec had no street-cars, no electric lights, and all the transportation is by waggon, a costly method, resulting in extremely high hotel rates. The modern city covers a very large territory,

and the new part of the town shows some signs of progress. There has recently been completed a large, handsome theatre. There is also a fine park, with a boulevard running through it, and here every Sunday military music is rendered. Along the river front there is a pleasant, popular sylvan promenade.

Kamieniec, being a "government town," is full of soldiers. At all hours of the day and night all sorts of representatives of the motley army of the Tzar may be seen on the streets, from the common soldier who tramps on foot to the resplendent general who rides in his elegant barouche. It was my fortune to see there 3,000 Cossacks of the Don on horseback. With their long robes, small swords slung across the breasts, and their round fur caps pulled down over their burned visages, these superb riders made a very picturesque spectacle.

The wall that Pan Michael and his knights defended against the Turks can still be seen, although almost entirely dismantled. I approached the entrance to the tower, now a barracks. No one objecting, much to my surprise, I entered. So I crossed the courtyard and peered out of a cannon embrasure, out upon the river flowing far below. It was at this point that the Turkish envoys, having seen the white flags which had been raised over the Ruska gate (the bulk of this gate remains to-day) by the faint-hearted

among the besieged, stood and demanded the surrender of the garrison.

"And what of Kamieniec?" asked the little knight.

"It shall go to the Sultan for ages and ages." Wolodyjowski's reply was to blow up the tower.

"*Nic to*"—it is nothing—this was the message he sent to poor Basia, praying in the old convent in the square. "*Nic to.*" This had been the concerted signal to her of his death. She was to say to herself, "*Nic to.*" (It is nothing.)

The Turks brought the body of the little knight to Sobieski, and it was buried in the church at Stanislaw. "Thus died Wolodyjowski, the Hector of Kamieniec, the first soldier of the Commonwealth."

XII

WHAT POLAND OWES TO HER WOMEN

IF the Polish eagle has never yet been tamed; if it bears its captivity and its wounds, but refuses to become domesticated, it is because the Polish women have nursed it and kept before it the scent of the upper air and the love of liberty. If no prescription has as yet been discovered for making a Russian or a German out of a Pole, it is because the Polish women have kept the fountain head of the national life pure and incorruptible. If Polish soldiers of all ages have fought in the ranks of all the armies of the world against the hosts of tyranny, it has not been because they were bred soldiers, but because with their mothers' milk they drank in patriotism; because the Polish mothers sang into their very lullabies the love of liberty and fatherland, that will never die out of the Polish heart. No people can ever be lost when its women place patriotism above their own comfort and pleasure, above everything else they hold dear. While there is a single Polish woman living, it is truly "*Jeszcze Polska nie zginela*"—"Poland is not yet lost."

In all civilised countries it is the women who give the tone to society. This is especially true in Poland, where social gatherings are very frequent. From politics the Pole has been largely debarred. He has, therefore, much more time and energy for social life. What is more, no social assembly in Poland, no festivity of any kind, is complete without the presence of women. This is, perhaps, one reason for their immense influence in every phase of Polish life. If the Polish men are a strong, courteous, patriotic race, they owe it principally to the inspiration of their women and constant association with them. If the Polish language is still a living, growing force, despite all attempts to crush it out, this is due, in a large measure, to the patriotism of Polish mothers, who undo in the home, even before it is done, all that "Germanisation" and "Russification" can devise.

Polish women have been called frivolous and changeable, but they have certainly been constant enough to Poland. Russia has often tried to draw them off from their patriotic allegiance by playing on their well-known love of the dance and pleasure, but the Polish women have always placed patriotism above enjoyment. Such small matters as going into mourning all over the Commonwealth when Warsaw was under the reign of terror, and giving up dancing, of which they are so passionately fond, are of too frequent oc-

currence to mention. And it is not a negative patriotism, either. Frederick the Great once said, "In Poland the women attend to politics while the men get drunk." This was an unintentional compliment to the mentality of the Polish women, for is it not only an inferior woman who despises politics?

Polish women have always charmed foreigners, as well as their own countryman. Madame Hańska captivated Balzac; Marya Leszczynska won the crown of France because she fascinated Louis XV., and it was a Polish woman, the heroic Madame Walewska, of whom Napoleon is reported to have said: "She was the only woman I ever really loved." Even the Teutonic tribute is not lacking. Bismarck once admitted that he would rather have two regiments of hussars opposed to him than one Polish woman; the latter would cause him more trouble by her fascinations.

It is a fact that the most persistent scoffer at the cause of Poland becomes an advocate of Polish independence after he has come under the charm of the Polish women. Russian officers stationed in "the Kingdom" are forbidden, I have been told, to participate to any great extent in the social life of Warsaw. The charm of Polish drawing-rooms and the magnetism of Poland's daughters might weaken their allegiance. Moreover, it is always a Polish family

that follows upon the marriage of a Russian or a German with a woman of Poland.

Heroism and self-sacrifice is the verdict of history on the Polish woman for a thousand years. The first one of her race to shine out of the mists of myth and legend is Wanda, daughter of Krakus, who drowned herself in the Vistula to save her country from the Germans. It was so even with foreign princesses who married Poles. A Bohemian princess married King Mieczyslaw in order to convert him and his people to Christianity. Kunegunda, a Hungarian princess, gave her dowry to her husband, Boleslaw II., to help save Poland from the Tartars.

Queen Jadwiga is one of the saintly characters of all history. This granddaughter of Kazimierz the Great was crowned queen at the tender age of thirteen. She had been engaged in marriage by her mother to William, Prince of Austria, whom she loved with all the strength of her young heart. As queen, however, she was supposed to sacrifice everything to the welfare of her country, and, at the price of her life's happiness, she married Jagiello, a Lithuanian prince, to convert him to the Christian faith and to join Lithuania and Poland. Jagiello was old enough to be her father. He was illiterate, rough, of suspicious nature, and he made her life a burden, constantly accusing her of infidelity. Several times she was obliged to publicly clear herself

of these charges. She was the patroness of learning and literature, and, with the money obtained by selling her jewels, she liberally endowed the Academy of Cracow. The Pope called her the chosen daughter of the Church, and foreign princes often came many miles to see one reputed so holy.

Then there was Chrzanowska, who defended Trembówla against the Turks. With her own hand she loaded and aimed the cannon and threatened to kill her husband and herself if he yielded, until, finally, Sobieski came to her rescue. Claudia Potocka and Emilia Szczaniecka, during the revolution of 1831, gave up their immense fortunes to the Polish cause, nursed the sick and wounded on field and in hospital, and sealed their patriotic devotion by exile to Siberia. Other women, like Emilia Plater and Antonina Tomaszewska, fought on the field as soldiers, led regiments, and died in battle for their country. Indeed, the Polish women, while remaining intensely feminine, have always done their duty like men, joining conspiracies and following their husbands into exile without a murmur.

One of the inalienable privileges of the Polish man is that of losing his head. His enthusiasm has a way of running away with him. This, of course, is apt to be dangerous. It is always safe, however, and may be pardoned when he loses it to the Polish woman. In that case, the heart

usually goes with it. She will keep the head well balanced and well braked-in for him.

The masculine Pole believes himself an autocrat, and, to all appearances, he is one. But, like all womanly women, the whole world over, the Polish woman steers the Polish man. Not as the American woman steers the American man, mind you. The masculine Pole is not, by any means, so meek as his American brother. He stands on his manly rights and persists in losing his head frequently, despite all his women folk can do to prevent it. He is always the real, the acknowledged head of the family, and nothing pleases him so much as to see his family, especially his wife and daughters, happy. He will spare himself no pains, no toil, no risk, to accomplish this; but generally they must be happy in the way he prescribes—in which he is not, it must be confessed, as indulgent a husband as the American man. It is the Slav temperament, in which is deeply grounded the patriarchal idea of masculine authority.

This masculine authority is still a sacred thing with the Poles, although there are "new women" among them who are beginning to rebel just a little. "How is it," I asked a young married lady of Warsaw, "the Polish women have exerted a splendid and powerful influence on the history of the nation—perhaps a more powerful one than the women of any other nation can

boast—and yet they certainly do seem to be submissive enough to their lords and masters? How do you account for it?" She smiled significantly. "Oh, our men are, in that respect, like the whole masculine tribe. We make of them pretty much what we will, only, of course, they don't always realise it in the process. And then, you know," she added, "we have more chances at them, perhaps, than the women of most other nationalities have at their men. We see them oftener."

The Polish woman is almost always a good housekeeper. No, a larger word is needed. She is a splendid presider over a household. Things are done in such a large way in Poland. It is a large-hearted race, and the life on the large estates, which finds ready at hand and in such large quantities what the French woman, the German hausfrau, even the American housewife, must needs go out to purchase in bits, besides the multitude of widely differing duties, with many servants to manage—all these have given the Polish woman a firm grasp on not only the fundamentals of household economics, but also on their minutiæ. She has perfected housekeeping into homekeeping, and made of it an exquisite art.

Although she loves the social joys, the Polish woman is a tireless worker—particularly on the estates. Yet she has almost always mastered

the accomplishments, as well as the ordinary equipment, of life. She generally speaks two or three languages, and is a good conversationalist. Did I say mastered? I should have said *mistressed.* One of the chief charms of the Polish woman is her intense womanliness. This, no doubt, is the real secret of her influence over her mankind. In social gatherings she does not exactly scintillate as the American girl does, but her presence has a quiet, all-pervading charm from which none can escape. Always a musical voice, graceful carriage, magnetic, sympathetic, womanly intuition, a quick response to idealistic thought, she seems to possess that indefinable charm that awakes the chivalry in men and inspires them to noble, patriotic deeds. But this is only another way of saying that she has a very large measure of the eternal feminine, which forever draws mankind onward.

The Polish woman is, however, still a European. This means that she has not yet quite attained to the stature of social freedom which has been reached by her American sister. The chaperon has not yet become a *quantité negligible* in Poland. The chaperon is primarily a European institution, having its origin in the general assumption that mankind is a sort of ravening wolf, whose principal object in life is to prey upon womankind. Of course, if you put it in this way to a European man, he will shrug his

shoulders, and, perhaps, make some reference to the boldness he has heard is the result of the freedom allowed *la jeune Americaine*. Or, perhaps, he will admit that it is, after all, merely a matter of convention and custom. The possibility of a young man escorting a young woman to a theatre in the evening without attempting, or at least contemplating, undue familiarity, is—well, it does not occur to the European. The close association, frank friendship, and, at the same time, chivalrous respect of the American man for the American girl the European cannot understand. This, however, is European, and not characteristically Polish.

The chaperon is still necessary in Poland, however, or, at least, the presence of a third party. I remember that one afternoon a young lady called at the estate in Galicia where I was a guest. She had walked quite alone from a neighbouring estate, about two miles away, and nothing was thought of it. The afternoon passed pleasantly, and darkness came on before we realised it. It so happened that the horses of the estate were all out, and, as the young lady could not be driven home, as strict etiquette demanded, I offered to escort her, as I would have done in America. After some hesitation on the part of my hostess and consultation with the young lady herself, I was permitted to do so. A young peasant lad, however, was sent to chaperon us. He

could not understand me, nor I him; in fact, he would not have presumed to address either of us. But he was a third party, and that was sufficient. Custom was satisfied.

A rather amusing illustration of the chaperon idea and the tenacity with which the Galician Poles cling to the old social traditions, came to my notice one day in Cracow. A fine old landed proprietor had come in from his estate, accompanied by his two daughters, unmarried ladies, each of them having seen more than half a century of summers. The maidens desired to leave their hotel one morning to attend church service. The church was less than a block off, but, as the father, for some reason or other, could not accompany them, and there was no one else present who was known to the family, the virgins were not permitted to attend service. "Why, Bebuska [Baby]," exclaimed the careful parent to the one who pouted at such restraint, "surely you, a maiden lady, would not be seen on the street without a chaperon! Some rude man might look at you." This, of course, was an extreme case, but an actual one. The Polish woman, however, is gradually emancipating herself from the chaperon. Many evidences of this can be seen in Warsaw, where admiration is openly expressed for the American idea of greater freedom of association between the sexes.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the beauty

of many of the Polish women, from the peasant to the society lady. Many of the lower class women are, of course, of the ordinary type, but some are of a dark, olive complexion, with full, rich features and abundant hair, and there is often a fire in the eyes that reminds one of the Italian face. Much of the great influence exerted by the Polish women is, no doubt, due to their charm of face and form. Many are slender and delicate, with pale complexion and bright dark eyes, but the majority are of the true Slav, with soft blond hair and eyes of blue. But really a pencil, not a pen, is required to sketch the type, which is a refined and intellectual one. Art lovers will remember the painting of the famous Countess Potocka, which is such a favourite in our galleries and parlours.

XIII

THE POLISH PEASANT AND THE FUTURE OF POLAND

WHEN one of the emperors of the later "Holy Roman Empire" ascended the imperial throne, he quickly realised that the thin, feeble life of his line needed immediate invigoration, or it would be extinguished. He then braved the opposition of his court and married a peasant woman. In her he saw the strong red blood, the vigour of the rude, clean stock, near to nature, the infusion of which into the royal family was its only hope of redemption. He had realised one of the great truths of biology. And what is true of a family is true of a nation.

Polish leaders are beginning to recognise that law of social and political, as well as of physical, evolution which ordains that progress proceeds from the simple to the complex; that social and national regeneration comes upward from the lower orders, and never downward from the aristocrat to the peasant. It is now believed in Poland that the progress of the race and its political regeneration—if that ever comes—will probably,

if not certainly, come from the peasant. The Polish aristocrat, subtle, refined, and sympathetic as he is, is probably already too effete to bring about national transformation. He is certainly not practical enough, and really, if the truth must be told, he often lacks the patriotism!

The peasant, however, is patriotism personified. He has responded nobly to every call of his country in her hour of need. In the insurrection of Kosciuszko he cheerfully left his field, and, armed only with his scythe, he went forth to battle. He has been as responsive ever since. He is the most common-sense, practical peasant in the world. "The common sense of the peasant" has become a national proverb. He is self-respecting, independent, strong, and usually moral, temperate, and cheerful. It must be confessed that when he emigrates he loses some of these good qualities. He is also apt to be unruly, but unruliness is in the Polish blood. His country recognises his potential worth, and loses no opportunity to show that it likes him. Whenever he appears on a public occasion, as each year in the procession of Corpus Christi, or at special events, such as the University celebrations of 1900, in Cracow, he always wins most of the applause. He is the hope of his race. Polish aspirations for a redeemed national existence, it is come to be believed, must proceed from the marriage, in council and life, of the intellect of

the nation with the rude but sturdy, healthy peasant stock.

The Polish peasant is, first of all, a tiller of the soil. He lives by agriculture, and all his measures are those of the wheat field. Poland itself is primarily a land of plains, and its three grand divisions are essentially agricultural in their interests.

A Polish peasant village is a sight to make an artist's heart rejoice with exceeding great joy. A more picturesque scene than one of these villages on a Sunday or holiday evening it would be difficult to find the world over. What is it that gives the rich artistic quality to the atmosphere in Poland, toning down all contrasts, and subduing extremes, so that colours which would be absolutely "impossible" in the fierce sunlight of America seem perfectly natural in Galicia and Warsaw—even necessary to fully round out the landscape? The only neutral tints are those of the thatched huts. The garments of the men and women, particularly those of the women, fairly blossom with vivid colour. The peasant hut is, in itself and alone, very picturesque. Put twenty or thirty of these in close proximity, separated only by the little kitchen or flower-garden, add a few trees and a group or two of peasants in their many-coloured raiment, and you forget all about the mud in the road, the grunting of the pigs, and the strongly unpleasant odour that assails your

BLESSING THE HARVEST

nostrils. The houses themselves are of stone or boards plastered over with mud, which afterward receives a coat of whitewash, sometimes taking on a bluish tinge. The slant roof is thatched and mud-covered, and over the mud is laid straw, upon which often grows moss, so that a peasant's hut, crowned with green-growing moss, is a frequent picturesque addition to the landscape. In Russia the peasants' houses have scarcely any decoration. In Galicia there is an attempt at art. The painting is generally crude, but occasionally there is some decoration evidently intended, though its meaning is very difficult to decipher. In one instance, however, this decoration has a special, deliberate significance. When there is a marriageable daughter in the house, the lintel of the door and the window surroundings are ornamented with little irregular bands and rude, conventionalised designs of colour, which is a sign to the marriageable young man that inside, if he will, he may find a wife.

The interior of the house is usually divided into two rooms, in most cases separated by the main entrance. In one room the whole family live, eat, and sleep; in the other, dwelling in more or less noisy contentment, are the cows, pigs, geese, and chickens. The great brick or stone stove is the most conspicuous feature of the interior. It frequently serves as a bed during the cold winter nights.

The peasant lives simply. The vegetables that he raises in his garden furnish all his food, except on holidays and at weddings, when he permits himself a bit of meat. Potatoes are his great staple, but he is also fond of cabbage, beets, and beans, and he occasionally grows some corn. Of the cabbage he makes soups and pressed cakes. He has also a thick grain porridge, known as kaszia, and he likes especially a soup made of red beets and known as barszcz. This is really excellent. Most of his produce he uses himself, but some he sells in the city markets.

In summer he usually dresses in a thin linen shirt and trousers, home-made, and to this, in winter, he adds a sheepskin coat or serdak, with the fleece turned inside. He goes barefooted most of the time, and frequently bareheaded, also, although he likes to wear an old battered felt hat.

And the women! What a medley of colour! Red, yellow, blue, green, silver, and gold, with laces and coral about the neck or in the hair. The patterns and styles defy description. Some of the girls are handsome enough for a painting. The górali, or mountain peasants of the Carpathians, have a particularly picturesque dress, and the simple yet impressive dignity of their carriage adds greatly to their picturesqueness. These górali are straight, tall, and lithe, with swarthy complexions and straight hair, which makes them strongly resemble the North Ameri-

TYPES OF POLISH CARPATHIAN MOUNTAIN PEASANTS—GÓRALE.
(These peasants are tall and dark and resemble the North American Indian type.)

can Indian type. Such costumes! You will notice many a handsome fellow tramping along the road, his long white cloak partly drawn together over his shoulders and held by a coloured ribbon across the chest. He knows he is good-looking, but his is such a clean, clear-eyed, manly, and contented type that you quite forgive him for the touch of vanity.

Many of the women have the dark, rich Slav type of beauty. But they age very quickly, and soon become withered old crones. One of these young women, clad in her tight-fitting black velvet bodice, richly ornamented, with her headkerchief of brilliant parti-coloured silk, is a sight for a Titian. She is accustomed to go barefooted, even on the way to church. But on this occasion she carries over her shoulder her heavy black top-boots, with their curious, small, high French heels, and, on entering the church, she puts them on. Why should she wear them out unnecessarily, when her feet are used to the stones of the mountain road? She frequently wears a red coral necklace that costs up in the hundreds of dollars, and she has been known to have her whole dowry in this neck ornament.

There is an inborn courtesy and poetic sensibility about these children of nature that is very beautiful. When a peasant meets you he always removes his hat and says: "*Niech bendzie pochwalony Jezus Chrystus.*" ("Blessed be the

Lord Jesus Christ.") The reply is: "*Na wiek i wieków.*". ("For ages and ages.")

Since the middle of the past century the corvée, or task work, has been abolished in Poland, and from that time the work of the peasants on the estates has been the result of a free contract. Their relations to the nobility and estate proprietors are generally good and helpful. In general, the peasants are well treated, and they know it. Some of the proprietors complain that they are losing their old-time respectful manners, and, with the modern ideas of democracy, are acquiring an offensive manner of independence. This is, perhaps, more noticeable in Galicia than elsewhere.

Peasant village life is simple and regular. The head man, known as the wójt, is a sort of justice of the peace and president of the council combined. He is selected by the peasants themselves, and is looked to by the higher authorities as the responsible man in the community. Each peasant owns a bit of land. The holdings are divided up among the children of the household, and this tends to make them smaller with each succeeding generation. Some holdings, however, are still comparatively large—twelve morgi, or about twenty-four acres, being not uncommon. The few who are without their own piece of ground are called kormorniki (from komora—room). They have to room with strangers, and

are looked down upon by the other peasants. Their greatest wish is to have their own bit of land, and nothing can make up for the lack of it—not even money.

The lot of the women is hard. As among all original Slav races, the Polish woman of the lower classes has not yet emerged from the physical and mental slavery of former ages. Among the Polish peasants, as among the Russians, she is valued chiefly for the work she can do and for the number of children she can bear. What little freedom and happiness she has ceases after marriage, and a peasant woman, old, stooped, and haggard at twenty, with a heavy, stupid child in her arms, wearily tramping the muddy road of some village, or driving the cows afield in the pelting rain, is a sight to personify "dull care," a typical "woman with the hoe." There are a few bright spots in her life; at least one bright spot, and that is the day upon which she marries. She is wooed with much the same ardour as is her more favoured sister. Perhaps her husband really does love her, but, if he does, he certainly shows it in a queer way.

A wedding among the Krakowiaks—peasants of the vicinity of Cracow—is a very picturesque ceremony. I remember one very pretty occasion which is worth describing. Early one morning there was a great ringing of bells and clatter of horsehoofs in front of the manor house.

Investigation revealed four tall, handsome peasant boys, mounted on spirited chargers, dressed in gorgeous costumes of red and black, with hats decorated fantastically with peacock plumes. These were the best men, or "druzbówie," who had come to invite the young ladies of the manor to the wedding. It was decided that we should all go, as this is customary among the Poles.

On our way to the country church where the ceremony was to be performed we passed the thatched home of the bride-to-be, around which was gathered the whole village, in gala attire, some on horseback, some standing in groups on the road, others in doorways, while laughter, singing, and bell-ringing were heard on every side. The sister of the bride, in her rainbow-coloured costume, came running out, her face all wreathed in smiles, holding a bottle of wine in one hand and a glass in the other. We must drink the bride's health. It seemed like a scene out of a play. By the side of the carriage the peasant band played its merriest tunes, while the bride and her whole family knelt and kissed the hands of the party from the manor. One young peasant boy begged for the honour of climbing up by the coachman, and once installed there, enlivened the rest of the drive by singing at the top of his fresh young voice all the songs he could think of. The old custom of bearing away the bride still persists. This one was

THE PEASANT—THE HOPE OF POLAND.

(These are types from the "Kingdom" (Warsaw). The pair on the right are man and wife.)

seized by the groom's people and bundled into her carriage (a rough basket affair), all the while bathed in tears—that is, she pretended to be. It is, of course, one of the forms of etiquette for a bride to cry. The whole cavalcade then moved on with two of the "best men" preceding and two bringing up the rear. What a clatter we made!

After the church ceremony, which was very simple, and during which we sat in the one pew while the peasants knelt with bowed heads on the floor, we drove again to the bride's home. She would have it that we enter for a few moments. In the scrupulously clean living-rooms we again drank the health of the newly-married pair, and then adjourned to the next room, where the band was playing, and the space cleared for dancing. Everything seemed perfectly natural to the Poles present, but my surprise may be imagined when four gaily-dressed peasant youths came up and bowed to the young ladies of the estate, asking for the honour of a dance. It was impossible to refuse, as the peasant knights were models of grace and respect. This is an accepted custom. When a peasant marriage takes place the master of the village and the young ladies of the manor are invited to attend the dance. The gentleman of the house always dances with the bride, and the ladies with the peasant men.

After the dance our carriage was escorted

home, and in the afternoon the newly-married pair, with the best men and the bridegroom, came to receive the best wishes of the estate and to have their photographs taken.

These peasants are never really common, and, even when brought in close touch with them, there is no coarseness or vulgarity to be noticed. They have no slang in their language—until they come to America—and they are even poetical in some of their expressions.

Harvest is the gala time of the year. There is fulness and plenty and happiness everywhere, and this is shown even in the customs of the fields. In Ruthenia they have a very pretty and picturesque way of celebrating "harvest home." After the wheat or rye has been gathered in, the reapers, by vote, pick out the prettiest girl among them. They all twine a wreath of flowers and put it on her head. She is given two bridesmaids, who are also decked with flowers, and the whole company marches to the manor, singing and merrymaking. There the lady of the house takes the wreath from the girl's head, gives her a piece of money, and all go off, singing, to the village inn, where, by the munificence of the gentleman, they partake of liquid refreshments to their hearts' content.

The Polish peasant is not exactly bright intellectually. What peasant is? He is slow in thought, but far from being a clod like his Rus-

sian brother. The Polish peasant gets a little schooling, and the upper classes are now bending their energies to give him more, recognising the fact that, if the peasant is the nation's hope, it is a better investment for the future to make him worthy of the great task and opportunity before him than to give large and indiscriminate gifts to charity. In Russia it has been a penal offence to teach a Polish peasant anything in Polish, and many difficulties have been put in the way of teaching him anything at all, in any language. In Prussia he may be taught, but, as the instruction must be in German, the poor peasant, who has scarcely enough natural capacity to grasp the elements of his own tongue, learns but very little when abstruse subjects are presented to him in a language of which he is entirely ignorant.

In Galicia attempts are made to give him systematic instruction. Of religious training and drill he receives a great deal. While in Zbaraz I visited a school for peasant children. Its sessions were held in a rustic little one-room building with the conventional thatched roof. The walls of this room, instead of being hung with geographical maps, charts, and other educational paraphernalia, were almost literally covered with portraits of Kaiser Franz Joseph, the late Kaiserin Elizabeth and Prince Rudolph, and many different varieties of Catholic religious

pictures. Sprigs of evergreen and little bunches of field flowers gave a natural country air to the place. The room, which was, perhaps, fifty by fifty feet, contained one hundred and fifty-one scholars, boys and girls, Polish and Ruthenian, crowded so closely that one benchful in front had to sit down all together, else all could not have found room.

The youngsters were from three to twelve years of age, all barefoot and bareheaded, the boys in long, baggy, mud-colored linen shirt and trousers, the girls in the most brilliant of colours. The best pupils were called up to stand in the front row for examination. The village priest, who was the teacher, made them recite the catechism for my benefit, which they did in the most sing-song and unintelligible fashion. Each one joined in the responses, in his native tongue, regardless of the effect of the chorus. They recited verses from the saints, and then had some practice in mental arithmetic. Finally, for my especial benefit, the prize scholar was asked where was America. He hesitated a moment, then said he did not know, except that it was far off, and that it was the country to which good Polish boys went when they died. A number of small religious pictures and prayer-books were distributed to the bright boys as prizes, and coral wreaths and rosaries to the girls, and the session was over.

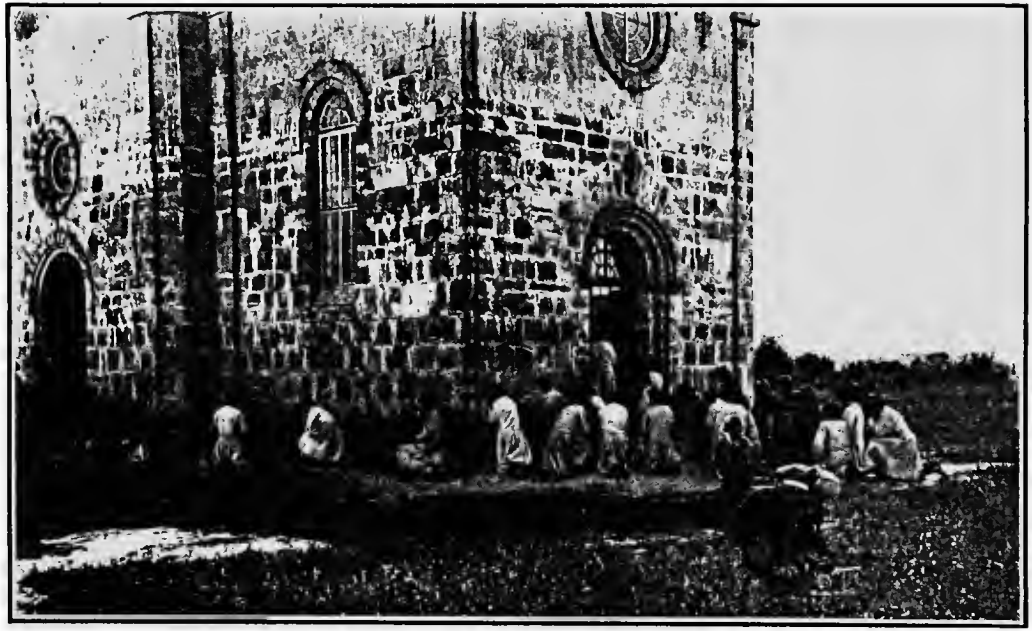
The vital, characteristic fact of the peasant's life is his religion. He is perhaps the most devout peasant in the world, and, beyond a doubt, is the most faithful of all the adherents of the Church of Rome. Once or twice during his lifetime he makes a pilgrimage to some sacred shrine, such as Czenstochowa or Kalwarya.

Most of the legends and general folklore of the peasant are religious in character. Almost all of these quaint and beautiful stories have their origin in his love and reverence for the Blessed Virgin, around whose personality cluster hundreds of parables and stories full of a poetic fancy and devotional beauty, gathering up in them all the ideals of goodness, love, mercy, and womanly tenderness to which the peasant mind could rise. Matka Boska, the Mother of God, as the peasants affectionately call her, is the refuge, the protector, the ideal of all that is beautiful and holy. Once, in the far-off ages, say the peasants, God was lonesome in heaven. There was no one with whom the great Creator could speak, and so, out of the lily, he created something more beautiful even than that flower, and called it Matka Boska.

A few of these legends of the Virgin have been collected and published in book form. "The Last Blades of Wheat" is one of the most beautiful and typical of these. It is the peasant's story of the flood. The Golden Age, he holds, was

when grain sowed itself and brought forth a hundredfold. In that age everything that grew was larger and more beautiful than anything to-day. But mankind was very wicked! God's blessing made them proud. They grew worse and worse, until God determined to destroy them He swore that all alive should be swept from the earth and no grain should remain, not even one kernel for seed. Then He smote a great cloud, and it burst and descended in a flood upon the earth, and for forty days no land appeared. But the Blessed Virgin looked with pity on suffering humankind, and interceded for man. She descended to earth, to the flooded fields, hovered over the waste of waters, and gathered here and there stray blades of wheat, looking to heaven all the while, and pleading, "Only this, Lord God, spare only this." The Almighty Father, the peasants say, could never refuse anything to the mother of His Son. So He waved His almighty hand, and the sky became clear, the floods abated, and the grain that the Blessed Virgin had saved from the flood remained as seed for mankind.

In winter, also, the Virgin is the protector and hope of the poor peasant. On the bleak Lithuanian plains the wolves would quite destroy the little peasant villages were it not that Saint Michael scatters them so that they never attack in large numbers. Yet even his aid is not al-



THE RELIGION OF THE PEASANT IS HIS LIFE.

(An overflow meeting at a Sunday morning service in a Galician village.)

ways sufficient. Sometimes, in the biting winter, these hungry beasts come upon a sleeping village with horrible growlings. But when Saint Michael fails, then Panienka Swienta (the Holy Maiden) comes to the rescue. Holding a candle with its flame downward toward the angry beasts, she frightens them until they slink away to their forest dens. When the peasant awakes, during the bleak winter nights, and hears near his village the howling of the wolves, he fears not, but nestles deeper in his sheepskin, murmuring the prayer, "In Thy care, O Mary." Every February he celebrates Gromnice, or the Feast of Candles, in honor of this deliverance.

XIV

THE PATHETIC OUTCAST OF THE AGES

WHEN some literary historian of the future writes the story of decisive loves that have influenced the history of nations, he will find material for at least one strong and picturesque chapter in Poland.

Half a thousand years ago the Polish King Kazimierz the Great fell in love with a beautiful Jewess. About all that we know of her is that she was very beautiful, and that, for love of her, the King permitted the Jews—then hated and despised nomads in all Europe—to enter and make their home in Poland. One can imagine the love of this king when viewing the once splendid building in Cracow erected by him as a palace for Esther. From this palace, however, it is but a step to the "Kazimierz" of the city (which perpetuates the name of this same monarch), the section where the Jews congregate, and which is a typical ghetto. There you have the whole Jewish question before you.

The Jew is such a large factor in Polish national life that in speaking of Poland one must,

perforce, consider him rather at length. I saw him in almost every condition and occupation, excepting only his private family life. It is extremely difficult for a stranger to enter into this life. Therefore, it is with much regret that I am unable to speak, from first-hand knowledge, of that phase of Jewish life which is, beyond a doubt, most attractive and exemplary. The testimony to the temperance, restraint, frugality, and family pride of the Jew is universal.

There are three millions of Polish Jews, more than half of that number being in Russian Poland. It is a mistake to look upon these as intruders into the Slav Empire. The Jew really counts among its earliest inhabitants. Soon after the Asiatic conquests of Alexander the Great many Jews emigrated to the principal Greek communities of the Crimea and shared in their commercial prosperity. This first immigration probably brought the Jews into what is now Slavonic country.

Historians do not agree upon the date of the first Jewish immigration into Poland. It is certain, however, that, in the middle of the 11th century, when Mieczyslaw III. was king, great numbers of Hebrews, driven from Germany by the Crusades, came to Poland. An earlier immigration from South Russia is sometimes cited, even as early as the 9th century. Since the 11th century, however, Poland has been looked upon

by the Jews as their temporary home during the days of their exile. The prosperity of the Jew in Poland, the Poles claim, has generally been at the expense of the people who befriended him. There can be no doubt that by his business shrewdness and unscrupulousness, the Jew does keep many of the peasants, and not a few impecunious aristocrats, in virtual servitude. For this he is hated. But there is a social and economic explanation.

During the Middle Ages the Jews formed the commercial or bourgeois class in all Slav countries. Then it was that they—with Germans and a few other foreigners—began to monopolise the business of the country, a monoply they held till quite recent times. Among people who are extreme in temperament and racial constitution like the Slavs, who, up to within the memory of those now living, were either nobles or peasants, and who scorned trade, the Jews constituted that middle class which is the backbone of all nations. Not realising the value of this element in their national life, the Poles and Russians hated the Jew, and even to-day it is his shrewdness in finance which is the principal count against him.

The Polish Jew has not been without patriotism. In his famous poem, "Pan Tadeusz," the Polish poet Mickiewicz heartily praises the patriotic Jew Jankiel. The Jew indeed has rendered splendid service in Poland in many critical mo-

ments in her history. A whole cavalry regiment of Jews fought under Kosciuszko in 1794, and, after distinguishing themselves, were killed almost to a man by Suwarow at Praga in defence of Warsaw. It was only later, when, largely because of persecution, or because other avenues of usefulness had been closed to him, that the Jew became a money-changer, a " factor " on the large estates, with the demoralisation which such a calling inevitably entailed. The intelligent Polish Jews, to-day, mainly class themselves with the liberals, who are indifferent in religious matters, or anti-clerical. " We have come to consider ourselves Poles rather than Jews, and many of us would become Catholics—for Catholicism and the national spirit are in many ways identical—only that we think that by remaining Jews we can exercise an influence on the uncultivated masses and guide them into Polish national channels. All the Jew wants is to profit by modern progress in his own way, and not to give up his national individuality—at least not immediately—in order to benefit by the progress made by civilisation. As an ideal, we hope for the final absorption of the Jews of Poland into the Polish nationality."

And yet, when everything possible has been said in his favour, the Jew remains one of the great problems of Poland. Of course, when he abjures the customs and traditions of his people, he be-

comes, to all intents and purposes, a Pole, and is, in that case, quite able to take care of himself intellectually and in other lines of life's activities. He goes into the learned professions and distinguishes himself. He masters politics, and, where anti-Semitism is not too rabid, he proves that he can hold his own in any office. How rapidly, under other skies and when given "half a chance," he becomes a different being, Americans can see in all their great cities every day.

In America, the Polish Jew, as we see him in the ghettos of our great cities, a new importation, is the most unsavoury, most repellent of his kind, but he is infinitely dirtier and more repellent in Europe, particularly in his home in Poland, in the squalid, wretched villages on the Russian plains, in the "Kazimierz" of Cracow, or huddled in the Jewish quarter of Warsaw. No one wants his company. He separates himself from the world and the world widens the separation.

"The Jew is really not to blame for this separatism. Accidents of history, fatal to him, have caused it. The feudal system of the Middle Ages surrounded him with a wall of contempt and isolation. On the one hand, the social conditions and theories of the period made him a caste apart, a caste of merchants and middlemen; on the other, religious hatred persecuted and tortured him with all the cruelties that human inventiveness could conceive. He was obliged to engage

in commerce and usury, and, as the theories of the times, most clearly expressed in the doctrines of the Fathers of the Church, held all commerce in contempt, he bore the odium of a calling which he was forced to adopt. In western Europe fanaticism and ignorance pursued him until the end of the 18th century. In Poland he was more fortunate for some time, because he was not, as in other countries, the property of the kings, but formed a separate people, enjoying a liberal autonomy."

The Polish Jew, thanks to the inhuman laws of Russia closing most of the honourable careers and vocations to him, has lost nearly all the pastoral, agricultural instincts of his race. You rarely see him working in the fields. You may find him (or, more properly, her) in a cotton factory in Lódz; you may find him a painter or a low-class mechanic. But he is essentially and almost always a middleman. It is not so much the business he does himself; it is the vast amount that is done through him. He sells everything to everybody. In countries where a number of languages are spoken he is the only one who takes the trouble to learn several; consequently he is the necessary interpreter, although his services are always rendered under difficulties and are usually expensive.

My first real experience with the Slavonic Jew was during my trip to Kamieniec, from Austria,

over the steppes of Podolia. A Russian Jew, a bent, sallow, long-bearded, beady-eyed old fellow, volunteered to help me. As I knew no Russian and the border officials knew no English, French, or German, I was reluctantly compelled to accept his assistance. He spoke a vile German, a jargon full of so many uncouth "foreignised" words that I had to tell him three times, in my best Viennese, what I wanted before he understood me. His Russian was evidently as bad, or worse, for he had to repeat my message three or four times before the frontier official could comprehend him. But, in return, I gave him enough, I doubt not, to keep him for a month. For the Jew is generally wretchedly poor. This tattered, venerable Israelite who drove me to Kamieniec had a wife and five children to support, he told me, and yet he received only a ruble and a half (75 cents) a week for driving.

I saw the Polish Jew at home first in Cracow. The street known as the "Kazimierz" is one of the extraordinary sights of the world. Quite late in the morning—for in Poland the Jew is not an early riser—down come the shutters and open come the doors and windows, and the stooped, sallow brood come forth. The Polish Jew is not a healthy individual; he even looks consumptive, in striking contrast to the red-cheeked, vigorous peasant. Dirt, poverty, and the physical and moral degradation of his life in the ghetto have

THE PATHETIC OUTCAST OF THE AGES.

(Types of the Polish Jew. The figure to the left is at his prayers.)

made him a very pitiable object. He keeps himself peculiar by his dress. He wears his Israelitish gaberdine, or long, black coat, which he calls *halat*, reaching nearly to the ground, tightly buttoned even in the days of July. What he wears underneath, if anything, is not known! His boots are high and generally carefully blacked. In Russia they are well greased. He wears a felt hat underneath which, covering his shaven head, is a black skull-cap. He always has a long beard and, when permitted, side curls.

If Moses and Abraham were not Polish Jews, there is a remarkable coincidence between the old Bible pictures and the modern type. In Galicia the side curls reach their climax in two, which are his special pride, one at each side of his temple. These pendants (*tire-buchons*, corkscrews, the French call them) he treasures as the apple of his eye. Watch him as he saunters along the streets of Cracow in the evening, lightly brandishing his little stick. He winds these curls lovingly about his finger, anointing them frequently with copious applications of saliva. In Russia an imperial ukase forbids these corkscrews. The women wear a turban, formed of a handkerchief, and many of them would be beautiful if they were not ragged and dirty. If you walk through the "Kazimierz," you will find that the denizen of this section of the city is very inquisitive, and will even address you, uninvited,

with some inquiry as to your destination, some remark as to your wishes, your person, or your general well-being. If you speak in reply, he drops at once his ear of curiosity and puts on a cunning servility which scents *Geschäft.* This servile air has become part of him. I have seen him when summoned by an impecunious aristocrat who wished to borrow money, stand outside the manor house, hat in hand, humbly begging the master for permission to kiss his hand.

In Galicia he is not kept down as severely as in Russia, yet even here his hand is against every man and every man's hand against him. He is jostled and hooted at in the streets, and his life is made miserable by peasant and aristocrat alike.

The Jew of Lemberg is as neglected, but, perhaps, a bit more enterprising than his brother of Cracow. Almost half of the population (35,000) of Tarnopol are Jews, and the Jew market in this city is the most unsavoury place I ever saw. The poor Tarnopol Hebrew is the sport of the town. The young gymnasium student considers it great fun to raise a riot by "running amuck" in the Jewish quarter. With a large stick he will beat every Hebrew head he can see, and then get out of the way as rapidly as his legs can carry him. Cries of "Ai vai, ai vai," the Hebrew wail, and maledictions in mongrel Polish, and then patient servility again. Always a sport and a

jest, always a thing to be hunted, always an Isaac of York!

It must also be said that the Jew is almost always law-abiding and peaceable, and asks only to be let alone. It is probably true that wealthy Jews provide the active revolutionists in Russia with money, particularly during the late crisis. The Jewish revolutionary organisation, the Bund, undoubtedly does so. That is not sufficient reason, however, why the soldiers should invade the shops of the ghetto of Warsaw, and, under the excuse of searching for firearms and prohibited literature, toss everything about in wanton destruction and destroy most of the stock, while the Jew crouches on one side, dumb with terror. Many of these cowering old Hebrews have no other politics than to be left in quiet to make a scanty livelihood by barter. During a riot young Jews are rounded up by the soldiers as ranchmen round up cattle. Despite centuries of opposition, the Jew remains uncompromisingly orthodox, and this, perhaps, is one of the reasons for the hatred against him. He is certainly religious, according to the letter of the law. His family life is usually morally pure and founded on filial duty, respect for women, and the observance of religious traditions. In these matters he has stood as an exemplar even to the Poles.

On the border between Austria and Russia,

particularly in the South, the Jew is very much in evidence, and is really indispensable to travellers in crossing the frontier, because of his knowledge of several languages, and also because he controls the means of local transportation. Many kinds and great numbers of him are always on the border. The Austrian Jew is not permitted to drive you into Russia (that is, to any distance), nor is the Russian Jew allowed to come over the border to get you—for more than a short space.

At Husiatyn, the last railroad station at the point I crossed in Austria, I had to hire one Jew just to take me over the border. Immediately on entering Russia he consigned me to another. The first man, with the ineradicable racial eye to business, contrived to be so long about matters that it was well into the afternoon before I could start. Of course, therefore, I must stop at his hotel, "*für Mittagessen und Schlafen.*"

It was a fairly decent room, and the walls were covered with Catholic religious pictures, out of a businesslike deference, I presume, to the probable faith of the bulk of the patrons. I also noticed a seductive advertisement of a steamship company, setting forth, in several languages, the claims of America as "the promised land." The agents of steamship companies will have a great deal to answer for some day, and neither the poor Jew whom they have deceived nor the Amer-

ican upon whom has been thrust a most puzzling factor in his social problem, will, if consulted, make it any easier for them.

From this hotel a Jewish cocher, in the employ of the first man, drove me across the border at Husiatyn. The dividing line between the domains of Austrian Kaiser and Russian Tzar at this point is a small stream, spanned by a rather rickety wooden bridge, with a white line drawn in the centre. As I waited patiently, seated in the droshky on the bridge, for the seemingly endless formalities before entering Russia, I noted the long line of vehicles—lumber teams, landaus, fiacres, droshkies—all driven by Jews, who sighed and swore and smoked their long, thin cigarettes, while the imperturbable, white-uniformed Russian officials examined the passports. Contemptuous is the only adjective to apply to the treatment accorded to the Jew all over Russia. He exists only by sufferance, and even that sufferance he does not obtain in all sections of the Empire.

Once across the border and in the customhouse at Husiatyn, this contempt became unmistakable. A tall, thin Jew, his passport book in his hand, stalked into the room where I was opening my baggage. A gendarme grabbed him at once, tore open his long coat, ran his hands roughly, even insultingly, through the clothes, boots, and hair of his victim. He found nothing contra-

band, and the Jew was permitted to leave, which he did, with a look of such patient servility, mingled with so much, only ill-concealed, hatred on his face that I positively shuddered. I saw this same Jew afterward at a little distance from the village when I had started for my long drive inland. He told me in his uncouth tongue, partly German, partly Hebrew, that the Jews who did business across the border by transporting merchandise or conducting travellers were regularly submitted to this insulting examination, and bled for a large proportion of their slender income by the officials. Sometimes they are forced to give up business entirely, owing to interference on the part of the police, who accuse them of smuggling. Taciturn and patient, the venerable Jew who drove me from the border to Kamieniec was the very embodiment of suffering and oppression. Whenever I addressed him he started fearfully, as though detected in a crime, and replied with such a mournful resignation of tone that it was uncanny and pitiful.

There was some trouble in Russian Husiatyn as I drove out. Some Jews were objecting to being driven somewhere by a gendarme. A message was sent to the Kaserne (barracks), and presently a squad of Cossacks rode up, and soon "persuaded" the poor wretches with their whips. One of them—I afterward learned—died of the beating received. Four or five hundred Cossacks,

in full war equipment, filed out of the town soon afterward, mounted on wiry little ponies. "Where are they going?" I asked my conductor. He shuddered and looked fearfully behind him. "Don't ask me," he trembled.

Squalid and wretched beyond description are the villages—Jewish and Russian alike—along that road across the plains. They are all alike—one street—just one—one wooden or mud house leaning against the other, and a great mud-puddle in the centre, in which geese, pigs, and babies swim, and horses are watered. Put in an ox-team or two, clouds of dust, or a sea of mud, according to the season, a dozen or so slatternly women gossiping—and you have a typical Russian village of the plains. Most of these are full of Jews. They act as innkeepers, and will stable your horses and attend to your own gastronomic wants, all for, perhaps, thirty kopecks, that is, fifteen cents.

The Jew literally swarms all along the border between Russia and her western neighbours. This makes Austria, in particular, very nervous. Despite the fifty-verst law * Russia has been gradually pushing her Hebrew population toward the Austrian frontier, till to-day the Jew forms the bulk of the inhabitants of border towns, especially the great railroad centres. What is to

* Jews are forbidden, by Russian law, to live within fifty versts (about thirty-three miles) of the border.

prevent this "pushing" being carried farther, indeed quite across the frontier, where there are already many more of this despised nationality than the unhappy Austrian government knows how to manage? There are other causes than pure philanthropy for the Baron de Hirsch, South American, and Holy Land colonisation schemes. They would provide a much-needed outlet for Russia's and Austria's unwelcome Hebrew population.

The Jew is permitted by imperial law to live in certain sections of the Russian Empire—the "Pale," as it is called—but he may not, under pain of exile and imprisonment, live in any other. This "Pale of Jewish Settlement" comprises the ten ancient provinces of Poland and fifteen of the fifty "governments" constituting Russia proper. All these districts are located in the west of the Empire, and with the exception of the southeastern section, are not very fertile, so that the Jew has but little chance to cultivate the soil. He is crowded into the cities. The Pale, in fact, is one vast ghetto.

The government of Warsaw is one of the sections in which the Jew may live. While I was in the Polish metropolis, 10,000 Jews, not wanted in Moscow, were unceremoniously chased—so report said—to Warsaw. At any rate, I saw hordes of them entering the city, in small companies, on foot, with great packs on their backs, and

accompanied by an army of children, all dirty, weary, and fearful, like hunted animals. The Warsaw Jew has a large section of the city exclusively to himself, a city within a city, a city of rabbit-warrens, in which the transaction of a vast amount of business with his own kind and with the Gentiles often makes him rich. He rises frequently to commercial and intellectual eminence in the city, and sometimes to social distinction. One of the cleverest, most personally beautiful and attractive women I met in Warsaw, one of the editors of a leading newspaper, was a Jewess. Many of the editors and leaders of political thought are Jews.

To the unprejudiced student and observer, it seems plain that the Polish Jew, with all his actual evil and his potential good, is just what centuries of persecution and oppression have made him. Where he has not had isolation forced on him, he has proven his marvellous adaptability to almost every kind of surroundings. Yet it is his racial solidarity which is opposed, and his isolation is often self-sought. His position in the world is a tremendous problem, and the centuries have furnished no real clue to its solution. One thing is certain: the campaign of anti-Semitism as waged in Europe to-day will never solve it.

"That silent, defenceless army, though always defeated, never loses, never flinches, nor turns

back, no matter how strong the fortress or how large the garrison arrayed against it. Always suffering, it is ever victorious; physically cowardly, it never flinches; but, gathering up its scattered forces, stands shoulder to shoulder and man to man, vanquished by all, yet seeing all its conquerors, proud kingdoms and mighty empires though they be, crumble into forgotten dust, whilst it rises once more with eternal suffering and untiring patience, with a mixture of fear and valour, humility and arrogance, to confront younger nations with its insoluble problem."

XV

POLISH MUSIC AND THE SLAV TEMPERAMENT

WHY has all history shown that music, the finest, most exquisite of the arts, is so often the sweetness distilled from suffering? Why has its most subtle development always come from the races that have suffered, from the peoples that have been oppressed even until they have lost their national existence? Why is despair the dominant note of the Slav temperament, as it is bodied forth in art? We must go far back to even attempt an answer.

Nature and history have combined to draw the Slav soul tense. Happiness and variety of life are very desirable, but they seldom breed artists, or exquisite temperaments of any kind. Monotony was on the face of nature when she turned it to the Slav. Severity was the mood in which history has always regarded him. And he has responded by tuning all his art, and particularly his music, to the "heights and depths of a divine despair."

"*As-tu reflechi combien nous sommes organisés pour le malheur?*" wrote Flaubert to George

Sand. "Beauty in its highest form invariably moves the sensitive soul to tears," said Edgar Poe. "Virtue, like sweet odours," declared d'Israeli, "is most fragrant when crushed." These thoughts were uttered at about the same time, and, together, they furnish a vignette picture of the Slav temperament.

Melancholy and sadness have ever been the portion of the Slav. Even when he is gay the effort is often evident. The country in which he lived originally, and in which so many of his race still live, is not cheerful. There is much snow in winter, and even in summer most of the colouring is dull. Dun, neutral tints cover the face of the landscape on the plains, the home of the race. Where there is colour, it is not varied. A pine forest in Lithuania, the neutral reds and browns stretching unbroken for many miles, is one of the most beautiful but maddeningly monotonous of sights. The whole landscape in Russia and in the greater part of ancient Poland (excepting always the border mountains) is lacking in relief and character. The only vivid colouring is on the dress of the peasants, who seem to try to supply by art and handicraft what nature has withheld. The vast, treeless, gently undulating plains involuntarily make one sad. The eye glides over seemingly infinite spaces like the wastes of the ocean, which lose themselves on the horizon. Where does the earth end and the sky

begin? No landmark rests the eye; no hill, and, for many miles, no tree. The mind is overcome by a vague feeling of unrest. Involuntarily, it seemed, my companion, on part of the journey over the steppes to Kamieniec, turned and said: "*Wie traurig!*" "How sad!" I echoed.

History has been even more severe than nature on the Slav. His biography is a tragedy, and he himself has generally been the victim. For centuries he was the prey of the savage nomads from Asia. Bloody, fierce conflict, battle constant and to the death, for his home and family, has been his lot. The sense of insecurity and apprehension never left him. As regularly as the winter rolled around, Sienkiewicz tells us, the Poles said: "In the spring the horde will come."

This geographical position has been one of the most powerful factors in the development of the Slav. Constant, close contact with Eastern peoples has inoculated him with some of the Eastern mysticism and fatalism. This is noticeable even in the Pole of to-day, though he does so strenuously insist upon his pure Occidentalism. The influence exerted by the repeated onslaught of the Turk and Tartar can be traced in Polish custom and costume, art and architecture, poetry and politics. The national costume itself has a strongly Oriental cast about it. The Polish aristocrat and the Polish peasant walking almost side by side in the procession of Corpus Christi, show

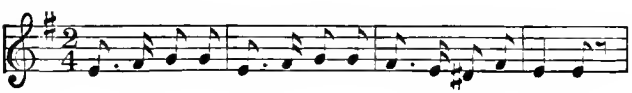
the flaming reds and yellows, the turban effects, the gorgeous Eastern combinations of feather, sash, girdle, boot. This is seen also in the peasants, with their long white cloaks, with flaming skirts, often slashed and spangled with colour. Many a Cracovian costume might easily be mistaken for that of a Kurd or an East Indian, except that the colours are rather more artistically blended. The most casual observer will note the dash of the Orient in Polish architecture. The dome, even occasionally the minaret, the arabesque tracery, the rich kaleidoscopic, Byzantine effect of the decorations in the churches—all partake of the symbolism of the Orient, and one of the greatest of all Polish poets—Slowacki—sings like a mystic bard of Teheran. Added to the melancholy and volcanic resignation burned into his soul during centuries of struggle with nature and man, all the mysticism, fatalism, sensuousness, of the Orient surged up against the Pole, broke, and when it ebbed, the impress, the savour of the East remained. The restless intellectual vigour and military genius of the Occident nerved his breast and arm as he struggled, but it could not quite turn back the undercurrent from Asia.

These influences and many more must be understood and reckoned with before one can begin to grasp what has burned in the soul of a Chopin, a Slowacki, a Malczewski.

To write of Polish art adequately would be to write the whole history of probably the most wonderfully artistic people of modern times. To write of it at all is to begin with music—music of a sad sweetness which is the very emotional soul of the race. All Polish music is not Jeremiac. Near Cracow it is often gay, even fiercely gay. But the wail is rarely too deep for the easy finding. While at Tarnopol, in Austrian Ruthenia, I heard some of the real native Slav music, rendered under very characteristic circumstances. One evening a young Ruthenian priest (of the Russian ritual) known to the family at whose home I was staying, drove up to the door in his peasant vehicle, bringing with him his zither. He played well, and sang delightfully, with that rich, round, full voice of beautiful, sympathetic quality so often found among the Russians. Many of the melodies were richly beautiful, at times almost fiercely gay, but always undershot with that inevitable sad, minor tone that affects one like a blend of the Oriental and the Highland Scotch. Weirdly beautiful—hauntingly beautiful—yet inexpressibly sad are these Slavonic folksongs, permeated with the breath of the plains. Underneath the dare-devil mirth of the Mazur always lurks what the Poles call the Zal. There is no English equivalent for this word. It is the very emotional soul of the Slav race, and it means mingled reproach and sorrow, the vol-

canic resignation that comes only after ages of suffering and wrong.

The real breath of the plains, the life of suffering and woe, rings all through that typical dirge of the steppes, known as "Kozak." A young trooper of the Ukraine lies dying in the forest. He sings a death wail, in which he recounts how he fought, and bemoans the disobedience which led him far from his home. The mother comes at his call, and he begs her not to permit the (Russian) priest to bury him, but to let his own wild, freebooter companions lead him to the tomb. The theme is sad enough, but the music! One phrase will suffice to show its minor, haunting character:



The love and aptitude for music has its springs deep down in the Slav nature. Karol Namyslawski's peasant orchestra, of Warsaw, has shown that even the lowest type of Polish peasant has a soul and nature responsive to music such as is quite lacking in peasants of other races—oddly enough, in the Russian peasant as well.

One can see that these Polish children of the soil *feel* the music they render. The Muscovite, Norwegian, Bohemian, and Finnish peas-

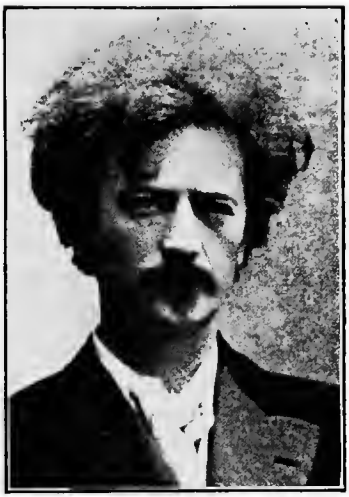
ant themes have all the vitality of the peasants, and generally, also, their coarseness and clumsiness. Moniuszko's opera "Halka," however, which is based wholly on Polish peasant themes, has all the native grace, simplicity, and strength of the soil, but nothing of the clod. The themes are original and rich, and the Italian composer, Mascagni, has declared that in this one work alone he found themes enough for twenty operas.

The musical soul of Poland lies buried in Père la Chaise, the revered old cemetery of Paris. Frederic François Chopin, son of a French father by a Polish mother, Slav by birth, Parisian by adoption, who sang the tragedy of his country in sweet sounds, who poured into the ear of Europe for the first time all the musical ideas, tonalities, and rhythms of the East—who can add a word to what has already been said of this wonderful, sad soul? George Sand, the woman with a man's nature, who became his idol, once told him: "Your playing makes me live over again every pain that has ever wrung my heart; and every joy, too, that I have ever known is mine again." Chopin was sick with the malady of the age—revolt. Rebellion rings through all his work, and none but Richard Wagner disputes with him the rule of the past century in the highest musical emotion. Chopin loved Poland madly, with the abandon of a fanatic. Yet he was so feminine that he never laid down his art for a sword in her

defence. He rang his dreams and his despair into his music and put his fiery patriotism into his polonaises. This he could do without fear of the censor. The most terrible, iconoclastic ideas are in his music, but the police knew it not. His countrymen, however, know full well that it is their heartstrings upon which he plays. They have yearned to bring back his remains to his native soil. It was a strange feeling—it seemed of personal loss—that was evident in the very air of Warsaw several years ago when it was announced that, although the French government had consented to the removal of the remains, St. Petersburg, knowing the love of the Poles for Chopin, had withheld its permission, fearing "a demonstration." And St. Petersburg was wise.

What niche in the century's temple of fame will Paderewski occupy? It may be as yet too early to predict, but German critics, the most severe and exacting (and especially so in the case of a Pole), declare that his opera "Manru" is the work of an epoch, a flawless composition, worked out upon themes of the same nature as those of "Halka." Paderewski is an ardent patriot. One of his latest manifestations of patriotism is the colony of Polish aristocrats, broken in fortune by the Russian revolution, which he maintains at his Swiss château near Lausanne.

The names of many other composers, singers, and virtuosi are veritable household words with



POLISH ART AND ARTISTS.

Marcella Sembrich, *operatic soprano.*
Frederic Chopin, *composer. From an unidentified portrait.*
Ignace Jan Paderewski, *virtuoso.*
Helena Modjeska, *dramatic artist, as Lady Macbeth.*

this people to whom music is such a vital fact, but, except those of the Reszkes, Sembrich, Moniuszko, and Wieniawski, the English-speaking world knows nothing of them. Noskowski, Niewiadomski, Boguslawski and Zieleński are other well-known composers in Poland. Though Warsaw is the home of the Reszkes, it is not often that the famous brothers are seen on the streets of the Polish metropolis. When not *en tour* all over the civilised world, their country estate near Warsaw absorbs their attention, and, of late years, a visit to their hotel, the elegant Saski, in Warsaw, has been a thing of rare occurrence. Marcella Sembrich Kochańska, who possesses, perhaps, as perfect a voice, used with as perfect an art, as has ever been heard on earth, and is, moreover, pianist and violinist as well, is a patriotic Pole. But she, in common with the other great opera singers, belongs to the world. Sembrich spends much of her time, when not singing, in her Dresden home.

To attempt to write of Polish music and musicians is at once a bewilderment, a fascination, a despair. There is no beginning and no end. After all, just as the Polish artists themselves are citizens of the world and belong to the international community of music, so their work is part of the world's great store. It is to-day perhaps better known than the musical contributions of any other nationality.

XVI

A RACE OF ARTISTS BY BIRTH

IF music is the Polish art par excellence, eminence in painting, literature, and the drama indicates that the Poles are true artists in every sense of the word.

A conception of Polish painting must of necessity begin with Jan Matejko, although the present-day school has not followed the old master of historical realism. Matejko was the painter of Polish history.

On a small side street in Cracow is a quiet, unobtrusive house, its rooms lined and littered with curious implements, trappings, and paraphernalia of centuries gone. Knights and ladies, men of church and chargers of war, could rise to mass and feast and battle in these rooms if there were only some angel of Ezekiel to make the dry bones of vestment and weapon instinct with life. The very bones themselves are all but present. From a glass case on the wall, surrounded by half-finished sketches, grins a plaster cast of the skull of the great Kazimierz, King of Poland.

A dozen or more years ago the master hand that could make these worthies of generations

past glow on the canvas as with life itself laid down its brush. Before Jan Matejko exhibited his masterpiece, "The Sermon of Skarga," in Paris, in 1864, none but Frenchmen had taken the Versailles prize for painting. Poland's historical painter, who established the Academy of Painting in Cracow, and was really the dean of the Polish school of art, began, in 1864, to paint the "critical moments in Polish history." His fidelity to detail is marvellous. History itself is not more accurate. When his canvases contain two hundred figures (as they sometimes do), this means that two hundred different individuals or types have been studied and followed with such laborious, scrupulous care that the painter occasionally forgot his perspective, and, in the end, quite ruined his eyesight. Historic faces can often be recognised in his work, and sometimes he uses himself as a type. When the tombs of the kings in the Wawel were opened Matejko took a cast of the skull of King Kazimierz the Great. Several months of study of the whitened bone, the cast, and the trappings on the wall resulted in a splendid canvas of the monarch, as near to the man himself as a photograph.

Scenes of battle, covering four centuries of his country's history, make up Matejko's work. "Sobieski before Vienna," "The Prussians Bringing Tribute," and "The Battle of Grünwald" are, perhaps, the most famous, but "Kazanie Skargi"

("The Sermon of Skarga") is the most impressive. It represents the priest Skarga prophesying the downfall of Poland if the Poles do not mend their ways. There is something majestic, like the prophets of old, in the face of the brave priest as he stands before the Diet preaching and warning the proud, fractious nobles of the woes that will come upon their country through their lawlessness. Pride, power, and dissoluteness stand out on some of the faces before him, while on others can be plainly seen remorse, and on others, fear. There is no blur of heads as the figures fade into the background. Each face has its own clear-cut individuality. For this painting the artist was decorated at the Paris Salon.

Matejko's was a beautiful, patriotic character. He gave away his best paintings as free gifts, and would not accept any return for his marvellous restoration of the church of Panna Marya in Cracow.

The paintings of Artur Grottger are almost as popular with patriotic Poles as those of Matejko. His crayon drawings, "Warsaw," "Poland," and "Lithuania," representations of the three divisions of the ancient Commonwealth, are especially fine in their bold, artistic insight. Grottger's working years were, unfortunately, so short—they were only six—that his contributions to Polish art are not very numerous.

The present-day school of Polish painting has

THE PRUSSIANS BRINGING TRIBUTE

This painting, one of Jan Matejko's greatest in his historical series, shows Duke Albert of Prussia, acknowledging allegiance to the Polish King, Zygmunt I. (April 25, 1525.)

not followed Matejko. Symbolism and melancholy are persistent, and, although we find the realism of the two Kossaks with their splendid horses and battle scenes, and the landscapes of Brandt and Chelmonski, the tendency is toward the allegorical groups of Siemiradzki, the neurotic, often obscure, symbolism of Malczewski, and the idealised types of Stachiewicz, the last representing strongly the new school of illustrators. Malczewski's canvases remind one of de Quincey's "Confessions of an Opium Eater." He would have made splendid presentations of scenes from Slowacki's "Kordjan." His first well-known paintings—a series on Siberia, depicting the horrors of the mines and the sufferings of the Polish exiles—were masterly in the way they caught the stern reality but beautiful heroism of the martyrs. They were not, however, the Malczewski *milieu*. His most famous painting, finished five or six years ago, is entitled "Melancholy," and it is thoroughly characteristic of the creative brain of the artist. In subject, it is mystical and more—it is fantastical. What Malczewski means by his fantasies, perhaps no one except himself really knows. But the technique and the colouring are wonderful. Entering the Austrian building at the Paris Exposition, this great painting, with its mad rush of figures, struck the eye with a bewildering force. Looking at it as a whole, the impression one re-

ceived was overwhelming, and even without thoroughly understanding the thought, the spectator felt that the painting was a masterpiece.

Siemiradzki was the acknowledged king of theatre curtain painters. His curtains in the theatres of Cracow and Lemberg satisfy every demand of the artistic taste. The allegorical groups are so well balanced, so subtly conceived, and yet so plainly just the right combination. His "Torches of Nero" and "Phryne" are world-famous. And the chiaroscuro! There is a scene in the Roman arbour in the gallery in Warsaw which is worth a journey to Europe to see. I entered the room on a cloudy afternoon, and wondered how it was that the sun seemed to have come out just enough to shine full on this painting, mottling the foliage of the vine over the arbour and checkering the stones with patches of vivid, living sunlight and shade—the warm light and cool shade of sunny Italy. But there was no rift in the clouds. Then I looked for some concealed electric lights, cunningly placed to illuminate the canvas. But it was the painter's brush, unaided, which had suffused the scene and made it glow as with life.

The names of Falat, Wyczolkowski, and Mehoffer are in the lists of every art exhibition. Joseph Krzesz is a constant exhibitor at Vienna, Berlin, and St. Petersburg. His seven panels illustrating the Lord's Prayer are famous. Falat

is at present the head of the art academy in Cracow, and is especially noted for his snow scenes. His figures are delightful. Mehoffer was decorated at the last Paris Exposition. Stachiewicz's illustrations of peasant legends, a number of which were exhibited at Paris in 1900, were pronounced the best subjects for "half-tone" work shown in many years. The crayon work of Wlodzimierz Tetmajer has a fine, rich softness. Tetmajer has made a specialty of peasant types. He has studied the peasants for many years, and must certainly have the courage of his convictions, for he has married a peasant woman and is the father of quite a family by her.

The modern spirit of symbolism run riot that is known as "Impressionism"—in Polish, Secessya—"Secession"—has found some favour among Polish artists. Purple cows, green roses, impossible mermaid ladies, with mysterious draperies, which begin nowhere and apparently have no end, and vegetation conventionalised and etherealised, till it needs a map and a dictionary to explain it—the superfluity of idea, or lack of idea, is the same, whether one sees it in the studio of the late Aubrey Beardsley, in the pages of the Munich *Jugend,* or on the walls and windows of the church of the Franciscans in Cracow.

The noble monument to Mickiewicz in Warsaw is also a monument to the art of its creator, Cyprian Godebski, the most eminent living Polish

sculptor, who is also well known in Paris. His friends are fond of telling a story at his expense. Some years ago the citizens of a French provincial town ordered from Godebski a monument in honour of their good mayor. When it arrived they were horrified to see the green tinge that, alas for their unappreciative eyes! the sculptor had spent so much labour in bestowing. So they straightway polished it to a beautiful bronze "shine."

The Polish Longfellow (Mickiewicz) has a monument on the market place of Cracow. The inscription on the base declares that the whole nation gave it to Adam Mickiewicz. The monument to him in Warsaw was unveiled under most dramatic circumstances, several years ago. Permission had been received from the Tzar, but the police were ordered to be present. By their order every street was lined with Cossacks, ready to shoot or cut down the multitudes who came to see it unveiled, should any demonstration take place. After a short speech, the ceremony was performed in the presence of more than twenty thousand people. Not a cry of any sort was uttered; the whole assembly was hushed into deathlike stillness. Mickiewicz, who was poet, religious philosopher, militant democrat, critic, historical professor of languages, and patriot—and eminent in all—was one of the most learned men of his time, yet he aspired only, he often

said, to write poetry that the peasants could understand and love. His was a strange career. Exiled from the University of Wilna, he joined the Polish emigration to France, and afterward became professor of Slavonic literature in Paris, in the College de France.

The three great names in Polish poetry of the past century are Mickiewicz, Krasinski, and Slowacki, and each is associated with a wild, weird, and mystic dramatic poem. Both the "Dzyady" of Mickiewicz and the "Infernal Comedy" of Krasinski are splendid allegories, showing in strong, passionate lines, of occasionally Ibsenesque morbidness, the rôle of martyr which Poland has played through all her history. Slowacki's "Kordjan," as presented on the stage of Cracow, can be compared to nothing but Goethe's "Faust" or Byron's "Manfred." Slowacki, indeed, is said to have been inspired by Byron, and to have modelled his "Mazeppa" after the English poet's famous poem. After the name of Mickiewicz, you will perhaps hear that of Wincenty Pol most frequently mentioned by the Poles, as that of a simple, popular poet. Sienkiewicz declares that the Poles love Pol better than any other of their poets.

Polish history has had its Macaulay and its Scott in the century just passed. Joachim Lelewel was the logical, philosophical, brilliant stylist, Kraszewski, probably the greatest histor-

ical romance writer the Poles have produced—up to the time of Sienkiewicz. Kraszewski is so accurate that his works—there is nearly a library full—are consulted as books of reference. It was from one of his works—"The Hut behind the Village"—that Paderewski chose the theme for his opera "Manru." Kraszewski has been called the Polish Scott.

The giant Sienkiewicz towers so above his contemporaries that to foreigners he is the sum of Polish novelists. The Germans, however, are enthusiastic over the classical romances of Alexander Glowacki, who writes under the name of Boleslaw Prus, and during the past few years a number of writers have become famous, among them the poet Adam Asnyk and the novelists Wladyslaw Reymont and Eliza Orzeszko. This novelist's works are now being translated into English. Marya Rodziewicz is another writer of popular fiction that is making her famous abroad as well as at home. Stanislaw Przybyszewski is an essayist and dramatic writer of the "Secession" school. Stanislaw Wyspianski, poet, painter, dramatist and sculptor, author of "The Wedding," is by many thought to be the Polish genius of the century.

Americans will probably always feel that Modjeska is really as much American as Pole. Her colony venture in California, and the way she has endeared herself to American audiences dur-

ing all the years of her great dramatic career, will always make her seem a real part of the history of the American stage. But Modjeska is patriotically Polish enough to satisfy the most ardent. She may not act even to-day in Warsaw, and not even her admitted primacy in her art—a primacy which is not disputed and only shared by Bernhardt and Duse—can make up for exclusion from her beloved Warsaw.

Madame Helena Modjeska, whose maiden name was Opid, was born in the city of Cracow, Austrian Poland, and married at an early age an actor named Modrzejewski, who soon afterward died, leaving her with a baby son. This boy (Ralph) came to the United States with his mother, and is at present a well-known civil engineer in Chicago. Later, Madame Modjeska (by common consent the difficult Polish form of the name has been abandoned for the simpler English one) married her present husband, Charles Chlapowski, a Polish journalist of wide reputation for patriotism. He is known in this country as Count Bozenta, from his ancestral estate.

Madame Modjeska's career has been a varied and active one. Beginning with a "benefit" organised by amateurs for some unfortunate miners in Poland, her progress was steady and sure. After conquering her countrymen by her art, and, unfortunately, giving offence to the Russian government by her patriotic attitude, she and

her husband, in 1876, left Warsaw for the United States.

Modjeska's intention was to establish, near Los Angeles, a Utopian colony in which they and their Polish compatriots in the United States might enjoy the blessings of liberty. Henryk Sienkiewicz was with Modjeska in this enterprise, and his book "Letters from America" is full of his impressions and experiences of this experiment. The Arcadian idyl was not a success, and, with almost all her resources exhausted, Modjeska conceived the bold idea of going to San Francisco to study English for the American stage. This was in 1877. By diligent application she so soon mastered the English language that in six months she was able to perform intelligibly before American audiences.

In 1880, desiring to secure an English indorsement of her American success, Modjeska went to London, and soon achieved triumph at the Court Theatre, in the British capital. Two years later she returned to the United States, where she has since lived. Once every two years she has been accustomed to journey to her native country to play in the theatres of Cracow, Austrian Poland; Posen, German Poland, and (until forbidden) Warsaw, Russian Poland. Her art, characterised as it has ever been by tragic power, purity of aim, grace and delicacy, has placed her in the same class with Rachel and Ristori; but beyond

her art is her fine, interesting personality, and the great capacity for work which has enabled her to win the highest triumph in a tongue not her own.

Madame Modjeska lives on a fine country estate known as Tustin, near Los Angeles, in California, with Mexican rough riders and cowboys for her neighbours. There she enjoys complete freedom and quietude, and, in the midst of her great library, she is preparing her autobiography. Her husband is deeply interested in agricultural matters, and is a successful farmer, according to the most exacting American standards

The stage in Warsaw and Cracow is remarkable for its native dramatic power. These cities are the schools in which future Modjeskas are being trained. The theatres at Cracow and Lemberg are almost as well equipped with strong, original dramatic talent as that of Warsaw, and the fire and artistic insight, always characteristic of these stages, is also characteristic of the art-loving, high-strung people that supports them so loyally.

The Poles are by nature's gift an artistic people, and it is a significant fact that they are to-day achieving artistic triumphs over the peoples that conquered them by brute force and now hold them down only by sheer weight of the gunstock. German and Russian critics are enthusiastic in praise of Polish musicians. Despite

the fact that the plots of many of Sienkiewicz's novels revolve around a humiliation of Germans by Poles, and while the imperial German government is imprisoning Polish children for refusing to say their catechism in German, the author of the Trilogy is even a greater favourite in Germany than he is in Russia, where he is read by more people than Tolstoi himself. It is a nobler conquest than that of the sword.

XVII

THE GEOGRAPHER OF THE HEAVENS

NOT only in music, art, and literature has Poland produced great men. One of her scientists ranks with Galileo and Newton.

It is rarely given to one man to alter the entire view of the world for all mankind, to make the race face in a new direction. But this honour belongs to Nicholas Copernicus. Before he announced his discoveries, every one held to the Ptolemaic theory that the earth was the centre of the universe. It was a tremendously complex and cumbrous system, and made man consider himself more highly than he ought.

The age was one of discovery. While the young student of astronomy was poring over his books in Cracow, Columbus and the other venturesome Spanish, Portuguese, and Dutch navigators were spanning the oceans and continents of the earth. It was Copernicus who began to shake the faith of mankind in the old-established doctrine that "the sun do move." He elaborated his thesis to a system, and man, for the

first time, began to realise that he was not, as he had fondly believed, the centre around which the universe revolved, but merely "a speck of cosmic dust." The Copernican method, more than the mere discovery, made man more humble and modest. The old way of propounding a theory and making the facts fit it, received its death-blow from the labours of the Polish astronomer. He began the modern method of searching for a theory that would fit the facts. This had an almost incalculable influence on the thought of the world. Man no longer believed that the universe was created solely for his benefit. The world came out of its scholastic, college-boy stage and learned to regard itself with the sense of humility that comes to every young man when he goes out among his fellows and realises that he knows so little. Man had found himself, and modern progress became possible.

It is a tribute to Poland as well as to the man himself that Prussia should have claimed Copernicus as one of her sons. It is true that Thorn (Toruń), where he was born (February 19, 1473), and where he lived for many years, is now Prussian, that is German, but it was incorporated into the Kingdom of Prussia at the second partition of Poland, in 1793, two hundred and fifty years after the death of Copernicus. Besides, why did the astronomer write "Polonus" after his name in the matriculation book of the University of Bologna, if he was a Ger-

man? To say that Copernicus was a German is about as reasonable as to claim that Jesus Christ was a Turk because Jerusalem and Bethlehem are now within the Turkish empire.

It was the ambition of his mother that he should be a preacher, like her own brother, the eloquent bishop. The father, however, opposed this idea, intending to make his son a man of business. The parental disagreement resulted, while the young Nicholas was a student at the University of Cracow, in his latinising his name, and turning to medicine as a profession. Upon receiving license to practice, however, he at once discarded medicine for his absorbing delight, mathematics. At twenty-one he was teaching mathematics in the University. He soon began to show his grasp of the higher conceptions by improving some of the methods of trigonometry. At this period of his life he also invented a quadrant with which to measure the height of trees, steeples, or mountains. His fame spread abroad, and he was invited to lecture at Bologna. There he met the famous astronomer, Novarra. The Italian scientist believed and taught the old Ptolemaic theory of astronomy. Copernicus watched the heavens with him, but soon decided that mathematics, not theology, was the basis of the movements in the heavens.

From Bologna he went to Padua and thence to Rome, all the while slowly elaborating and expounding his theory of stellar and planetary

movement. But the old theory was part of the teaching of the Church. And Copernicus was a good Catholic. He soon perceived that alchemy, astrology, even orthodoxy itself, were being arraigned at the bar of intellect by his ideas. This was heresy. But, he asked, is it sinful to attempt to understand God's works? "No. To know the mighty works of God; to comprehend His wisdom and majesty and power; to appreciate, in degree, the wonderful working of His laws, surely all this must be a pleasing and acceptable mode of worship to the Most High, to whom ignorance cannot be more grateful than knowledge."

Yet Copernicus loved the Church, and, in his fear lest he interfere with the work of the clergy, he ceased lecturing. Then, with the benediction of the Pope, he took to preaching himself. Afterward he practised medicine gratis for the poor. He instructed the people in the science of sanitation. He devised a system of sewerage and utilised the belfry of his church as a water-tower, all to aid his fellow-townsmen and to convince them that he wished them well. He helped King Zygmunt, of Poland, to establish a scientific, honest system of coinage, and then wrote a book on the coining of money which is valuable even to-day.

Year by year he worked at his great problem of the earth, the sun, and the stars. In the upper

floor of the barn, back of the old dilapidated farmhouse where he lived for forty years, he cut holes in the roof, and also in the sides of the building through which he watched the movements of the stars. He lived in practical isolation and exile. The Church had forbidden him to speak in public except upon themes that the Holy Fathers in their wisdom had authorised. No one dared invite him to speak, none could read his writings or hold converse with him, except on strictly church matters. But he cared not.

"The stars do me honour," he said. "I am forbidden to converse with great men, but God has ordered for me a procession of the stars." Ostracism and exile gave him the opportunity he needed, for digesting all that had been written on astronomy and for testing, very laboriously with his rude instruments, every one of the hypotheses of his brain.

And so the years passed. The vigorous, aggressive man had become old, feeble, bowed, and almost blind from constantly watching the stars and from writing at night. At last his great book, "The Revolution of the Heavenly Bodies," written in Latin, was completed. It had been nearly forty years in the making. For twenty-seven of these, as he himself tells us, not a single day or night passed without his having added something to it. What should he do with

these pages of truth that he had written five times?

The Censor at Rome, he knew, would not permit the book to be published. Did it not contradict and refute all that the priests had taught of astronomy? To bring it out in his own town without ecclesiastical authority would be equally dangerous. So the great soul sent the manuscript, with a bag of gold to pay the cost of publication, to Nuremberg, the free city, of free science, free art, and free speech. But he was still full of tender reverence for Mother Church. So he wrote a preface, dedicating the volume to His Holiness Pope Paul.

Months passed, months of weary waiting. Would they burn the book? The old man, stricken with fever, was within a few days of his death, when a messenger arrived from Nuremberg. It was May 23, 1543. He bought a printed copy of the book. With the sight of the blessed volume before him the great soul passed.

In the old Jagiellonian Library of Cracow, one summer day, in the year of Grace 1900, the attendant pointed out a small brass instrument, of globe, rings, and circles, curiously worked with astronomical symbols long since out of date. It was the original planisphere of the great cosmographer. Outside, in the picturesque stone courtyard, the floral tributes of its dedication still unfaded, stood the bronze statue of Nicholas

Copernicus, holding in his hand a fac-simile of this brass instrument. The sun seemed to have special interest in this man as its rays lovingly fell on him. He had re-established its supremacy in the universe.

XVIII

POLISH COUNTRY LIFE AND CUSTOMS

FOR the delight of existence near to Nature's heart and the pleasures of a social intercourse, natural, simple, unaffected, yet marked by a sympathetic responsiveness, and a refined subtility of intellectual interchange, one should go to the Poles and enjoy their social and home life. Whole-hearted, sympathetic hospitality and refinement is characteristic of the educated Poles at all times and in all places, but while in the cities it is apt to be a bit vitiated by the artificialities inevitable to urban wealth and "over-ripeness," in the country districts, among the families of the *obywatel*, or landed aristocracy, it is generally healthy, unaffected, and inspiring.

The Poles have always been an agrarian people. They love their mother soil passionately, and cleave to it—with a tenacity that has caused untold woe to the Prussian government, when it wants to buy up Polish estates. In all its history only one other pursuit has claimed equal attention and devotion from the Pole, and that is

war. As farmers and fighters, this people has excelled for over a thousand years.

The Polish estate is generally very large, as estates go. But it varies in size. In the vicinity of the cities the proprietor may boast of fifty acres. Count Zamoyski, the greatest Polish landowner, has 400,000 acres. The estate is usually almost self-supporting, an empire in itself, and frequently governed as autocratically. The soil supports the manor family in almost all its wants. Grain, fruit and vegetables, meat (fish and fowl) and liquors, for the table, wool and leather for the body—in Ruthenia one owner boasted to me his place produced everything he used, except pepper, salt, and oyster crackers. Woodland, meadow, tilled field, by the hundreds of acres, fish ponds, hundreds of head of cattle, horses, pigs, poultry, from fifteen to three hundred servants, sometimes forming a village of their own—the management of a Polish estate is a task worthy of a man's full powers.

Hospitality in Poland is hearty and sincere. When you visit a Polish family you know at once that you have a place with them. They enjoy your enjoyment so much that you feel you really ought to have a good time if for no other reason than to please them. The Pole, indeed, has a good many qualities in common with the Celt. Added to his own time-honoured magnificence and munificence as a dispenser, he has the

urbanity and delightful manners of the Frenchman, and the warm-hearted, winning ways of the Irishman. The Pole and the Irishman have many traits in common—including the unruliness.

Somehow, the Poles have always impressed me as being more alive than the neighbouring peoples; indeed, than any other European people. Life, strong, bounding physical life, is, and always has been, characteristic of them. What a laughable failure little Pan Michael made of his temporary immuring in a monastery! The *memento mori* seemed ridiculous, coming from the lips that had taken in so much of the good things of physical life, so much red liquor, so many dishes of hot, generous viands. Fancy Zagloba as a monk! It is impossible. All through that marvellous picture gallery of Sienkiewicz how much life there is—abounding life, fulness and power and colour! The Pole was always a fighter, a big man. It is a big race to-day, and likes good living, good eating. Nature was good to the Pole physically. She made him big and hearty, and to-day he is fond of a good cuisine, and knows how to have it.

The typical Polish *dwór,* or country house, is generally situated on a hillock above the peasant village which nestles at its feet. It is often hidden in a mass of trees, many of them centuries old. After entering the "brama," or gateway,

which is likely to be a ponderous affair, the visitor approaches the manor by a long driveway bordered with trees, in most cases lindens, which, in Poland, attain a great height and size, and are the owner's special pride. At the end of the driveway, among the trees, is seen a low, rambling, red-tiled dwelling of one story, with its white stucco walls glistening in the sunlight. The porch is large and its roof is supported by Doric columns, and there are benches on either side. In the typical manor this porch leads into an ante-room decorated with the hunting trophies of the master. Then, to the right, is the office in which he receives his business callers—the factor of the estate who comes to report on the day's work, the peasant from the village to ask a favour, the Jew to bargain for the gentleman's grain. The walls of the office are generally decorated with fragrant wreaths from the harvest fields.

The dining-room and the parlour are much like those in any other country. In the bedroom, however, there is generally an altar to St. Mary. Every Saturday and during the whole month of May there is a light burning on this altar, and also offerings of fresh flowers. The tiled stoves, most elaborate affairs, frequently wrought on artistic patterns, reach almost to the ceiling, for the rooms are low, and give a distinct character to them. The kitchen stove is a large plaster

affair, with a cavernous oven. This is heated by filling the interior with burning wood and then raking out the embers, after which the bread is pushed in with a long-handled wooden ladle. The result of this rather primitive method is excellent, especially the rye bread.

The house is usually surrounded by a large garden, and there is generally a pond, which supplies fish to the manor house, and an old orchard, from which is derived a comfortable yearly income. Then, no typical estate is without a nest of storks. This bird is treated almost reverently in Poland, and permitted to go where he will without interference. His coming is awaited longingly, as he is a harbinger of spring.

The horses and carriages and waggons are the dwór's special pride. They are the means of communication with the rest of the world. Two, three, five, fifteen miles from town, the estate people, busy all summer, depend on the winter season for their social intercourse. It is then that they pay most of the calls of the year and relax from their toil. The carnival week, before the soberness of Lent, is the great season for gaiety and amusement. The estate drives into town occasionally for its balls and parties, but usually contents itself with giving "affairs" and attending them among its immediate neighbours —which may involve a two hours' drive. Hunting parties are a favourite amusement. These

are arranged, in turn, by the proprietors of the different estates. Early in the morning the hunters collect at the home of their host, where the hunting breakfast, consisting of smoked meats of different kinds, sausage, cheese, wines and beer, awaits them. They start off in peasant waggons, or, if there is snow, in sleighs, taking with them the famous bigos, which is reheated for them over a bonfire by the peasant boys. These boys also chase the game within range of the hunters, who are looking for sport only, as it is the custom to leave all the game at the home of the host.

The innate love of the picturesque and poetic, which is so characteristic of the race, comes out in the great wealth of customs and traditions among the Poles. There are innumerable holidays, and with each is associated some poetic legend or odd custom originating in a picturesque conception of the meaning of some religious or social observances. Christmas and Easter are the great days of the year, and each is full of religious significance.

The approach of Christmas is always heralded a few weeks beforehand by the frequent visits of the members of the brotherhood of monks, who bring small packages of wafers made of flour and water, blessed by the priest, and on which are stamped symbolic religious figures. No Polish family, at home or abroad, is without these

oplatki, which play such an important rôle in the Christmas-Eve festivities. The Poles send these wafers in letters to all relatives and friends, as Christmas cards are sent in other countries.

Christmas-Eve feast is, perhaps, the greatest occasion of the year, and preparations are made for it with much solemnity. Before the cloth is laid the table is covered with a layer of hay or straw, and a sheaf of the straw stands in a corner. Years ago, straw was also spread on the floor—all this symbolic of Christ's lowly birth.

The menu of the feast is a most elaborate affair, although not so much so as formerly. As the day is a fast day, fish forms the main feature of the bill, which should consist of thirteen courses. First, there are soups: broth of almond, fish soup, or barszcz. The last is a sour soup of fermented beet juice, very popular. Then comes the fish, often beginning with an enormous pike, served in a variety of ways with fifty different kinds of sauce. Then comes tench, with cabbages and mushrooms. Then more carp, and *kutia,* a Lithuanian national dish, consisting of husked oats, served with honey and poppy seeds. After the fish come conserved fruits, and then delicious little *pirogi,* a little cake or dumpling that looks like a tiny loaf of rye bread, stuffed with layers of almond paste, poppy seeds, meal or cheese. Besides, there are numerous other small cakes and preserved fruits. In the proportion

that a thirteen-course dinner exceeds an ordinary repast, by so much does the drink list expand. If you accept all the liquors that a Pole offers, you will have to be a very strong man not to succumb. They have all the liquors known to the Anglo-Saxon palate and many others, which should be approached with caution.

Christmas Eve belongs to the family exclusively. Rarely are there any guests present, but all the relatives gather from far and near at the home of the eldest member, sometimes travelling several days to reach their destination.

When the first star appears the entire family, beginning with the eldest member, breaks the wafer, each with the other, at the same time exchanging best wishes. The master and mistress then go to the servants' quarters to divide the wafer there. They wish good husbands to the bonny peasant girls, and excellent housewives to the men folk. The servants have the rest of the evening to themselves, and they spend it singing characteristic Christmas carols, known as "Kolendy." Sometimes the peasants will come to gather the hay and straw from under the cloth and distribute it among the cattle, as there is a popular belief that this straw possesses a charm against evil. It is also used to tie up fruit trees, which are then supposed to yield plentifully the following season. Returning from "Pasterka," the midnight mass, it is another custom to accost

the first passer-by and ask his or her name, which is supposed to be the name of the questioner's future husband or wife.

On Christmas morning, early, the peasants dress themselves up to represent Herod and other Biblical characters, as well as many different birds and animals, and go from house to house, the leader carrying an immense glittering star, to represent the Star of Bethlehem. They sing Christmas carols beneath the windows of every hut and manor house, receiving either money or a portion of the Christmas feast. This custom is known as Gwiazda, the star.

The children wait for the observance of one custom with breathless impatience. This is the Jaselki—the manger—the observance of which lasts during the whole week between Christmas and New Year's. It is really a travelling series of scenes from the life of Christ, and also from the lives of the modern peasants. These Jaselki are gorgeous affairs, somewhat on the model of the English Punch and Judy show. They are really small travelling theatres, ablaze with candles and tinsel, and so bulky that it frequently requires three or four strong men to manipulate one of them. During the performance all the characteristic melodies or folksongs are sung, such as the Krakowiak, the Mazur, and others. The market-place of Cracow, especially at night, is a very pretty spectacle, its sidewalks all lined

with these glittering Jaselki, each of which tries to outshine the other in splendour. The proprietors generally reap a goodly harvest, as these shows are very popular with the children, and have really taken a strong hold, when it is remembered that the Christmas tree was not introduced into Poland until the beginning of the last century. The making of presents on Christmas is not so general in Poland. Gifts are reserved for "name" days.

Carnival begins after New Year's, and it is as great a season for gaiety among the Poles as with the Italians and French. All the country estates and the smaller towns flock to the larger cities, and the journey becomes a sort of annual pilgrimage for pleasure, and not at all a penance. Mothers, with marriageable daughters, and an army of young men in search of wives, form the larger part of these pilgrims, and one of the most certain outcomes of each carnival is the large number of betrothals that supply the gossip to enliven the monotony of Lent. Several generations ago the country people of a few estates would gather together at Carnival time, and, taking with them their servants and trunks, would fall upon their neighbours without invitation, as a sort of surprise party. They would remain many days at a time, dancing and feasting, until they had emptied the pantry and the cellar. Then, taking their host and his fam-

ily with them, they would go to the next estate, the company constantly increasing in numbers, until every estate had been visited in turn. By this time the Carnival had come to an end, and every family returned to its respective home. Since this was an accepted custom, no one was caught unawares, and there was always an abundance of good things to offer the welcome guests.

At Carnival the Poles seem to go dance mad. A Polish gentleman of Cracow observed to me, "We used to begin early in the evening, and dance till five o'clock in the morning. Then probably the musicians could play no longer, and we would all pretend to go. After most of us were ready to leave, it generally happened that some one would strike up a mazurka, and we would begin all over again, sometimes dancing till twelve noon, when we usually stopped, though not always willingly."

On the last day of Carnival there are generally masquerades given, which come to an abrupt end as the bells toll midnight. Even to this day, in Cracow, a huge fish, made of tin or cardboard, is lowered into the ballroom as the clock strikes twelve, as a sign that Lent has commenced, and the herring, milk, and eggs passed round in country homes have the same significance.

Matka Boska Gromniczna, or Candlemas Day, occurs early in February, and is one of the most

ceremonious days of the year in the Polish Catholic Church. On that day the candles, which are symbolic of purity, are blessed. It is a curious sight to see the kneeling masses on the stone floor holding immense lighted candles in their hands, and it is supposed to be a bad omen if, during the procession that follows, one of the candles goes out without apparent cause. The candles are taken home and lighted during storms and on occasions that could, in any way, bring disaster.

Holy Week is full of symbolism. In some parts of Galicia, on Holy Thursday, the boys, dressed up as soldiers, make a dummy figure, enveloped in rags, to represent Judas. This figure they take to the cemetery, where they beat it with wooden swords, amid the laughter and derision of the onlookers. Judas is taken in a wheelbarrow to the nearest pond, where he is drowned, or, at nightfall, he is tied to a stake and burned.

Easter is a greater holiday than Christmas with the Poles, and it is also a day on which all the family gather together. Preparations for it are begun weeks beforehand. The table is set on Saturday morning, the setting being quite an event, in which the whole household take part. As there is no telling how many guests will be present, the plates, knives, and forks are placed on a sideboard and taken as they are needed. The centre table, as well as long, narrow tables

at the side, are covered with snowy cloths, sometimes decorated with a border of evergreen, which has been artistically sewed on. In the centre, on a pedestal, sometimes made with moss, with coloured eggs and fruit at the base, is the symbolic lamb, made of butter or sugar. The rest of the table is laid out with whole hams, veal and mutton, etc., and cakes of all descriptions, the former prettily decorated with evergreen and boxwood. A small sucking pig, holding a coloured egg in its mouth, always occupies a place of honour. The food is all blessed by the priest, who also, at this time, blesses the water to be used in sprinkling the huts. No Polish peasant would live in a house that had not been blessed by the priest, as such a dwelling, he believes, must certainly be haunted by ghosts, if not by the devil himself. When a factory is built the proprietor could get no workmen unless the building had been blessed. Even the theatres are blessed.

Another pretty custom is that of the gentleman inviting to the house a few of the more dignified peasants, with whom he eats the symbolic egg. This custom goes a long way toward insuring good feelings between the manor house and the peasant hut.

The Easter dinner, which is begun by dividing the egg and exchanging good wishes, is the only regular meal of the day. Other meals are eaten where and when one chooses. The servants have

no duties, and the fires in the kitchen are allowed to die out. On Easter Monday the visiting begins, and the house is filled with guests from morning till night. The meals are served in the same manner as on Easter Day, so that practically the eating continues all day.

An extraordinary custom, known as Smigus, is observed on Easter Monday, to the huge enjoyment of the peasants. They douse one another with pails of water. The men hide behind bushes and trees, waiting for the peasant girls to draw water. Catching them unawares, they give the girls a thorough drenching. Of course, the poor Jew suffers from this. He is up early, as usual, intent on business, to be greeted with the contents of a bucket of dishwater from the top of some roof. Among the landed proprietors this custom takes a more genteel form, the young gentlemen spraying the ladies with cologne.

Renkawka (the word means the sleeve) comes as a sort of clear-up after Easter, and the custom has an historical explanation. The mound of Krakus was erected by the people, who brought the earth in their wide, old-fashioned sleeves, in token of homage to the founder of their city, Cracow. This is the holiday of the servants and the peasants, who dress up in their finest and flock to the Krakus mound, where, according to the old Polish custom, the remains of the Easter feast were distributed to the poor. To-day, the

observance of the custom becomes a celebration of public games, the proceeds of which are devoted to amusements and benefits for the people.

From time immemorial the Poles have greeted the spring with open arms. Its advent is celebrated in a holiday season known as Zielone Swiantki (Green Holiday). Every palace, house, and hut is decorated with "green things," and the churches look like a beautiful grove. The peasants give their huts a new coat of whitewash, which makes the green decorations particularly effective.

Among the many picturesque customs of harvest time none is, perhaps, so beautiful as that of the annual visit of the master and mistress to the fields. They are immediately waylaid by the peasants, who tie their hands with bands of straw, the lady and gentleman only regaining their liberty after paying a fine. If the fields are near the road, any one who passes can be treated in the same manner, and the peasants reap quite a little harvest of money. Swiento Matki Boskej-Zielnej (Feast of the Divine Mother of the Herbs) is a holiday in August. For a few days before this, bevies of peasant girls may be seen gathering flowers and herbs of all kinds. These are made into bouquets, often of intricate design, with fruit and nuts as decorations, and are taken to church to be blessed. These blessed herbs are supposed to ward off diseases from the cattle.

It is quite a picturesque sight, this mass of kneeling peasant women, each with her immense bouquet.

Dzien Zaduszny is All Souls' Day, on which there is a pilgrimage to all the cemeteries. The graves are decorated lavishly with flowers and wreaths, and in the night lit up with candles and lamps of different colours—a weird and picturesque sight. In Lithuania the peasants believe that at midnight the souls leave their graves and return to their former homes. So food and drink are placed on window-sill and thresholds, that they need not go away hungry. The disappearance of the food only strengthens the belief of the peasants in the midnight visitation. Sometimes food is also placed on the graves. The smack of paganism in this, however, has caused it to be forbidden by the Church.

The musical culture of the Poles and their passionate fondness for that art is one of the finest facts of their social life. It is a musical appreciation that is inbred and inherited from nature's original gift to the race, refined and developed by generations of practice.

In an intellectual way, the Poles are democrats. The most gifted author or the most famous artist will "drop in" for an evening's call, and chat, without ostentation or heralding, expecting to be received as simply as though he were the family doctor.

The patriarchal form of government, however, still survives in the Slavonic family. The children are brought up to most respectful, filial conduct, and it is delightful to see their reverence for their elders, a reverence that is genuine and inbred. No young person would dream of occupying a sofa or an easy chair while there are older people in the room, no matter how many other vacant chairs there might be. The boy and girl salute their parents by kissing, not on the mouth, but on the hand, the shoulder, the coat-sleeve.

In the matter of social customs the Poles are exceedingly conservative. The old prejudice against trade and business is, indeed, dying out, under pressure of modern conditions, but tradesmen and mechanics are still rated as lower in the social scale than the landed proprietor, even though the latter may be much poorer and be compelled to work much harder. Tradition seems to have a stronger hold in Galicia than in the other sections of the former commonwealth. The stamp of a new order is visible over all the kingdom (Russia), and German progress will not let Posen lag behind. But in Galicia, old ideas, old customs, old forms, old titles, still hold.

It is very difficult for a non-Pole to understand the social caste system in Poland. There are really five orders, the aristocracy, the titled no-

bility, the landed proprietors (or szlachta), the bourgeoisie, and the peasants. The Jews, of course, form still another and wholly distinct class. The aristocracy consists, it would seem, of about a dozen families, whose names have been famous through generations. They are intensely conservative in social matters, and recognition by them, or connection, even distant, with them, is the hall-mark of social standing. The family genealogical tree and coat of arms are a most complicated matter, and quite beyond a stranger's comprehension. The Pole can tell his family history back to a little after the time of the flood. He also knows the history of all his neighbours, and when a stranger arrives in town he soon places him, after consulting the book of heraldry. The Polish aristocrat, in short, is as proud and stately as the Spanish grandee.

The only profession fit for a gentleman, according to the idea quite generally prevalent in Galicia, is that of *obywatelstwo*—that is, gentleman farmer—whose ideas and standing are somewhat similar to those of our old Southern squires before the war. This is the szlachta, or landed nobility, which still forms a small part of the nation. This class looks down on trade such as that on which the bourgeoisie of the towns is beginning to thrive. But the old prejudice is fast dying out, and now there are even *hrabias* (counts or barons) who own and operate large dairies.

Perhaps, however, this is also considered a part of gentleman farming.

The bourgeoisie, or town-folk, are generally the tradespeople. This class is composed of a large proportion of foreigners, Germans particularly (even in Russia), Poles of Teutonic or Russian extraction, and an increasing number of Poles, pure Poles, constantly recruited from the peasantry, and occasionally from the aristocracy. The peasants, either through discontent with their own hard lot, or drawn by the allurements of city life, are deserting their fields and going into the centres of population, where they often enter trade and become prosperous. Service in the army is likely to give the peasant lad a distaste for the monotonous, rather animal life of his parent. And so the transformation of the people from a nation of almost exclusive agriculturists into one of manufacturers goes on slowly, but none the less surely.

XIX

POLAND'S MODERN INTERPRETER

A RARE honour it certainly is for any one man to be able to introduce his country and countrymen to the world; to recall to the memory of mankind an oppressed and almost forgotten people, and to so revivify its past that the whole civilised world pauses to look and listen as though a new protagonist had stepped upon the stage of the century. Such is, indeed, a rare honour, but it belongs to Henryk Sienkiewicz, incomparably the greatest prophet of Polish nationality.

Sienkiewicz has introduced his countrymen to the American people. It is not as "the author of 'Quo Vadis?'" that his name will be longest and best remembered, although such is the popular way (at least in this country) of referring to him. It is as the man who made his country known to the world, as the author of the Trilogy of Polish novels, that he claims the affection and homage of his countrymen.

To the American, the Englishman, the German, Henryk Sienkiewicz is a masterly weaver of fascinating, powerful, realistic romances. To

the Pole he is all this, and much more. He is his country's first adequate interpreter to the world, and his works are the mirror in which "Sarmatia sees her strenuous, beautiful self." To an audience larger, more widely distributed, and more generally intelligent than that of any other living author—with the possible exception of Tolstoi—he says: "Gentlemen, permit me to present Poland. This is not mere story-telling, literary portraiture, romance-building. This is a great people; Poland, with all her magnificent virtues, all her lamentable shortcomings. Permit me, ladies and gentlemen, to present to you Poland."

All his historical novels on Poland, but particularly the incomparable Trilogy, present, in bold, clear-cut, beautiful lines, that unfortunate land and people that is to-day without a place on the map of nations. In the Trilogy the novelist has gathered up all the threads of the national life and character of his countrymen and woven them deftly into one shining cord: the series of three realistic, historical romances, "With Fire and Sword," "The Deluge," and "Pan Michael."

A man in the prime of life, and in the plenitude of his powers, hearty, cordial, and courteous, slightly reserved at times, always modest and unassuming; a man of the middle height, with a kindly, honest face and quiet manners, with now and then the almost hunted look of one

HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ, POLAND'S MODERN INTERPRETER.

(From the painting by Kazimierz Pochwalski.)

who fears the "lioniser"—such is, in brief, the impression made by Henryk Sienkiewicz. His is a most winning personality, with simple, natural dignity, and an utter lack of pose.

The novelist had just returned from a walk with his daughter when I presented myself at his cottage at Zakopane in the Carpathian Mountains. His naturally olive complexion was flushed with the exercise, and he flourished a ciupaga (or hatchet-headed mountain-stick) gleefully as he stepped buoyantly into the room.

Delightful and unique is this Zakopański or Carpathian style of building and carving. It looks like a clever amalgamation of the Norwegian and Swiss, but yet with a new stamp, cast in a new mould, peculiarly its own. The wood-carving of these górale, or peasant mountaineers, is really wonderful. From the massive newel-post at the foot of the stairs to the delicate filigree leaf-tracery of the paper-knife on Mr. Sienkiewicz's desk, it is all done by hand, and—Oh, rare temperance and restraint!—left quite unsmirched by the vandal, vulgar paint. Fresh, clean, white wood, wrought into beautiful, artistic forms, with the ozone and tang of the forest still clinging to it, makes grateful, appropriate surroundings for a study. A few books and a couple of fur rugs—the spoil of the mountains—complete the den of the novelist.

A most modest man is this world-famous au-

thor. You cannot extract personalities, except the meagerest, from him by any means known to the diplomat's art or the journalist's craft. "I toiled at short stories until I could write a good one before I attempted longer productions." This is the terse way he sums up his early literary struggles. A search among the "biography pigeon-holes" of certain Warsaw newspapers supplies the information that, like most eminent literary men, his beginnings were arduous and discouraging. From his mother, Stefania Cieciszewska, who was a poetess of culture, he inherited a taste for literature. He wrote a series of critical articles in 1869, in his 25th year, but they attracted no attention. The next year he tried a novel, but that met a fate strangely appropriate to its title—"In Vain." No one credited him with talent, and he lost heart. In the year of our Centennial he came to this country and joined Madame Modjeska's famous colony of expatriated Poles in California. Then came his sketches of travel in America. "I know the great West of America as a traveller only," he said. Here I fancied I could detect the faintest apologetic touch to the voice. Perhaps the novelist has had an inkling of the sensitiveness of Americans to the opinions of distinguished foreigners, like Dickens and himself, who have seemed hasty in their generalisations of America "as seen from a car window." Mr. Sien-

kiewicz's reference to pigs in the streets of New York somehow lingers unpleasantly in the memory.

"How do I write a novel?" He laughed. "What a question that is, and how can I possibly answer it? I prepare to write a novel by reading every book and document referring to it in all languages that I can lay hold of. Then I let it all soak for a while." (The novelist did not use the word "soak," but explained more in detail that he meant that process.) "Then I write. That is all. 'Quo Vadis?' was comparatively easy. There was a great wealth of books and documents to draw from. Tacitus was a gold-mine. It took about eighteen months to complete 'Quo Vadis?' which was my first serious effort in the classical field. The Trilogy was more difficult, requiring very careful research, and the study of old and generally obscure authorities."

An amusing incident is told in connection with the serial publication of "Quo Vadis?" in a Polish journal. When the installment describing the captivity of Lygia appeared, a deputation of sensitive young girls called upon the author—at least so the story runs—to beg him not to let his heroine die in prison. "It is a simple matter, this letting her escape," naïvely declared one of these young ladies. "Lygia has only to write a letter to her fiancé, and he will see to it." Sien-

kiewicz smiled and requested his fair petitioner to compose such a letter to him. A few days later, therefore, he received the following missive:

"My dear Lygia:

"It seems that you ought to write to Vinicius, but illness has probably enfeebled your epistolary powers. Address, instead, the simplest, most unpretentious letter to a certain M. Henryk Sienkiewicz, who lives in Warsaw several centuries hence. I have every reason to believe that, if you ask him prettily, he will arrange the matter without the useless complications of further correspondence.

"I embrace you affectionately."

The novelist prefers to be known as the author of the Trilogy: "With Fire and Sword," "The Deluge," and "Pan Michael." No Pole ever refers to him as the author of "Quo Vadis?" It is in the Trilogy that he "mirrors his native land." The other novels are not essentially typical. "Quo Vadis?" is a powerful romance, but it is not the Sienkiewicz *milieu*. "Without Dogma" is a fascinating psychological study, but a study that is human-broad. "The Family of Polaniecki" is also psychological and human, not exclusively Polish. "The Knights of the Cross" is the history of an obscure, seething period, set in an absorbing romance. "On the Field of Glory" is typical, but not comprehensive. The Trilogy *is* Poland. Podbipienta, large-limbed, large-hearted, chivalrous, taciturn, patient, relentless, "so tall that his head nearly struck the

ceiling, . . . but with an honest, open expression like that of a child," represents Lithuania, the vast, savage northeast domain that came to the Commonwealth with the marriage of the Christian Jadwiga to the barbarian Jagiello. Zagloba is the type of the *petite noblesse.* Wolodyjowski is the thorough-going soldier, the splendid swordsman, a conqueror in war and love, a very typical Polish character. Bohun, in "With Fire and Sword," represents the Cossack, and Azya, in "Pan Michael," the Tartar, those fierce, untamed races, human birds of prey, that surrounded the Polish Commonwealth, and but for the swords of the Poles would have overrun western Europe. Prince Boguslaw, of "The Deluge," is the type of the "foreignised" Polish aristocrat. French in manners, in dress, in habits, French in the faultless punctiliousness and pomp of his chivalry, he was Gallic also in his hollow pretensions, in his cynicism, in his amours. Boguslaw brought his French servants, his French dress, and his French manners into the Commonwealth, treating the Poles with whom he came in contact as inferior beings, and lauding foreign ways, foreign military service, foreign everything. He is the prototype of the Polish noble of to-day who so often lives abroad —in France, in England, in Italy—who spends his money lavishly at the English Derby, the French Grand Prix, at Monte Carlo, on the Ri-

viera—but who, when he comes to Warsaw or Cracow, the most Polish of cities, pulls tight his purse-strings and haggles over the amount of his hotel bill. A true, an unfortunately true, type, this Boguslaw.

Pleasanter to contemplate are the wholly noble creations of the Trilogy, especially so far as the novelist could find real, actual, historic characters to stand as types. These types can be found to-day among the Poles. Skrzetuski, the mirror of chivalry; Wolodyjowski, the simple-minded, ideal soldier; Kmicic, the dashing, devoted cavalier; Kordecki, the patriot-priest; Czarniecki, the splendid, terrible leader of armies; Sapieha, the large-souled, pleasure-loving marshal; Wiśniowiecki, the peerless leader—what a splendid array! And all were actual, living men, as were also the terrible Chmielnicki and the equally terrible Janusz Radziwill.

His countrymen call the Trilogy the Polish national epic, and some English critic has declared that it has shown Sienkiewicz to be "Scott and Dumas rolled into one, with the added humour of Cervantes, and at times the force of Shakespeare." With the tragic, tense, bloody history of his country as a cyclopean background, he has swept with bold, beautiful lines, and his brush has limned a marvellous picture. Battle, adventure, heroism, virile conflict, are the strokes that stand out, but the eurythmy

that dominates the entire picture, the light that suffuses the canvas, is that of love. Sienkiewicz knows, with an exquisite knowledge that finds at once the vital point of every situation, that love is and should be the mainspring, the soul, of the novel. He is not afraid of his theme. His characters are not "goody-goodies." They are far from being carpet-knights or shepherdesses of Arcady. Occasionally, for one shuddering second, we get a glimpse of the most brutal depths in his men. They are always strong and virile. He never shrinks from physical love, but when he touches it, he does so incidentally, lightly, and then passes. The reader's imagination is never soiled by his scenes or characters.

"Aside from the historical characters in the Trilogy, you have given us a number of types, have you not? If Skrzetuski, Chmielnicki, Wiśniowiecki, Kmicic, and Radziwill were actual figures of history, what of Zagloba, of Podbipienta, of Wolodyjowski?"

"Michael Wolodyjowski was an actual character. There was a knight of that name, known far and wide as 'the best soldier of the Commonwealth.' The manner of his death, including the dramatic visit of Sobieski at his funeral, are historic verities. The siege of the stronghold of Kamieniec in Podolia happened just as I have pictured it."

"And Zagloba?"

"Zagloba is a type particularly common at the time of which I have written, although I know many Zaglobas to-day in Lithuania, and even here in Galicia."

Boastful, yet brave, crafty in council, sharp and witty of tongue, drinking by the bucket rather than by the glass, with an appetite like that of the boars of his native forests, cheerful in the face of adverse fortune, with a humour and kindliness quite unique, the old noble has no analogue in any literature, with, perhaps, the exception of Shakespeare's Falstaff. I suggested the similarity.

"If I may be permitted to make a comparison," he said, "I think that Zagloba is a better character than Falstaff. At heart the old noble was a good fellow. He would fight bravely when it became necessary, whereas Shakespeare makes Falstaff a coward and a poltroon."

A happier comparison, perhaps, is that of a German critic, who calls Zagloba a second Ulysses. Indeed, the old noble gloried in the resemblance he bore to the wily Greek. In stratagems and deceptions, in outwitting or placating the enemy, in making foes love each other by false yet plausible honeyed speeches, for withering sarcasm, Zagloba is certainly to be compared with Homer's *vir incomparabilis*—having the advantage of kindliness and humour, which the Greek did not have.

"And what of simple, chivalrous Podbipienta, the long Lithuanian knight?"

"Podbipienta is a fantasy, but a true type. In him we see Lithuania." To those who know the Lithuanians, the fidelity of the artist in depicting Podbipienta is masterly.

It was the study of Homer, the novelist declares, that gave him his first conceptions of massive moving armies, of magnificent campaigns of whole nations, which he has utilised in his epic—the Trilogy.

"The Knights of the Cross" was the most difficult of all his novels to write. It deals with characters and conditions of a time antecedent to that of the Trilogy, and there was little or no literature to draw from. "I had to dig out my facts from the most obscure sources," he said. The story is also written in old Polish, a harsher, rougher tongue than the speech of to-day, and more difficult to translate.

It was shortly after returning to Poland from California that the young author met in Lithuania a young lady of rare grace and spirit, who soon won his heart and became his wife. Reproductions of a painting of her which hang in the Sienkiewicz house in Warsaw show her to have been of distinguished appearance, with an exquisitely delicate neck and an oval, aristocratic face framed in blond hair—the type of Lithuanian beauty. Marya Szetkiewicz was for him the

embodiment of all beauty and idealistic love. She taught him his true calling—to be interpreter of the life and longings of his country. Under the inspiration of her companionship and aid he planned the Trilogy, and "With Fire and Sword" was completed just before her death.

On my leaving, Mr. Sienkiewicz presented to me a large, handsome bronze medal. "A souvenir of our great charm now," he said, with a quiet smile—"our antiquity." It was struck in commemoration of the five hundredth anniversary of the University of Cracow.

"Old Giewont is very beautiful to-day," I remarked, as we looked toward the great peak of the Tatry towering back of the cottage.

"Yes," he said. "I love these mountains, and the mountaineers, also, with their picturesque ways and beautiful, poetic language. One can get many an inspiration from their simple lives and delightful old legends."

In Cracow, in Warsaw, in Posen, in the three divisions of the ancient Polish Commonwealth, it is the same story one hears everywhere—Henryk Sienkiewicz is master of the hearts of his countrymen. He looms up as the most precious, the most representative, national figure. In all his Polish works it is the same. The Poles find in them their patriotic credo. They are Poland crystallised into literature. They are more.

They contain the promise of a future, the germ of the national regeneration.

On the twenty-fifth anniversary (in 1900) of his entrance into literature the whole nation joined in honouring him. It was a national festival. A beautiful estate of three hundred acres at Oblengorek, in Russian Poland, with a mansion, all the work upon which was contributed as a free gift by Polish artisans, was presented to him. Many other rare and beautiful presents, books, addresses, memorials, were also given.

I like to think of Henryk Sienkiewicz as I last saw him—in mountain costume, stick in hand, looking off toward Mount Giewont in that beautiful Carpathian sunset. An old legend has it that one of the brave Polish kings of ancient times, with all his knights, sleeps in the fastnesses of this mountain. When the time comes, and the Polish people are found worthy and united, the legend says that the knights will awake, and rush, in full armour, to the national defence. The land will then be restored to its ancient splendour. One can almost believe that the word-master's beautiful pictures of Polish love, chivalry, and patriotism have made the nation's fabled deliverers stir in their sleep.

XX

THE POLES IN AMERICA

IT was eminently fitting that, when exiled from their native land for their devotion to liberty, Poles of all walks in life and of every social grade should turn their steps to the land of Washington and Lincoln. The emigrations that, in the latter half of the 18th century, spread the Polish blood over widely separated lands, naturally brought many of Poland's sons to the United States, which were just then fighting for their own independence. The names of Kosciuszko and Pulaski stand out boldly on the list of our Revolutionary heroes. The story of Kazimierz Pulaski is of as deep interest to Americans as that of Kosciuszko. Pulaski was a full-blooded aristocrat, who, like Kosciuszko, left Poland to fight for liberty. But he actually gave up his life in the cause of American independence. There are monuments to Kosciuszko at West Point, in Chicago, Milwaukee, and Cleveland, and Congress itself (in 1904) appropriated $50,000 to erect an equestrian statue of Pulaski in Washington. In 1905 the Poles in this country offered to the American people a

monument to Kosciuszko, to be erected on Lafayette Square, in Washington. The memory of these two heroic souls is also perpetuated in the names of many counties, cities, and streets throughout the country.

Other eminent Poles came in the early years of our history. Niemcewicz, poet and friend of Kosciuszko, came with the patriot leader to this country in 1796. He married an American lady, Mrs. Livingstone Keane, of New Jersey. Tyssowski, the "Dictator of Cracow," came here after the revolution of 1846. His descendants soon became good Americans.

The learned Adam Gurowski, one time translator to the State Department, entered so fully into the American spirit and life that his "Diary of 1861-65" shows the keenest insight into the politics and general conditions of our civil war period.

The Polish peasants soon began to come in large numbers to the promised land beyond the sea. To-day there are more than three and a half million Poles in this country, and the number is constantly increasing. Many thousands also are in South America, chiefly in Brazil and Argentina. The Pole and the Slovak are the most representative of the Slav races that immigrate in large numbers to this country. They make excellent raw material for our future American citizens. They take kindly to American educa-

tional methods, particularly the Poles. The latter are more assertive than the other members of the Slav stock that come here. They are not so submissive to the Church, and have a greater national consciousness. However, that does not prevent them from becoming quickly identified with American life, of which they become an important part, while a large proportion of the other Slavic peoples return to the countries whence they came.

The Poles grow up and become good Americans. Around the centralising power, which is usually the Church, the Polish town grows and expands, and under the influence of the American public school soon becomes an American municipality. Very soon the entire family joins the father. As soon as the rude immigrant has saved enough he sends for Kasia, Hanka, and the little ones, who await with impatience the word that Jan has prospered in the new world. The Polish immigrants spread over our great West, and the cities of Buffalo, Chicago, Milwaukee, Pittsburg, Cleveland, Philadelphia, Detroit, and Toledo are the main centres in which they congregate. In Chicago alone there are more than 250,000 of them, forming the largest Polish city in the world after Warsaw and Lódz. They come from all sections of the former Commonwealth, but principally from Galicia. They are, in general, industrious, frugal, and soon amass

a competency. Comparatively few professional men or members of the upper social classes have came to this country except for political reasons, as the love for the fatherland is so strong in the Polish heart, although a few such spirits as Modjeska and her husband have lived here. Mr. Ralph Modrzejewski (Modjeski), of Chicago, the son of the famous Polish-American tragedienne, is an eminent engineer. He was, for some years, bridge engineer for the Union Pacific Railroad Company. He has been called the leading consulting bridge engineer in the country. An eminent Polish priest, Father Kruszka, of Ripon, Wisconsin, in his "History of the Poles in America," gives the following statistical information as to the present (1907) Polish population in the United States (I quote even thousands):

Pennsylvania	423,000
Illinois	389,000
New York	356,000
Wisconsin	198,000
Michigan	161,000
Massachusetts	129,000
Ohio	96,000
New Jersey	93,000
Minnesota	89,000
Connecticut	61,000
Indiana	41,000
Missouri	21,000
Maryland	19,000
Nebraska	19,000
Texas	18,000

Rhode Island	10,000
Delaware	9,000
California	7,000
North Dakota	6,000
Kansas	5,000
New Hampshire	5,000
Washington	4,000
Colorado	4,000
Iowa	4,000
South Dakota	3,000
Kentucky	3,000
Maine	3,000
Oklahoma	3,000
Oregon	3,000
Tennessee	3,000
Arkansas	3,000
Montana	2,000
Indian Territory	2,000
Vermont	2,000

Later estimates of the immigration authorities make the figures nearly 4,000,000 for the United States and Canada.

Since the census figures for natives of Poland include Polish Jews, they are of little use for our purpose, so that it is particularly fortunate that we have so devoted a student of Polish conditions in America as Father Kruszka to fall back upon. These figures refer, of course, to all those who, whether themselves born of Polish parents or not, count in the community as Poles. As regards the urban population it is impossible to tell what proportion of the Poles are city dwellers, but following are approximate figures: Chi-

cago, 250,000; Buffalo and immediate suburbs, about 75,000; Milwaukee, 65,000; Detroit and immediate suburbs, 65,000; Pittsburg and immediate suburbs, upwards of 50,000; Cleveland and immediate suburbs, 30,000; New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City, 210,000; Toledo, 14,000.

The Polish peasant rapidly learns the English language and American ways. Indeed, a rather significant commentary on the proper way to make an alien people learn the language of the country in which they live is furnished by the way the Poles are learning English in this country. In common with the other foreign immigrants, the Poles soon come to understand that, if they wish to succeed in business, in politics, in life generally, they must learn the language of the country in which they live. They send their children at once to school—public or parochial. In 1905 there were in American universities and colleges 535 sons of Polish mine workers. These go home and not only accustom their parents to the sound of the English speech, but are even introducing English words and idioms into the Polish spoken at home. The next stage is to use English almost exclusively. Listen for a few minutes to the conversation of a Pole in one of our large cities and you will be almost certain to hear a number of words that sound like English. They turn out to be really such, only

slightly modified to suit the Slav palate and ear. For example, a Pole will use the phrase "*na kornerze*," "at the corner," or he will say "*mufowac*," "to move," "*sztrita*," "the street." This, after all, is the natural method of learning a language, and therefore more effective than the method of compulsion by sabre and cannon.

In this matter of the Americanisation of the Poles, I quote the following extract from an article on "The Polish Community in the United States" in the weekly *Mysl Polska* (*Polish Thought*), of Warsaw, of April 20, 1907, by Louis Wlodek, who recently made a tour of the Polish colonies in the United States. Mr. Wlodek writes:

"The degree of denationalisation is defined by two factors: the affection for the old fatherland that they have left, and the relation to the new fatherland, America. The affection for the native land, as a feeling based on a real substructure, on the love of the land, exists very vividly in the first generation of the immigrants, but it cannot exist in the second generation, which has been born in America. The affection of the first is expressed most strongly in the sending of all their savings to the old country (Galicia, and in a smaller part, the Kingdom) for the buying of land there, less frequently in a return to the fatherland. The patriotism of the second is

more platonic, is based on the love of the historical traditions, especially the tradition of the struggles for independence, and also on hatred to the foes of Poland, the three spoliatory powers. These feelings must be called platonic, for they are expressed in resolutions adopted at mass-meetings, in addresses at such meetings; never, however, can they impel to action. There is, however, one exception: the idea of an armed insurrection enjoys great popularity among the Poles in America.

"Obviously Americanisation proceeds first of all along lingual paths. The immigrant whose first steps in this land were made enormously difficult, and whose whole life is still made difficult by his ignorance of the English language, wishes to save his children from this obstacle, and he therefore willingly sends them to the English school, willingly sees the adoption by them of the local customs, and their growing into the American relations. The less cultured the peasants, the more distinctly do these characteristics appear; and the children's knowledge of the Polish language and their Polish feelings are in direct relation to the home surroundings and home education, to the degree of the affection of the parents for Polonism. The children in the majority of cases become accustomed to speak and to think in English; this language becomes their daily language, while the Polish lan-

guage and Polonism are the synonyms of the festal celebration of the Polish holidays. Hence, we see children who on the platform have just sung Polish songs or declaimed Polish verses, speaking familiarly with one another in English as they are descending from the platform. These children later, when they grow up, will speak familiarly with one another likewise in English, carrying on at the same time a conversation with guests in Polish. There now arises a new intelligent class, born on American soil, by feeling and tradition Polish, by disposition and habits American, by language belonging to Poland and to America, with a certain predominance in favour of the latter."

It will be interesting to refer, briefly, to some of the best-known American Poles. One of the most eminent of this race, most of whose career was passed in this country, was Dr. Henry Korwin Kalussowski, who died in 1894, at the age of eighty-eight. Dr. Kalussowski's father was chamberlain to Stanislaw Poniatowski, the last of the Polish kings. The younger Kalussowski fought in the Polish insurrection of 1830. In 1838 he came to the United States. Speaking fluently fourteen languages, he soon secured lucrative employment as a teacher of French and Latin in New York. In 1848 he returned to Europe and participated in the revolutionary movement of that year. Later he served as a Polish member

of the German Parliament from the grand duchy of Posen. He was afterward, however, expelled by the Prussian government, and returned to the United States to live permanently. During our own Civil War he raised the 31st New York Regiment. He also served the government in various capacities, occupying several positions in the Treasury Department, and translating from the Russian all the official documents relating to the purchase of Alaska. Dr. Kalussowski was chief organiser of the "Association of the Poles in America," founded in 1842 by those patriots who had participated in the revolution of 1830.

Another patriot, warrior, and statesman who contributed to our national life was Professor Leopold Julian Boeck. This patriot served in the Hungarian revolution under Louis Kossuth. It was through the intervention of the United States Minister at Constantinople that the Ottoman government refused to give up Dr. Boeck, then a prisoner of state at the Turkish capital, to the Russian and Austrian authorities. After a few years, as professor of higher mathematics in the Sorbonne at Paris, Professor Boeck, unable to breath freely in the empire of Louis Napoleon, came to New York. Here he founded the Polytechnic Institute, said to be the first in the United States. After the Civil War Professor Boeck was called to the chair of mathematics and engineering in the University of Virginia.

In 1873 President Grant appointed him American Educational Commissioner at the Universal Exposition in Vienna. Three years later, Professor Boeck represented the National Government at the Philadelphia Exposition in the same capacity. When he died he was professor of languages at the University of Pennsylvania.

The science of war in its modern aspect owes much to Edmund Louis Gray Zalinski, soldier, patriot, and inventor of the pneumatic torpedo gun. Major Zalinski was born in Prussian Poland in 1849, coming with his parents to New York State when only four years of age. He received an American education, entered the United States army as volunteer, served on the staff of General Miles until the close of the War of the Rebellion, was promoted for gallantry, mustered out of service in 1865, and reached the rank of major in April, 1904. Major Zalinski became professor of military science in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and occupied chairs of a similar nature in other institutions. He also studied at the United States Artillery School at Fortress Monroe, and the School of Submarine Mining at Willets' Point, New York. He devoted six or seven years to the development and perfecting of the pneumatic dynamite torpedo gun. In 1889 he was sent abroad to study military science in Europe. Among his inventions are an intrenching tool, a

telescopic sight for artillery, and a system of range and position finding for sea coast and artillery firing. He retired in 1894 and at present lives in New York City.

Besides Kalussowski and Zalinski, a number of other Poles served in our Civil War, among them Colonel Krzyzanowski, Louis Zychlinski, and Colonel Joseph Smolinski, the last named being only sixteen years of age at his commission, the youngest cavalry officer who served during the war. Colonel Smolinski is a veteran newspaper correspondent. He is also prominent in G. A. R. work, and interested in bibliographical work in the War Department. He was the prime mover in the idea that finally culminated in the erection of the Pulaski monument in Washington, to the fund for which the National Government contributed $50,000. General Leon Jastremski, an ex-Confederate veteran, was prominent for many years in Louisiana politics. In 1907 he was the Democratic candidate for Governor but died before the election took place.

One of the most famous women of Polish nationality, whose career is bound up with American life, was Dr. Mary Elizabeth Zakrzewska. When only eighteen years of age this lady began the study of medicine in the Royal Hospital of Berlin, afterward becoming a member of the staff of that institution. Hearing that in the United States women could become full doctors

of medicine, Dr. Zakrzewska resigned her position and emigrated in 1853. Three years later she graduated from the Western Reserve College of Medicine at Cleveland. She was associated with Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell in establishing the New York Infirmary for Indigent Women and Children. Mrs. Linda Fulton, née Kowalewska, of Buffalo, daughter of a veteran of 1831, has been identified for years with New York State public activity through various clubs.

An eminent Polish-American sculptor, some of whose works, including two busts of Kosciuszko and Pulaski, are now in the Capitol at Washington, was Henry Dmochowski. This patriot was killed in the Revolution of '63. Two other Polish sculptors of eminence are Casimir Chodzinski, the creator of the Kosciuszko monument in Chicago, to whom the United States government has intrusted the work on the Pulaski monument in Washington, and Anthony Popiel, who is making the Kosciuszko monument, also in Washington.

Among poets, novelists, and musicians of Polish nativity who distinguished themselves in this country were Edward Sobolewski, Mrs. Samolinska, Julian Horain, and Helena Stas.

In connection with the progress of Polish organizations in the United States, I should not omit to refer to T. M. Helinski, formerly postmaster of Duluth, Minnesota, who was for many

years General Secretary of the Polish National Alliance and afterwards treasurer of the Polish Bank in Chicago, and Maryan B. Stenczynski, of Chicago, for several terms president of the central governing board of the Polish National Alliance.

Noteworthy among physicians who have a reputation extending beyond their own State is Dr. Francis E. Fronczak, who has been for many years a member of the Buffalo Board of Health.

Prince Andrew Poniatowski, a direct descendant of the celebrated Joseph Poniatowski, one of Napoleon's marshals, has had an eminent career as a capitalist. He now resides in California.

The first Polish bishop in the United States, was Rt. Rev. Paul P. Rhode. Bishop Rhode was born September 16, 1871, in Weyerowo, Prussian Poland, being the only son in the family. His father, Augustin, died while the boy was quite young. Paul studied four years in the Prussian schools and when he was nine years old, in 1880, he came with his mother, Krystina, to America, settled at Chicago, where he finished the parochial School of St. Stanislaw. Afterwards he studied in the College of the Polish Resurrectionist Fathers at St. Mary's, Kentucky; later in the Jesuit College of St. Ignatius in Chicago, where he completed the classical and philosophical courses. Theology he studied in St. Francis, Wisconsin, where he was ordained priest on June

16, 1894, by Archbishop Katzer of Milwaukee. For two years following he was assistant in St. Adalbert's Church at Chicago, organising at the same time a new congregation of Saint Peter and Saint Paul, of which he was pastor until 1897. On October 31, 1897, he was appointed pastor of St. Michael's Church in South Chicago. Bishop Rhode was consecrated in the summer of 1908.

The appointment of an American Polish bishop must be credited largely to the patient, patriotic devotion and zeal of Father Waclaw Kruszka, of Ripon, Wisconsin, who is among the many devoted and industrious Polish clergy in this country, and one of the most patriotic. Father Kruszka has been prominently identified with the movement for the creation of Polish bishops in this country for years. He has recently completed a monumental work, a ten-volume "History of the Poles in America."

An editorial political writer of note, at present editor of the journal *Dziennik Narodowy*, of Chicago, is Stanislaw Osada, who has recently completed a "History of the Polish National Alliance and of the Development of the Polish Movement in America." Michael Kruszka, once a Wisconsin State Senator, is largely interested in the publishing business. He is the proprietor of the *Kuryer Polski* (daily) and the *Kuryer Ilustrowany* (monthly), and President

of the Polish Newspaper Association of which the organ is the *Prasa Polska.* W. Dyniewicz, of Chicago, for many years has published the oldest Polish newspaper in the United States, the *Gazeta Polska.* Waclaw Perkowski also is a journalist who contributes regularly to the metropolitan press and some of the best American magazines.

The Poles in the United States are proud also of Felix S. Zahajkiewicz, former editor of the *Naród Polski,* of Chicago, now an instructor in one of the schools of that city. Mr. Zahajkiewicz is a fiction writer, a poet, and a playwright, whose poems and songs are rendered at national celebrations. His historical tragedy, "Krolówa Jadwiga," was first produced in Chicago in 1895. One of the best-known names in Polish-American music is that of Jaroslaw Zielinski, descendant of an ancient noble family of Austrian Poland. Mr. Zielinski took part in the Polish insurrection of 1863, and also served in our Civil War. Since that time he has devoted himself to the profession of music. For many years known as a pianist and musical composer, he has been three times President of the New York State Music Teachers' Association.

Zygmunt Ivanowski and Wladyslaw Benda are two Polish painters living in this country with whose work the readers of the leading American fiction magazines are familiar.

The violent death (April 1, 1903) in the automobile hill-climbing race between Nice and La Turbie, France, of the New York society leader and famous polo player and horseman, Count William Elliott Zborowski, recalled the fact that Zborowski is the original Polish form of the name Zabriskie, which is so well known in America on account of the social prominence of so many members of the family. The Zabriskie is an interesting family which has had much to do with social and business affairs in and about New York for 250 years. Indeed the Zabriskies are perhaps the oldest family of Polish origin in the United States. There are several branches, the best-known residing in New York City. The original Zborowskis settled near Hackensack, N. J., and were agriculturists for several generations. Martin, one of the original three brothers, studied law in New York, devoting himself particularly to the real estate branch of that profession, soon building up an immense and lucrative practice. Martin Zborowski later married Anna E. Morris, a member of the Gouverneur Morris family. At the outbreak of the Civil War he had already acquired a great deal of valuable real estate in New York City. By shrewd investments this estate has been vastly increased in value. Occupying as it does many holdings on Upper Broadway, the estate now exerts a power-

ful interest in New York business life. At the death of Elliott Zborowski his fortune was estimated at over $10,000,000. It is a very large family with many widely separated branches. At the fourteenth anniversary of the Polish insurrection of 1830 there were present Zborowski descendants of Poles who had settled in the United States one hundred and eighty years before.

Poles have been eminent in other countries of the Western Hemisphere besides our own. In Chile, the eminent geologist, Ignatius Domeyko, was rector of the University of Santiago for a quarter of a century. General Carlos Roloff, the Treasurer of Cuba, who died during the year 1907, was a Pole, and aided the Cubans in their revolution under Gomez. Marrying a sister of President Palma, he settled down on a sugar plantation. He commanded a division in the last war against Spain, also spending much time in New York, working with the Junta. When Palma became president, General Roloff was appointed treasurer, continuing in that office under Governor Magoon's administration.

To Polish editors in this country, indeed, who are among the brightest of their race here, is due much credit for the general education of their countrymen. Together with the parochial schools, and the many benevolent and fraternal

organisations of Poles, the Polish-American press has done and is doing a very considerable educational work. Polish-American journalism is represented by some fifty newspapers, most of them published in the Central or Western States. Among these, the most prominent, perhaps, are *Zgoda* (*Harmony,* weekly), *Dziennik Chicagoski* (*Chicago Daily*), *Dziennik Narodowy* (*National Daily*), the *Gazeta Polska* (*Polish Gazette*), the *Gazeta Katolicka* (*Catholic Gazette*), all in Chicago; the *Kuryer Polski* (*Polish Courier*), (Milwaukee), and the *Dziennik Polski* (*Polish Daily*), (Detroit). During 1907 there first appeared the *Prasa Polska* (Polish Press) in Milwaukee, a monthy printed one-half in English and one-half in Polish, and the *Kuryer Ilustrowany* (*Illustrated Courier*), monthly, Milwaukee.

With all their national love for ceremony and social intercourse, the American Poles have many organisations through which they satisfy their social and military instincts. The Polish National Alliance, educational and benevolent, with a membership of over 60,000, is the strongest of these organisations, but there are many others with more limited fields. In the United States the Polish national movement is conducted under the auspices of this Polish National Alliance (Zwianzek Narodowy Polski). The membership of this organisation is increasing at the rate of from six thousand to seven thousand

a year. The Alliance has nothing to do with party politics, but aims primarily to make the Polish residents of the United States good citizens of the land of their adoption without forgetting their Polish tongue and traditions. It endeavours to perpetuate the knowledge of the Polish language, literature, and history, and to lend organised assistance to the cause of Polish independence in Europe. In the Alliance building in Chicago is published the *Zgoda,* the official organ of the Alliance, a well-edited weekly magazine with a circulation of fifty thousand. The Alliance library, in the same building, has the largest collection of Polish books in the United States. There are about five thousand volumes in the Polish language, and about two thousand in the Lithuanian, Latin, and English languages. Here also are located the insurance offices of the organisation, every active member of the organisation being required to carry a policy. The National Alliance has a Board of Education which is active in organising educational circles and libraries in the various Polish colonies. Besides this the Board publishes educational and political pamphlets and extends financial aid to the sons and daughters of the Alliance attending higher schools. The Alliance also supports a Commission of Schools, the object of which is to erect other institutions and collect funds for the erection of a Polish univer-

sity in this country; a Commission of Immigration; a Commission of Trade and Industry (which watches for work and business opportunities for Poles, publishing the results of its research in the *Zgoda*); a Commission of Agriculture and Colonisation, and an Aid Department, the last named for indigent members of the Alliance. The strongest Polish institution of learning in the United States is the Seminaryum Polskie (Polish Seminary), situated at Detroit, and receiving the support of the National Alliance. It has about three hundred students, all but forty being in the academy, and a faculty of nineteen professors and instructors. Several men of distinguished scholarship and ability have served on this faculty. There is Professor Thomas Siemiradzki, now editor of the *Zgoda*, whose "Post-Partition History of Poland" was recently issued by the Alliance. This vigorous narrative has not yet been translated. Professor Siemiradzki was born in Lithuania in 1859, and was educated in the universities of Leipzig and Berlin. He was professor of Greek and Latin four years at Kielce, near Warsaw, and afterward at Lomza and Odessa. He was appointed professor of law in the University of Kazan, Russia, but was arrested before reaching his post. In 1890 he was arrested in Warsaw for complicity in the patriotic work of the National League, and confined for three months

in the citadel at Warsaw, and then for six months in the Cross prison at St. Petersburg. After this he was forbidden to live in the Kingdom of Poland, which was the chief cause of his emigration to America. He came to the United States in 1896, on the invitation of the Polish National Alliance. In 1901 he was elected editor of the *Zgoda*.

The Poles in the United States have always maintained their race's reputation for idealistic conduct. They have fought in our wars. Nor have they failed to show the idealistic qualities in civil life. It was reserved for a Pole, the late Peter Kiolbassa, for many years treasurer of the second city in America, to be the first municipal official that refused to accept for himself the interest on city money (invested) during his term of office. Mr. John F. Smulski, a Pole, who was one of the most respected city attorneys in the history of Chicago, is at this writing (July, 1907) State Treasurer of Illinois.

NOTE ON THE PRONUNCIATION OF POLISH

IT has been asserted that the Polish consonants are hard to pronounce. Why only the consonants? The Polish vowels also are hard to pronounce. Both consonants and vowels are hard if you do not know how to pronounce them; both the vowels and those terrible consonants are easy if you do know how to pronounce them. And this is where the beauty of the Polish pronunciation comes in, for each letter (with the exception of *w*) has one sound, and only that sound. Take the English language: what vowel has but one sound? And the consonants: are there not many that vary in pronunciation? Of course, if the reader persists in giving English values to Polish letters, the combination will be agreeable neither to his jaw nor to the Polish word, but, pronouncing them in the right way (which, by the way, is the easiest way), he will not find any difficulty. Following is a list of those Polish letters that require explanation. Armed with the information contained in this list, the Anglo-Saxon reader can safely venture

to meet those formidable Polish words, as the pronunciation is always uniform for the same letter:

a—as *a* in father,
ą—as *ong* in song,
c—as *ts* in Tsar,
cz—as *ch* in church,
ć—as a very soft *ch,*
e—as *e* in met.
ę—as *eng* in strength,
g—as *g* in good,
i—as *e* in mete,
j—as *y* in yet and in boy,
ł—as *w* in will,
ń—as *n* in cañon,
o—as *u* in but,
ó—as *oo* in hood,
rz is a combination of *r* and the French *j* in jour; occurring in the body of a word, it may for all practical purposes be pronounced as *sh.*
s—as *s* in sit,
sz—as *sh* in bush,
ś—as a very soft *sh,*
u—as *u* in put,
w (at beginning of a syllable)—as *v* in vine,
w (at end of syllable)—as *ff* in cuff,
y—as *i* in it,
z—as English *z,*
ż—as French *j* in jour,
ź—as a very soft French *j.*

The accent, except in foreign words and in compounds, is constantly on the penultimate syllable, as Pólak, a Pole; Poláka, genitive; Polakówi, dative.

That is the whole scheme, and the whole secret of the matter. Here are a few of the most difficult Polish words appearing in this volume:

NAME	PRONOUNCED
Chłopicki	Hwupp-eets-kee
Chmielnicki	Hmyell-neets-kee
Chocim	Hotsim
Częstochowa	Chens-to-hoh-vah
Dąbrowski	Dong-bruff-skee
Jasna Góra	Yas-nah Goo-rah
Kamieniec	Kam-yehn-yets
Kościuszko	Kosh-tsyoosh-ko
Łódz	Woodzh
Lwów	Lvoof
Matejko	Mah-tay-ko
Miód	Mute
Podbipięta	Pudd-bee-pyeng-tah
Potocki	Po-tutts-kee
Przybyszewski	Pshih-bee-shev-skee
Pułaski	Poo-wah-skee
Sejm	Same
Sienkiewicz	Syenn-kyeh-veech
Skrzetuski	Skshe-toos-kee
Wiśniowiecki	Veesh-nyo-vyetts-kee
Wołodyjowski	Vo-wo-dee-yuff-skee
Wrocław	Vrots-wahv

PRONUNCIATION OF POLISH

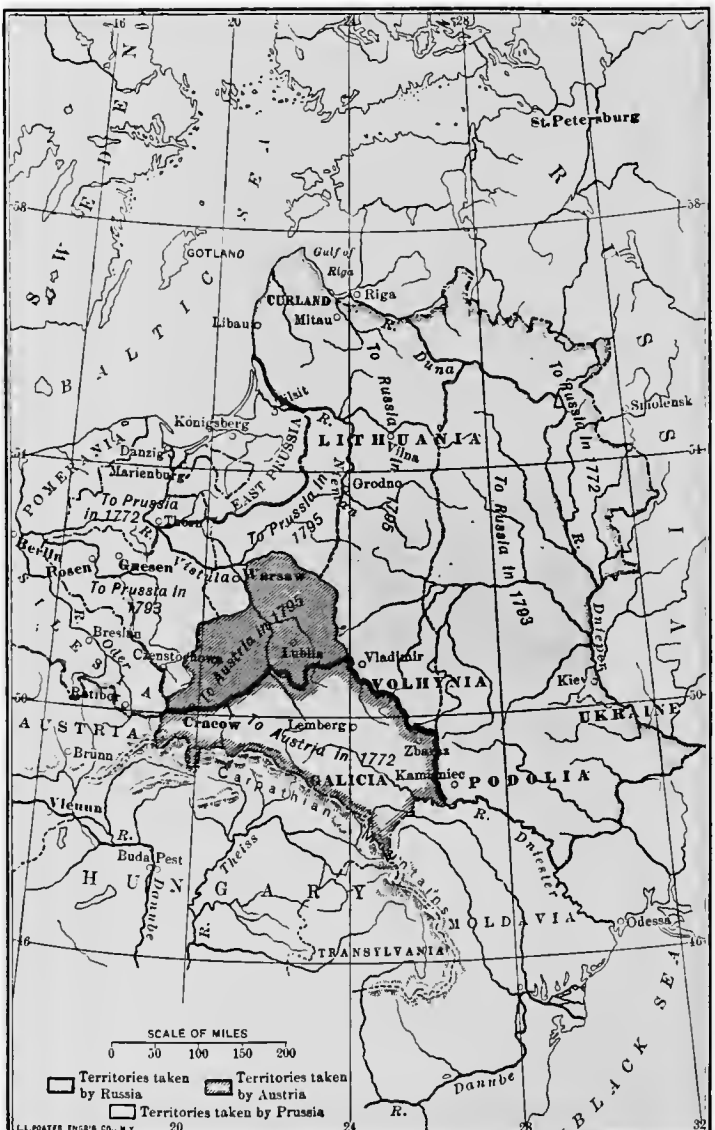
Following is a list of the principal Polish Christian names used in this volume (except in the chapter on "Poles in America," where English forms are used), with their English equivalents:

Bołeslaw	Boleslaus
Henryk	Henry
Ignacy	Ignatius
Jadwiga	Hedwig
Jan	John
Jeremi	Jeremiah
Karol	Charles
Kazimierz	Casimir
Ludwik	Louis
Ludwika	Louise
Marya	Mary
Stanisław	Stanislaus
Stefan	Stephen
Tadeusz	Thaddeus
Wincenty	Vincent
Wojciech	Adalbert
Władyslaw	Ladislaus
Włodzimierz	Vladimir
Zygmunt	Sigismund

Translators of Polish novels have recently adopted the rule of spelling Polish names according to their idea of how English readers can best grasp the pronunciation, and the reading public

meets with the names of the greatest characters in Polish history spelled in every imaginable way but that of the encyclopedias. Believing that this must be as distasteful to the Poles as a like treatment of American names would be to Americans, the author of this volume has spelled in the preceding pages Polish names as they are spelled by the Poles. There are but few exceptions to this. The *a* and *e* with a cedilla, thus, ą, ę, giving the nasal sound, has not been used. An *n* or an *m* has been inserted after the simple English letter in these cases. Nor have Polish crossed *l*'s been used. The writer has also used the Polish forms of the names of places, except in a few cases in which the names have become so well known in their English form as to render the Polish form unrecognisable, *e.g.*, Warsaw, not Warszawa; Cracow, not Kraków; Posen, not Poznań.

WACLAW PERKOWSKI.



INDEPENDENT POLAND AT ITS GREATEST EXTENT

(The colored outlines indicate the partitions—see pages 20, 21 and 22. The red line indicates the present boundary between Russia, Austria and Germany, as determined by the Congress of Vienna in 1815.)

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